DECEMBER 25c

Coronet

Self-Tests Reveal: Do You Need a Psychiatrist?

Air Expert Says: NO MORE WORLD WARS!

Treasured gifts for Christmas

TABU
PLATINE
20 CARATS
EMIR

TABU

EMIR

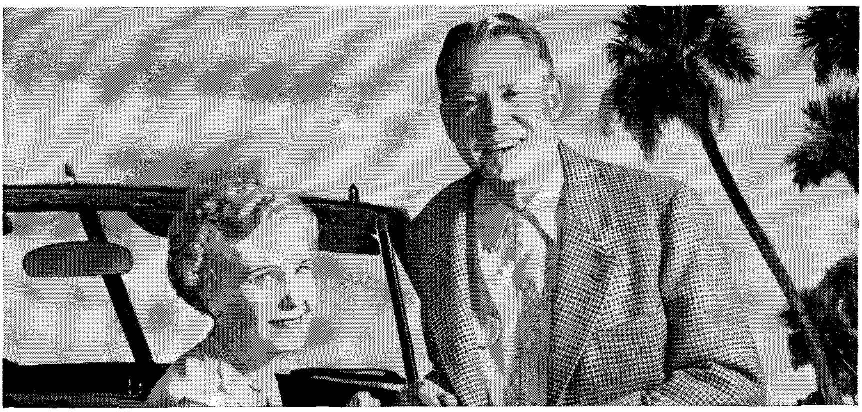
PLATINE

20 CARATS

Lavish upon your *Lady Fair a precious perfume by Dana . . .*
a perfume reminiscent of the fabled tributes of old . . .
. . . a fragrance to whisper the spirit that
dreams are made of .

Dana®
PARIS • NEW YORK

Copyright 1954, Dana Perfumes, Inc. Dress by Ben Reig; jewels by Harry Winston



How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

The day our son Jimmy started college something happened that changed all our lives. Thanks to that, Marge and I are retired in Florida today. And thanks to that, too, we're getting $250 a month for life.

It began about fifteen years ago—in September of '38. I was forty-two. And till that moment I had no more hope of retiring in fifteen years than Jimmy had.

We'd come back from seeing Jimmy off at the station. While Marge sewed, I picked up a magazine. It opened to an ad on a page Marge had marked, "Read, please." The ad said, "You don't have to be rich to retire on a life income." It was an ad for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. "Sure, Marge," I said, "sounds wonderful. But it's expensive."

"How do you know?" asked Marge. "You just think it's expensive. Let's find out. You know, with Jimmy grown, we won't need as much money. Anyway it can't cost us anything to look into it."

So we sent in the coupon.

Back in the mail came a booklet that explained all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It was true—you didn't have to be rich, you had no investment worries. Actually, it was for just average people like ourselves. Soon after, I qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan.

Jimmy's married now, with a good job. And we're retired with a monthly income of $250. Marge was right. It didn't cost anything to find out. And it's certainly paying off.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
984 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name____________________

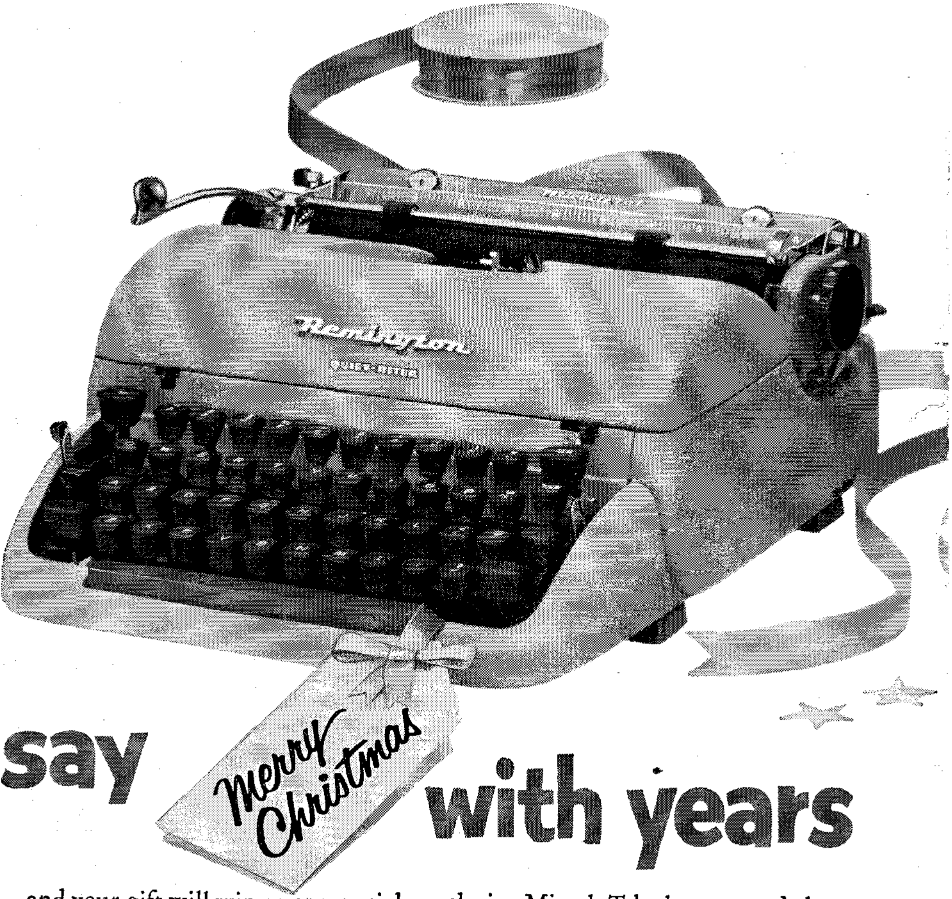
Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

____

Home Address____________________

Copyright 1954, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company



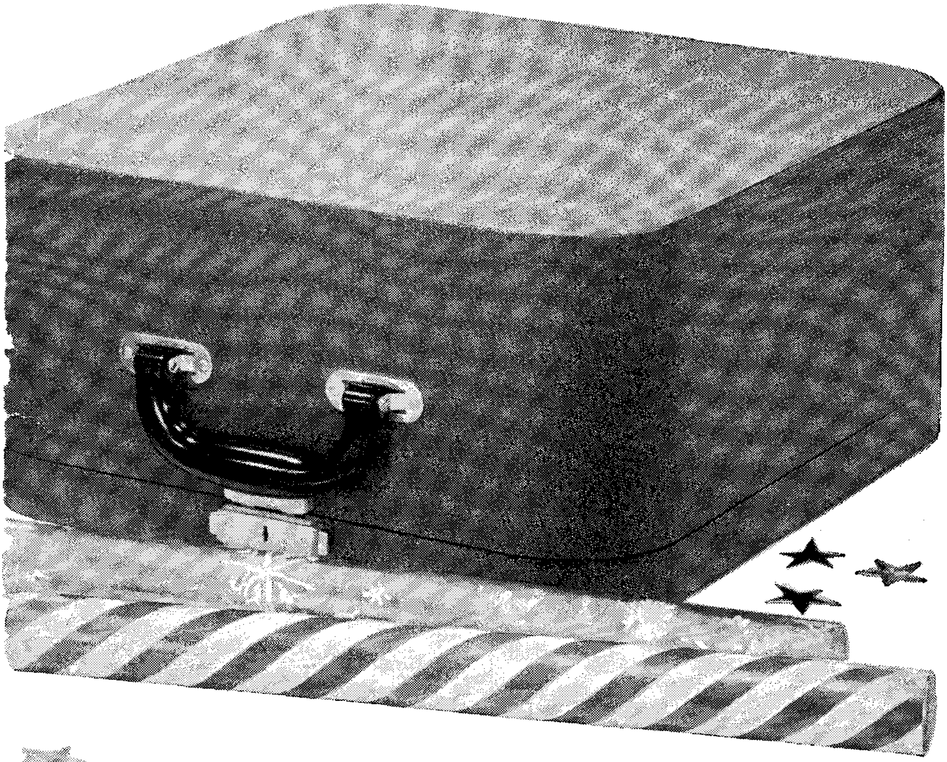
say *Merry Christmas* with years

. . . and your gift will win a very special place in the memory of the one who receives it! For when you give the Remington Quiet-riter, you can be sure that you are giving the finest portable typewriter on the market . . . a portable typewriter that is unmatched for convenience, speed and durability.

For no other portable has the Exclusive Miracle Tab, that sets and clears tabulator stops right from the keyboard with incredible ease . . . and no other portable has so many other exclusive features for faster, better, easier typing . . . and years of extra service.

You can buy this wonderful portable for as little as $1.00 a week after small down payment. Ask your Remington

A product of **Remington Rand** INC. Makers of the Remington Office-riter,



of typing pleasure

dealer to show you the Quiet-riter today . . . it's the perfect solution to your gift problem! Carrying Case and Touch Method Typing Book included.

$1⁰⁰ A Week after small down payment makes the Quiet-riter the easiest portable to buy!

Standard, Noiseless & Electric Typewriters

Remington
Quiet-riter
With Exclusive Miracle Tab

DON'T BE PUSHED AROUND THIS WINTER!

Your car will start fast with patented

FIVE-RIB CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

Whatever the weather . . . just touch the starter and your full-firing Champion Spark Plugs go to work!

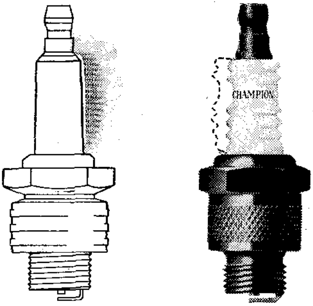
Champion's exclusive FIVE-RIB insulator design protects you against electrical "flash-over" due to dampness—a major cause of hard starting.

Compare a FIVE-RIB Champion with an ordinary spark plug and you'll see why.

Champion's insulating surface is greater because of its ribbed construction. Exterior electricity is diverted and spent before it can short out a damp plug. Tests prove this gives you as much as forty percent more protection than smooth insulator types under the same conditions.

Protect yourself—install FIVE-RIB Champions now!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



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Photograph by TANA HOBAN

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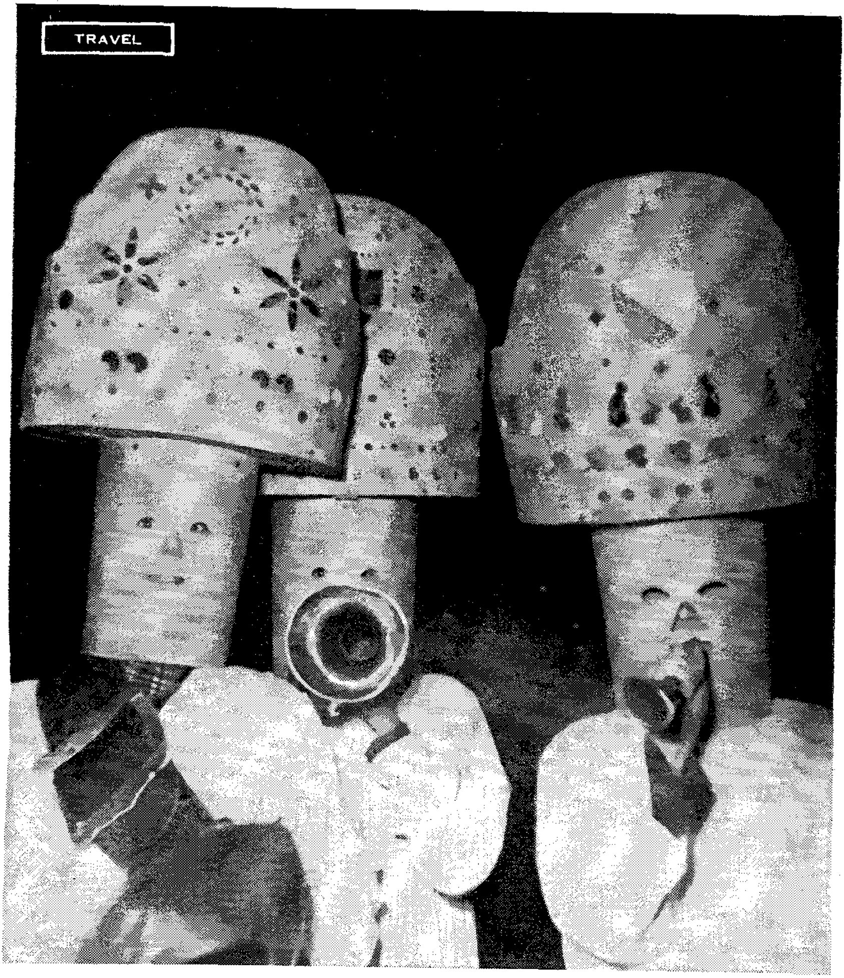


WINTER WONDERLAND

SWITZERLAND BECOMES a winter wonderland when snow falls: its chalets take on a Hansel-and-Gretel quality and the abundance of songs and festivals add to the picture-book illusion. On December 6, the Swiss celebrate St. Nicholas Day with toy fairs and street parades in which, according to legend, colorful characters such as Zurich's Wollishofer Kläuse (above) help to drive away the Spirit of Winter with alphorn noises. Travelers will find a wide range of diversions and climate—from Arctic cold to Mediterranean warm—surrounded by the grandeur of the Swiss Alps, the gentle beauty of the lakes and an abiding sense of orderliness.

“If he’d only call her up . . .”

“I’m sad, too, when she’s upset. If he’d only call her up everything would be all right. Just one little telephone call can save so much time and worry.”

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE MONTH'S BEST...

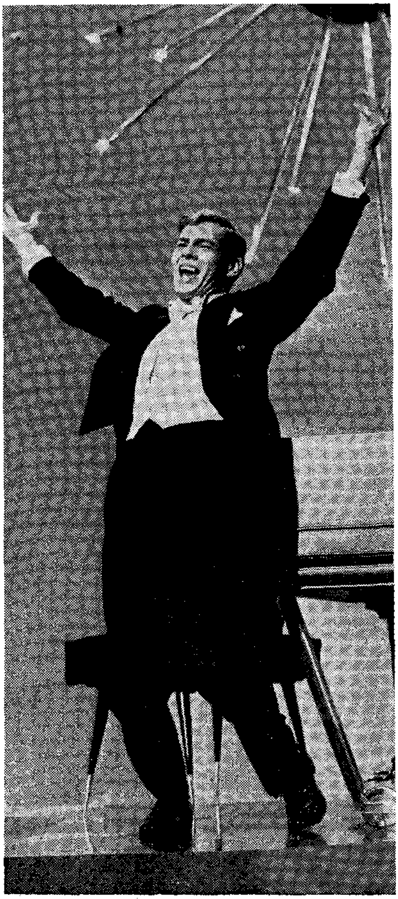
THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

DECEMBER WILL BE Irving Berlin month in movie theaters all over the country. Following in the footsteps of his recent Paramount success, "White Christmas," America's favorite tunesmith has wrapped up another yuletide package in "There's No Business Like Show Business."

Berlin even turns actor for 20th Century-Fox in the opening scenes to introduce the story, which follows a husband-and-wife team (Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey) and their children (Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Johnnie Ray) through various phases of show business—vaudeville, county fairs, stock companies, radio, nightclubs and musical comedies.

Fourteen Berlin tunes are spotlighted. Marilyn Monroe, another member of this star-studded cast, adds sizzle to "Heat Wave" and playfulness to a song called "Lazy," to which O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor dance breezily. Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey, both highly polished performers, delightfully spoof such familiar songs as "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

This $5,000,000 production, one of the costliest musicals in Hollywood history, moves at a lively pace with Choreographer Robert Alton's fast-moving dances sparking the eye-filling production numbers, filmed in CinemaScope and color by Deluxe.

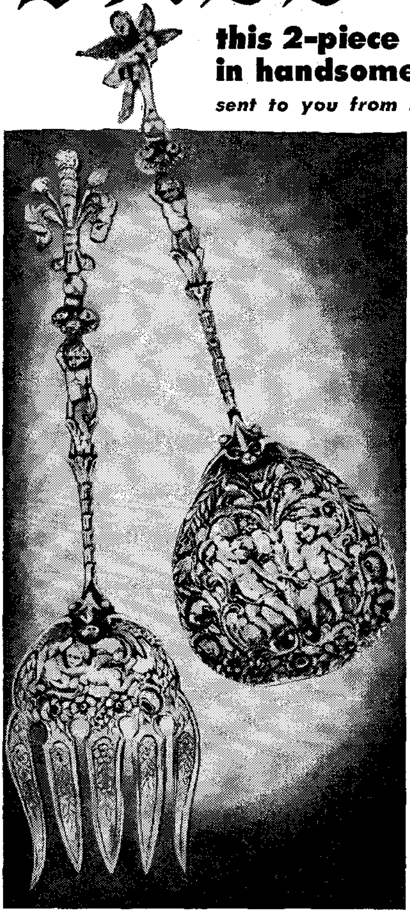


Johnnie Ray makes his film debut.

FREE TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE Around-the-World Shoppers Club

this 2-piece Florentine Serving Set in handsome "Renaissance Traditional"

sent to you from Florence, Italy — postpaid and duty-free



Pieces have matching designs, with tooled handles; each over 9" long

GIFT MEMBERSHIPS. If you wish to give Memberships as gifts, use a separate sheet, specify term of membership, and attach to coupon so we may know your friends are entitled to the Serving Set as an *extra* gift.

AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB
Dept. 501-S • 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N.J.

TO demonstrate the *quality* and *value* of Around-the-World Shoppers Club gifts, we will send you this unusual Set *with our compliments!* These pieces were hand-made by the skilled artisans of Florence, with techniques going back to the time of Michelangelo. Used as a Serving Set for salads, or as individual serving pieces for meat and vegetable dishes.

THRILLING MONTHLY SURPRISE. As a Club member, each month you will receive a wonderful surprise gift mailed to your home *direct from a different foreign country* — postpaid and duty-free. You enjoy an exciting "around-the-world" shopping trip . . . and make your home a "show place" with unusual and exotic gifts from the earth's distant lands!

SEND NO MONEY—JUST THE COUPON. So—come aboard our magic carpet! Send no money now; just mail the coupon and specify the membership plan you choose. We will enroll you in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club and bill you as follows until you decide to cancel: $5 every 2 months, $9 every 4 months, $12 every 6 months or $22 every 12 months. You can cancel at any time.

Furthermore, if you are not delighted with your first regular selection, keep it as well as the Florentine Serving Set and receive a full refund. Mail coupon *now!*

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 501-S
71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.

Please send me the 2-piece Serving Set from Florence FREE and enroll me as a member of Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Start regular monthly shipments of the Club's selection of foreign merchandise direct to me from countries of origin; bill me as follows, with the understanding that I may cancel at any time:

☐ $ 5.00 every 2 months (*2 gifts at $2.50 each*)
☐ 9.00 every 4 months (*4 gifts at $2.25 each*)
☐ 12.00 every 6 months (*6 gifts at $2.00 each*)
☐ 22.00 every 12 months (*12 gifts at $1.83 each*)

☐ Check here if enclosing remittance now. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Name.................................... (Please Print)

Address....................................

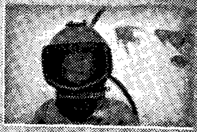
City & Zone..................**State**............

(NOTE: Shipments come to you postpaid, duty-free. *However, the U.S. Post Office charges 15c for delivering foreign packages; collected by your postman.*)
CANADA, 2 mos., $5.50; 4 mos., $10.50; 6 mos., $14.00; 12 mos., $26.00. Delivered to your home without payment of additional duty or postage. **Address: 971 St. Timothy St., Montreal 24, Que.**

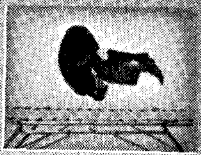
*Gyromatic

* SELF-WINDING

* WATER-PROTECTED



* SHOCK-RESISTANT



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In engineering… In styling…
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GIRARD PERREGAUX

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Illustrated: Gold-Filled $77.50
Other models from $71.50
Stainless steel from $67.50
14 kt. gold from $135.00
All models 17 Jewels

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The luxury of Girard-Perregaux is not beyond your reach

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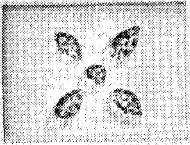
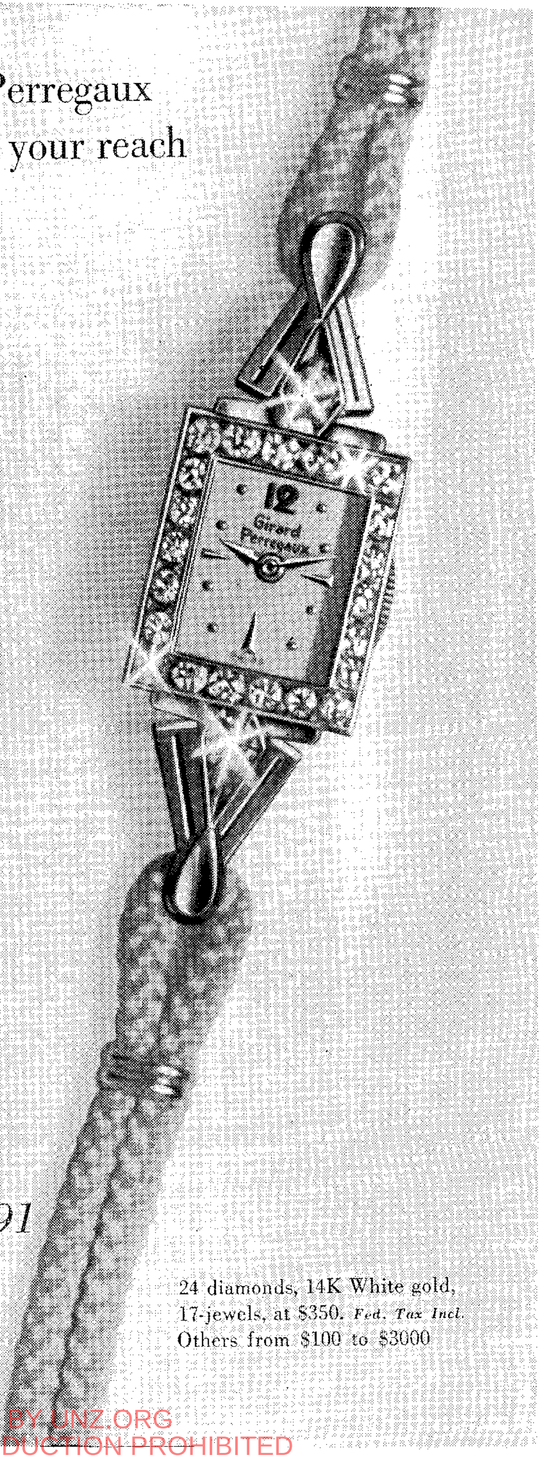
nothing more PRECIOUS



nothing more PRECISE

than magnificent
Girard-Perregaux
diamond watches



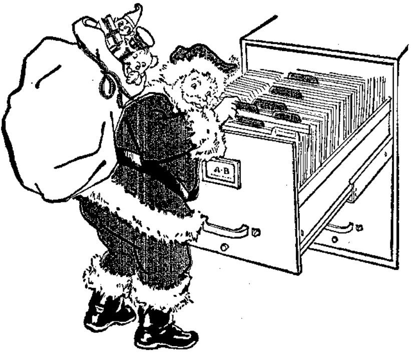
Fine watches since 1791

24 diamonds, 14K White gold,
17-jewels, at $350. *Fed. Tax Incl.*
Others from $100 to $3000

watches enlarged to show details

CORONET GIFT FINDER

Your Personal Guide to Christmas Giving



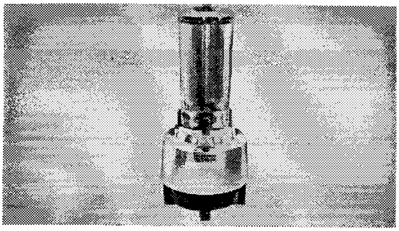
EVERY YEAR at Christmas-time, we face the old, familiar problem—what to give to our family, our friends, our relatives. Every year at the holiday season, the shopping windows are filled with fascinating new products, with delightful new enjoyments for our leisure hours, with newly created devices for saving time and labor.

This year, Coronet offers the Gift Finder—a simple method to help you choose the right gift for the right person from the many that are available in stores and shops everywhere.

On this page and the pages that follow, each product is labeled as suitable for Men, Women, Children and Family. In addition, the price of each item is noted for easy budget reference.

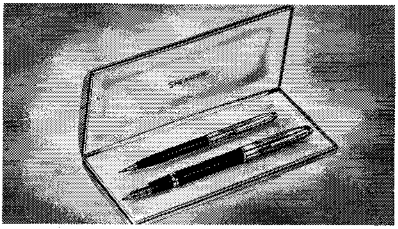
Thus, by checking your gift needs for Christmas against the Coronet Gift Finder, you will find something to suit every member of your family, every friend, every relative—the right gifts to suit every taste, desire and budget—the right gifts to help you make this a Merry Christmas for everyone.

(See page 146 for list of stores featuring Gift Finder selections)



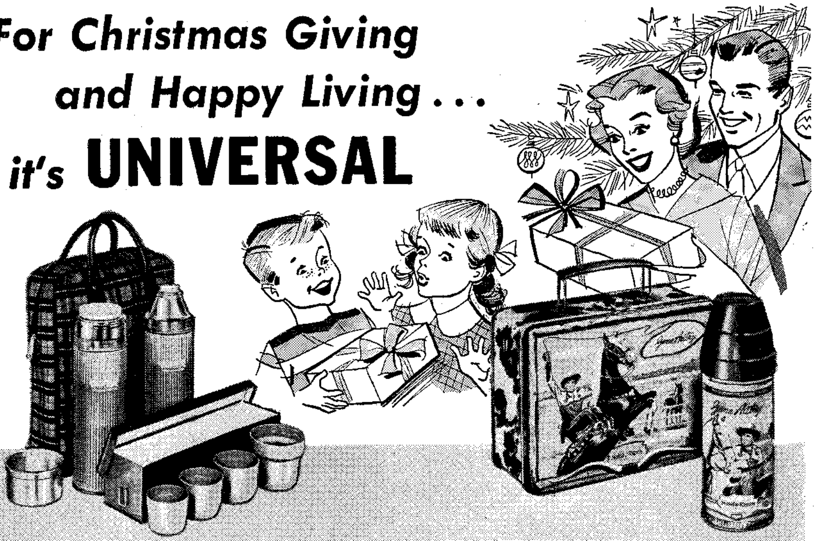
MEN—For business or pleasure . . . and it *will* be a pleasure for him to write with Sheaffer's new Crest Snorkel pen. "No-dunk" filling prevents ink-stained fingers; choice of custom fitted points insures individual writing satisfaction. Crest model, $25; pencil, $9. Other Snorkel pens from $8.75.

WOMEN—Taste treats and budget meals are quick and easy to prepare in the versatile Waring Blendor. It blends leftovers, sandwich spreads, drinks, desserts, baby food—even grinds nuts and makes bread crumbs. Priced at $43.50, 15¼″ high, it features 2 speeds for extra control, holds over a quart.



(Continued on page 14)

For Christmas Giving
and Happy Living . . .
it's UNIVERSAL



SCOTSMAN OUTING SET

Bright red plaid case. Quart vacuum bottle with 4 nested cups. Quart food jar. All-metal sandwich box. **$14.95** Other sets from $7.95.

GENE AUTRY LUNCH KIT

Picture of Gene and Champ on cover. Matching pint bottle. Back and sides are lithographed like real calfskin. Only **$2.89**

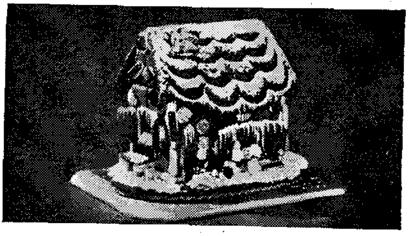
The perfect family gift . . .

A UNIVERSAL MOTOR LUNCHEON SET

It's a complete picnic service for four. Includes plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, quart vacuum bottle and quart food jar. Also, salt and pepper shakers and a can opener. All this, plus a roomy metal sandwich box packs in a handsome, luggage-type carrying case. Just **$34.95**

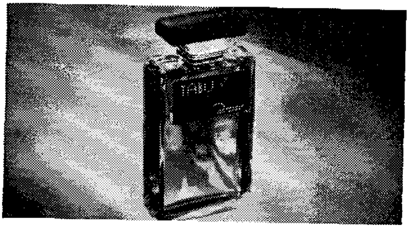
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

CORONET GIFT FINDER



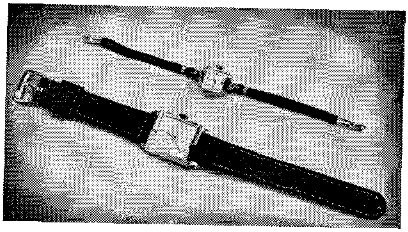
CHILDREN—Direct from fairyland . . . a real, honest-to-goodness Gingerbread House. Doors, windows, chimney are made of gingerbread; snowy frosting covers the roof; sugar canes, candy hedges and flowers complete the scene. 3 lbs., $5.75. Order early. Damar Prods., 717 Damar Bldg., Newark 5, N. J.

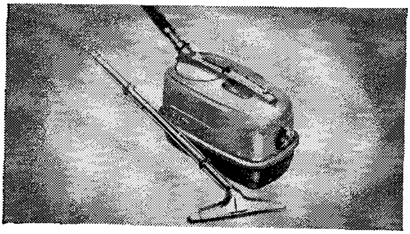
FAMILY—With a new year just beginning, Christmas is the perfect time to give a gift that's designed for the future. The Remington Quiet-Riter, in luggage-type carrying case, is a compact portable typewriter featuring controls usually found only in office models. $113.50 with new "miracle tab."



WOMEN—Of all the treasured gifts for Christmas, none is more appealing to feminine hearts than perfume or cologne. Dana's four famous scents, Tabu, Emir, 20 Carats and Platine, offer a mood diversity to every woman. The perfumes are priced from $2.75, the colognes from $2.25 (plus tax).

MEN, WOMEN—A gift with a future—and traditional for grand occasions—is a handsome timepiece. Girard-Perregaux maintains today its 163-year-old standard of Swiss precision craftsmanship and elegance. Models shown are gold filled, 17 jeweled. His, $67.50; hers, $65. Other styles from $45.

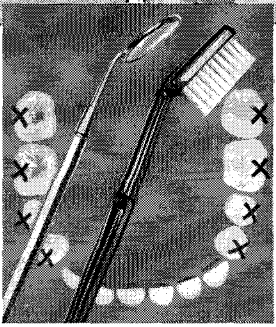




WOMEN—The vacuum cleaner that takes the work out of housework is Universal's Super Jet 99. Its new suction system provides more power, eliminates tedious pressing down and doing-over. Features "floating brush" that automatically adjusts to any rug pile, and steel "fingers" for deeper cleaning. $89.95.

(*Continued on page 98*)

TRY TO PLACE a conventional toothbrush on the back of your last molar



NOW see how easily it can be done with a Squibb ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

80% of decay occurs in the hard-to-clean back teeth . . . use the brush that's bent like your dentist's mirror to reach those hard-to-get-at places

SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

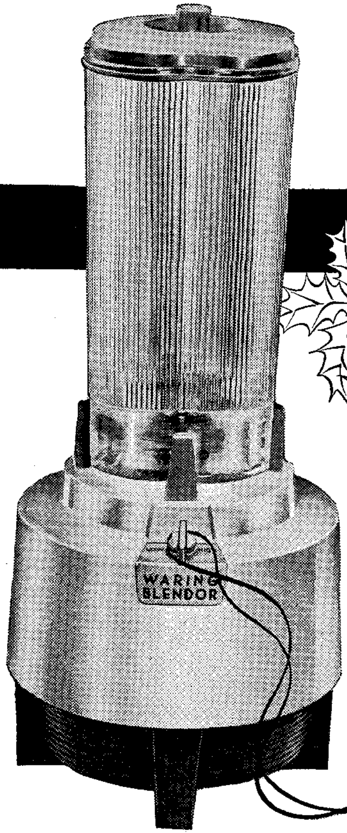
Look for this **SQUIBB** product at your drugstore

Give your family a Gift of

CASUAL LIVING

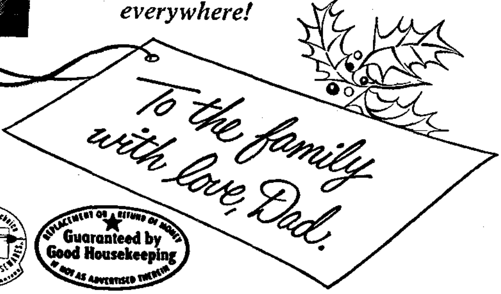
Waring

BLENDOR



The most practical luxury you'll ever discover! A smart gift that'll be used every day for years to come. Makes "impossible" recipes easy and fun. Mixes delicious cocktails. Fashions zesty gourmet sauces. Good-tasting milk shakes for youngsters. Tantalizing meals from left-overs. Purees baby foods. *Remember, if it isn't a Waring, it isn't a Blendor.* Waring Blendors are priced from only $38.95. Duo-Speed Blendor (shown) $43.50.

Choose Waring gifts at fine stores everywhere!



Send 25¢ today for the "Waring Guide to Informal Living" Dept. P

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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Coronet

NINETEENTH YEAR DECEMBER 1954

by **SIR JOHN SLESSOR**, ***Marshal of the Royal Air Force***

As Christmas approaches, our minds turn more and more to the idea of a world at peace. In this article, taken from the new book, "Strategy for the West," a noted airman brings a heartening message to the Free World. It is his belief that total wars are no longer either feasible or possible, and that lasting peace will come to this earth much sooner than many people think. —The Editors.

* * * * * *

THE ALL-PERVADING question that hangs like a sinister smog over the world is whether or not there will be a third world war, more murderous than the two through which we have passed in the last 40 years. I believe that, unless the West takes leave of its senses, the answer is "No." I also believe that some day there will be real peace, perhaps sooner than we think.

But meanwhile, the old clear-cut distinction between the states of "war" and "peace" is a thing of the past. At least for some years to come, the world will go on, as now, in a sort of curious twilight between war and peace. This does not mean, however, that we should in no circumstances engage in world war.

Recent history should prove that war is never prevented by running from it. There is a difference between a policy aimed at *preventing* war and one aimed at *avoiding* war. Before 1939, Britain and France tried to avoid war, and thus made it more certain.

To prevent war, we must make it unmistakably clear that, while we shall never adopt it as an instrument of policy, we are prepared to fight if our vital interests are threatened. We have seen too much of totalitarian technique—the undermining of one outpost after another in the belief that civilized peoples are too soft to fight—to cherish any delusions that war can be averted by surrender. I

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believe that as long as this is made clear, and as long as the West maintains the necessary strength to back its policy, total war as we have known it is a thing of the past.

AMERICA HAS LEARNED a great deal in the last ten years, and it may be that the true meaning of winning a war is now universally recognized. It means not merely forcing an enemy to lay down his arms and accept terms, but *being successful in creating world conditions more favorable to yourself than if there had never been a war*. On that definition, there is not the remotest chance of anyone winning a future world war, and for that reason I do not believe anyone will resort to it.

It is not inconceivable that we might stumble into world war by mistake or miscalculation. It would still be possible to defeat an enemy (and the ability of the West to defeat Russia seems to me beyond question) but no one could possibly create conditions better for himself than if war had not been. The point is that the Russians realize this truth as much as anyone else: after all, they suffered more in the last war than anyone else, except possibly Germany.

Therefore, it is difficult to understand why anyone should be surprised at the Russians' attitude towards atomic warfare. The only really surprising thing is that the Soviet Union should have been so short-sighted as to reject the Baruch plan for atomic control in 1947.

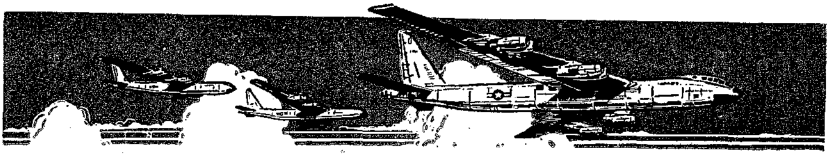
Apart from that initial inconsistency, which is a measure of the Reds' almost pathological antipathy to any form of international inspection, they have been perfectly consistent; atomic energy as an instrument of warfare must be outlawed, the production of atomic weapons stopped and all existing stockpiles destroyed.

Of course, it is all part of the usual Communist double-talk. The object of the Kremlin is a Communist world dominated by Moscow; the most effective way of imposing communism on other countries is by threatening to use the Red Army; but as long as atomic airpower exists, the Red Army can no longer be used for that purpose without precipitating a third world war in which Moscow could not possibly gain; therefore, atomic airpower must be eliminated.

The process of putting this simple policy into effect is one with which we are familiar: work up "peace" campaigns, appeal to the fears of the timid, the wrong-headedness of the cranks, the muddled vanity of ecclesiastical and scientific exhibitionists, and the natural feelings of decent, kindly people who lack the knowledge on which to base judgment. It is all part of the game.

Now there can be no sane human being who does not long to see the dread of war removed finally from the hearts and minds of men, but it never has made (and never will make) any sense trying to abolish any particular *weapon*. What we have to abolish is *war*.

Recent history is littered with the ruins of attempts to do that by pacts, leagues, treaties. *What has now happened is that war has abolished itself because the atomic and hydrogen bombs have found their way into the armories of the world.* So the greatest disservice that anyone could possibly do to the cause of peace would



be to abolish nuclear armaments.

Fortunately, I think we can take it for granted that the atomic weapon will not be abolished. What sense would there be in taking this weapon out of the hands of airmen if we leave in the hands of soldiers weapons which in two great wars have ravaged our world, and which would leave an almost decisive advantage to Russia which controls vast masses of expendable manpower?

To abolish the atom bomb would mean, sooner or later, a third world war and quite possibly our defeat in that war. (Those of us on this side of the Iron Curtain who advocate atomic disarmament might stop to consider whether it would profit us to run away from one kind of weapon of mass destruction merely to run into the other.) So it must be accepted that the big bombs have come to stay and that in the unlikely event of another great war, they would unquestionably be used.

Nothing could be more dangerous than to give the impression to a potential aggressor that we should not use them in the event of aggression. Nothing could suit our enemy better; he would certainly do his best to prevent our using them; he might well preface aggression by declaring publicly that he does not intend to use them unless we use them first, which would present us with a difficult political problem, particularly in England, which is so vulnerable to attack.

It is, therefore, vital that people be educated to understand that the continued existence of atomic weapons gives us an almost certain chance of preventing another world war; that if war did come, atomic weapons would inevitably be used sooner or later, and we should not again leave the initiative to the aggressor—next time might be one too many; that, on the other hand, the abolition of atomic weapons would put us at a fatal disadvantage with the Russians in a war that would almost inevitably come in that event; that the one sure defense of the free world lies in the *prevention* of war.

THE FACT THAT the weapons of mass destruction would be used in any future great war leads inevitably to the question whether there is any defense against these things. Even against distant targets such as the U.S., it must be assumed that atom-bombers would come not singly but interspersed among formations of varying sizes, mainly composed of aircraft carrying conventional bombs. The destructive effect of even one of these modern weapons is so appalling that the task of the defense must be to get an almost 100 per cent kill-rate, which is virtually impossible.

Then, after we had solved that problem, we should be faced with another far more difficult, namely the unmanned bomber—the long-range ground-to-ground guided missile with an atomic warhead, arriving at two or three times the speed of sound. It may be that the scientists will devise a means of deflecting or prematurely exploding the 1960 or 1970 version of the V-2. As far as I know, no one today has the least idea how to do it.

Even if it becomes possible to counter this new form of attack, there remains the problem of providing the equipment and skilled manpower to operate it. Recently, there have been several investigations into the problem of defending the continental U.S. against attack, and the estimated cost has gone as high as 25 billion dollars. Hence, it seems to me inescapable that effective over-all defense is not a practical economic proposition.

That does not mean that we can afford to ignore defense altogether. However, it does mean that it would be the height of folly to attempt to cover ourselves everywhere—it would be the quickest and surest way to arm ourselves into bankruptcy, than which nothing could suit the Kremlin better.

Even in the little island of Great Britain, we cannot attempt it. In America, even Uncle Sam's pocket is not bottomless. America's safety lies in the prevention (again let me emphasize *prevention* not avoidance) of war, just as does ours.

If this is true of the free world, it is equally true of the Communist empire. Britain is terribly vulnerable to modern forms of attack, but it has at least one compensating advantage: it is a small, compact zone to defend. If one considers the vast area over which the cities and vital centers of the Soviet empire are spread (to say nothing of China), it becomes easier to understand why the Reds should feel they need what seem to us vast numbers of fighter aircraft. In other words, effective over-all defense is just as impracticable for our only potential enemy as it is for the West.

Lord Baldwin's dictum, "the bomber will always get through," would remain true in another war for at least long enough to inflict mortal damage. But there is no reason to be depressed about this, for paradoxically, it is the only sure safeguard of peace. If the scientists of the West were to find an effective and economically practicable means of defense, it would only be a matter of time before the Communists did the same—and what then? Why, airpower is cancelled out on either side, and we should be faced with the necessity of matching Russia man for man, tank for tank, and escort for U-boat.

TO MANY all this will seem a bleak vista of an age in which President Eisenhower's two atomic colossi are doomed malevolently to eye each other indefinitely across a trembling world. But we have got to take things as we find them and face realities objectively.

The first of these realities is that there are today two colossi separated by an ideological gulf that is not bridgeable by political expedients or written undertakings. But if we accept the truth that war, in the sense of total worldwide "shooting" war, has abolished itself through nuclear and thermo-nuclear energy, then the world can cease to tremble.

This is not to make the absurd claim that men will never fight again. There will be more small wars, like the settling shocks after a great earthquake. But it is to maintain that the Great Deterrent, unless we are fools enough to throw it away, has given us time and opportunity for the forces of sanity to assert themselves.

Ultimate world peace will not come quickly or easily; "The Parliament of Man" will not be born of pacts or treaties; it will emerge from a gradual readjustment of the minds of men to the fact that nations or coalitions can no longer impose their will upon others by force of arms.

This is not, however, a program for eternity. Measured not in calendar years or geographical miles but in terms of what man can do in time and space, the earth is so incomparably smaller even than 50 years ago that we need not tolerate an indefinite continuance of a condition so utterly primeval in its hates and fears and savagery, its unspeakable waste of human life and wealth and happiness as in the Forty Years' War of our time. But we shall not rid the world of these hates and fears by ignoring them, still less by aggravating them.

If we are determined that the Communist third of the world shall not impose its ideology by force upon the rest, we must equally accept that we, the Atlantic coalition, can never impose our philosophy upon the rest of the world by the same means. We can and must reject the Communist idea of "co-existence," without insisting that the struggle can end only in the unconditional surrender of our enemies. That policy makes as little sense in this present cold war as it did in the late hot one.

The prospect before us is not a sudden flare-up into atomic Armageddon, but the prolonged endurance perhaps for a generation or more of the sort of thing to which we have now become accustomed—an absence of real peace, but an absence also of all-out hostilities on a worldwide scale, coupled with the abandonment of most of the accustomed decencies which in former days used to make international discussions sound less like feeding time at the zoo.

Love Notes

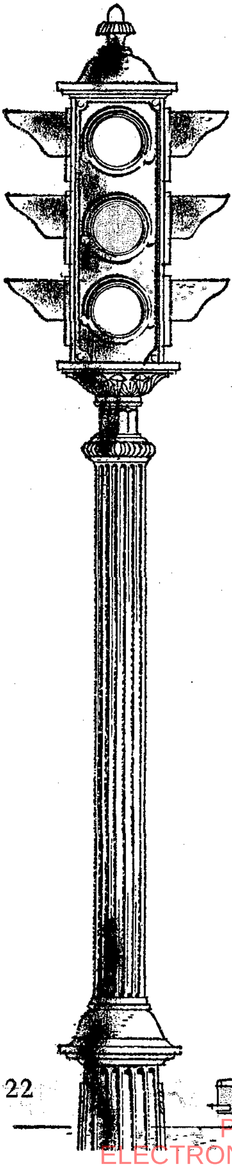
THE YOUNG LADY had just married a stock broker. Asked how they met, she replied, "We were introduced by a mutual fund." —MILT WEISS

MOST MEN are engaged for several months before their girls tell them. —Corbin, (Ky.) *Daily Tribune*

LOVE IS the only game in the world in which the players like to remain on the bench. And it is also the only game which is never called on account of darkness. —ARTHUR GODFREY

AN IDEAL WIFE is one who remains faithful to you but tries to be just as charming as if she weren't. —SACHA GUITRY

Automatic devices are an unavoidable challenge to certain rebellious mortals who insist on . . .



Doing It the Hard Way

by **Parke Cummings**

Recently I witnessed a typical example of what I like to style the counterrevolution against the industrial revolution. The industrial revolution, as you are aware, ushered in the age of mechanization. It features the invention of innumerable machines that do work for us humans, much of it automatic.

The example I witnessed took place at a busy street intersection in a medium-sized city. Approaching said intersection on foot, I was amazed to see a stream of cars proceeding against the red light.

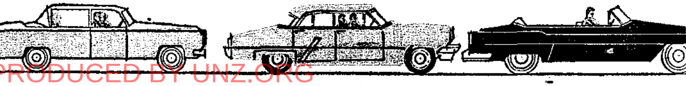
Eventually the light turned to green. When it did, the cars came to an abrupt halt, and others started to whizz through—against the red light which was now showing on the other two faces of the signal.

"A bunch of color-blind drivers," I mused, "are going to get themselves presented with an imposing collection of tickets."

I couldn't have mused more wrongly. Out there in the intersection, feet planted like the Colossus of Rhodes, was a traffic cop using his arm to direct traffic in complete opposition to the automatic lights.

When the light said "Go," he gestured "Stop." When it called for a halt, he waved the puzzled motorists on, blowing crisp blasts on his whistle to emphasize his commands. The automatic control was not for him.

Apparently it finally dawned on him that by opposing the light's automatic directions he himself was acting in an automatic manner—and it was obvious that he loathed automatism. So he took to varying his tempo. He let cars proceed for a while on the green and then stopped them while it was



still green. On amber, he switched back and forth in an utterly unpredictable fashion. Where previously he had motorists merely puzzled now they were chaotically confused.

How long he kept at this I have no way of knowing because, having business to attend to, I walked on. As I did so, I reflected that the officer was by no means the only one who insists on ignoring automatic devices in this modern world.

IN NEW YORK, I have seen more than one elevator operator who is likewise a rugged iconoclast. Many of today's elevators are miracles of science: electronic brains, switches and circuit coordinators flash lights telling the operator when to go. But does he go?

Not at all. Instead he idles around studying the passengers—particularly the young feminine ones—and then starts when he's good and ready. No machine is going to tell *him* what to do.

I have a friend who works in an office building with electronic doors that open automatically as one approaches them. Several times I have seen him put out his hand to push a door, only to have it open automatically before he can touch it.

At first I attributed this to force of habit since, even in this increasingly automatized world, most doors still have to be opened manually. But I have noted that he continues to make this preliminary push. Recently I asked him why.

"One of these days," he said, "that electronic whatever-it-is will get out of order. I'll push one of those doors open yet!"

Where the motor car is concerned, traffic cops aren't the only ones in rebellion against automatic controls. Modern cars have automatic direction indicators which signal the driver's intention.

"Old-fashioned" arm signalling is unnecessary with the modern indicator, yet I have seen drivers who keep on doing it. Some of them use both hand and automatic signals. Others refuse to turn on their indicators at all. There's nothing a machine can do, runs their philosophy, that can't also be done by hand.

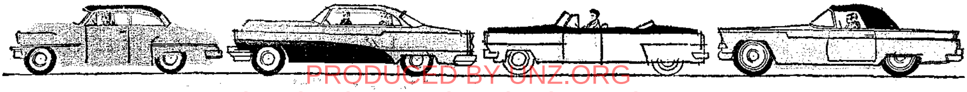
Another friend of mine has a push-button radio. It's an excellent one, and I can testify that the buttons bring in all the major stations right on the nose.

But friend Walter never uses them. He tunes in his stations manually—and I regret to say that where manual dexterity is concerned, Walter would make a terrible surgeon. What he gets, after he's through dial-twiddling, is Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* with overtones of *Muskrat Ramble* and a commercial for eight-piece furniture suites.

Walter also has a splendid record player with a fully automatic record-changing device. But he changes each record by hand, just as all of us had to do back in 1919.

Perhaps the strangest member of the anti-automatic species is the man who is determined to combat the dial telephone system. He looks in the phone book and finds that Smith & Jones' number is GArrity 4-7819, but has he any intention of dialing that? Not on your life. He calls the operator.

Even this is a minor frustration for our rebel because on a dial



phone you can't get the operator merely by lifting the receiver off the stand. You have to dial "O" for operator. He makes this concession, much as he loathes it, and then asks said operator to get him GArrity 4-7819.

In some cases the operator gives in and puts through the call. When this happens, our counterrevolutionary undoubtedly looks on his day as a success. Hasn't he already passed up six cigarette-vending machines in order to buy his brand in a crowded store?

Manual behavior in the human male seems considerably more prevalent than in the opposite sex, but females too have been known to rebel against the automatic machine. In this category, I must include my beloved wife, to whom I recently presented a refrigerator with a self-defrosting device.

This contrivance my spouse eyed warily. What she did, when she thought the refrigerator needed defrosting, was to turn it off by hand. But this particular refrigerator chose to do some rebelling of its own. Apparently incensed at this affront to its automatical infallibility, it refused to turn itself back on.

We had company that night, and I must report that there is no merit in cocktails made from liquid ice cubes or in lukewarm lobster salad. Thereafter, Mrs. C. let our new refrigerator live its own life, unmolested by human brain or hand.

It has also been brought to my attention that there are women who insist on removing toast from automatic toasters just before the popper is about to go into action; and while I don't know if it is possible to operate a dish-washing machine by hand, my guess is that some women have attempted it.

Needless to say, I frown on attempts to interfere with any of the automatic contrivances which have done so much to simplify our lives—with one inconsequential exception, that is. I happen to own a dilly of an automatic lawn sprinkler. It sends an impressive spray in one direction and then fans back and scatters it in the other.

I developed the knack—after a few abortive attempts—of sneaking up on the gadget when the spray was pointing away from me and seizing the sprinkler without getting wet. It is then possible for me to point it any way I want to, thus operating it as one would an ordinary old-fashioned hose nozzle. Why?

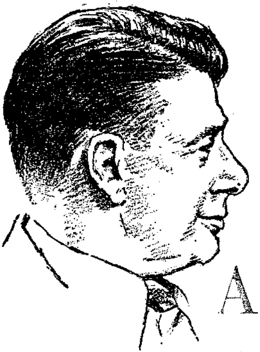
Well, the reason is—when the wind is in a—I mean there's a certain challenge—that is to say, it requires a skill that—what I'm getting at is—Look! No machine is going to tell me. . . .

New-Found Freedom

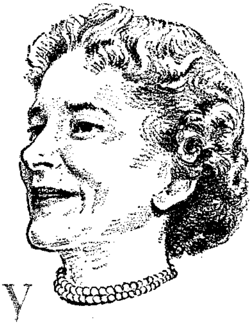
DRIVING DURING a heavy storm, former President Truman was recognized by some snow-shovelers. He responded to their greeting by waving to them.

"This is one of the advantages of retirement," he remarked. "When I was in politics, I'd have had to get out and shake their hands." —LEONARD LYONS

Worlds apart in show business, two top stars joined talents at a memorable rehearsal



When Arthur Godfrey Met Helen Hayes



by **JEAN MEEGAN**

THE THEATER IS a wonder-working place, in which miracles—well, at least small ones—are not unusual. This is the story of a small miracle, an episode in the lives of two great personalities which gave each new insight into the art of the other.

The story begins one night last winter when Arthur Godfrey, driving up Broadway, watched the theater lights flow by and mused aloud, "The crepe-hangers keep saying the theater is dead. It looks pretty alive to me. Singing and dancing take our minds off our troubles and put some joy in our hearts. Why shouldn't I give our TV audiences a look at real theater?"

And so it was arranged to devote one of Godfrey's Wednesday-night television shows to the glories of the legitimate theater.

"Now, when you think about the theater," Arthur said to his staff, "who do you think about? You think about Helen Hayes, don't you? Well, let's ask Miss Hayes to come and be our guest."

Strangely enough, Helen Hayes and Arthur Godfrey had never met. Each had, by his and her own inventive, contradictory, complicated way, arrived by different roads at the peak of success. They were, of course, aware that each other existed, but they were as far removed in the theatrical firmament as Mount Vernon and the Empire State Building.

It fell to me to work out a script that would unite these two diverse talents for the occasion. The script was Miss Hayes' idea. Godfrey disdains scripts. They hamper his free-wheeling style. Just give him an open microphone and let him talk, and he's content.

Miss Hayes was shocked when she heard that Arthur's idea was for them merely to get up on the stage and "talk." Since the age of five, Helen's method has been to study a script, memorize it, master it and then make it an integral part of her life—and the audience's life—for the two or two and a half hours she's on the stage.

I suggested to Arthur that one solution might be for him to play a theatrical scene with her. Arthur looked at me. "And louse her up?" he tartly inquired. "I'm no actor. You know that."

Gingerly I suggested Shakespeare. "Me? Shakespeare? I can't do anything like that." But then Arthur recalled that once, in school, he had recited the Seven Ages of Man passage from "As You Like It." I seized on that. I thought it would be perfect. So, mostly to get rid of me, Arthur said he would memorize the speech and see whether he could handle it.

Next I went to Helen Hayes' home in Nyack, New York, to settle on her part in the show. Arthur had agreed to read something from Shakespeare? Very well: she was willing to read something, too. Would she, I asked, do that big, soaring last scene from "Mary of Scotland," the Maxwell Anderson play that she had helped make one of Broadway's greatest hits?

"Oh, I can't," she sighed. "It would be too much of a show-off piece in a musical revue like Godfrey's. I'll just recite a poem."

I looked so crestfallen that Miss Hayes could not help laughing.

"Well, what *can* I do?" she asked.

The scene from "Mary of Scotland," I insisted. The audience would be disappointed if both she and Godfrey didn't give their best. It would be like going to Niagara and finding that the falls were only trickling.

Miss Hayes succumbed. "You win," she said, and the famous lip rose in a smile of defeat. Then it was decided we would have Anne Seymour, one of New York's well-known actresses, to play the role of Queen Elizabeth.

Once this was settled, Miss Hayes was in a more confidential mood. Godfrey—the fresh, freckle-faced fellow from Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., who had endeared himself to millions—intrigued her. "What is he really like?" she asked me. "All I know is what I've read in the papers."

I said I thought he was a great deal the same way off stage as on. If there was a secret to Godfrey's popularity, that was it—being himself 10½ hours a week on TV and radio. And when I got back to New York, I found that Godfrey, who had never been on the stage with a professional before, was equally curious about this lady who knew everything about theater magic.

In his office he rumbled to me: "They all see this thing differently than I do. They see it as make-believe. Anyway, we'll try it once. . . ."

At rehearsal, the little lady from Nyack, huddled in a beaver coat and a sensible-looking hat, shook hands with the red-haired man on crutches. "It's a great comfort to see you here," Miss Hayes twinkled. "I missed you last summer." (She had been mistress of ceremonies for the Little Godfreys one week while the boss was in the hospital.)

"You were so warm and friendly with all the kids," he said sincerely as he shook her hand. "We wanted you to come back, Helen."

Swiftly the rehearsal got under way. Godfrey spoke to his producer, Larry Puck, about the numbers he had in mind and made his way across stage to the control room. An arranger of music for the Wednesday night show took Arthur's place as understudy on the stage. Over the talk-back, Godfrey said, "Let's do Janette Davis's number." This was the beginning of a rehearsal that would go on for hours until he was satisfied that each act was ready for public view.

Helen Hayes sat quietly in the front of the house, listening to the proceedings. "It all seems such an easy, breezy show when we watch it at home," she remarked when Godfrey was in the preliminary stages of putting the show together. One by one, he worked with each act patiently, persistently. "Let's try that again," he would say. "I don't understand the words yet. You've got to sing 'em very clearly or we won't know what they mean."

Miss Hayes marvelled at the Little Godfreys' ability to tumble from one show into rehearsal and onto another show without a break. "Performing for them," she said to Anne Seymour, "is as natural as breathing."

Now, the last of the Little Godfreys had been heard. Would Miss Hayes and Miss Seymour like to run through their scene from "Mary of Scotland?" Two suburban housewives in navy-blue dresses with handbags under their arms arose and went onto the stage. Arthur sat in the control room with me. The actresses took their places, tucking wisps of hair under their hats and straightening their skirts.

Miss Hayes' chin rose, her shoulders straightened. Arthur signalled them to start. "Elizabeth," Miss Hayes began in the final, fatal interview with her cousin, the Queen, "I have been here a long while . . ."

And then a remarkable thing happened. No longer were they two suburban housewives in navy-blue dresses: they became Mary of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth, right in front of us. They glowed with white fire as they flashed back and forth, Mary beseeching Elizabeth to let her out of prison, Elizabeth bargaining with her to give up the throne. And then Mary's ringing denunciation, "And in this dungeon, I win here, alone."

Arthur Godfrey and I sat there, both under the same spell. This was make-believe, but a make-believe which worked its own sorcery. Reality vanished; suddenly we were transported back through the centuries into another time, another place. Off-stage, courtiers waited, and all the panoply of royalty. . . .

Then it was over. Arthur turned to me. "I've never seen anything like it," he whispered hoarsely, choked with tears. "My God! that face!" He roused himself, and exclaimed through the microphone, "Wonderful, just wonderful! If you wait a minute, I'll join you." He hurried out front on his crutches.

The two women stood waiting,

their blue dresses back in focus. Helen reverted to being Mrs. Charles MacArthur. "Are you sure it doesn't seem pretentious—too heavy for a revue?" she asked.

Arthur shook his head. "It's beautiful! Unbelievably beautiful! Now, it's up to us to try to live up to it . . . And by golly, we'll try!"

He glanced around for a stool. "Look," he said, "Jean Meegan here has us doing all sorts of things. She's got me doing Shakespeare. I don't know . . . I wonder would you hear me do it?"

Godfrey may be one of the most powerful figures in the entertainment business, but at that moment he was as diffident as a schoolboy. The man who lives his whole life in full view of the public was shyly going to read for the First Lady of the Theater.

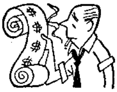
With the three of us sitting on folding chairs around him, and the rehearsal crew shuttling back and forth, he began quite simply: "All the world's a stage . . ." The actresses sat with their faces turned up, paying keenest attention. Arthur spoke easily, directly, as one might speak to friends of things he knew.

The crew stopped shuffling and stood by silently. Arthur's voice—now gentle, now rueful, now with a chuckle lost in it—seemed made for the words, and the words seemed spoken there for the first time. As he went on, Helen's face began to light up until it glowed with pleasure. When he came to the end ". . . is second childishness, and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything . . ." she could not contain herself. She clapped her hands.

"Oh, that was *wonderful!*" she said. "What a treat, Arthur, to hear someone read Shakespeare this way . . . simply . . . not being arty."

Godfrey was as pleased as a youngster who had accredited himself well in front of his queen.

What happened the following Wednesday night, when the show went on and millions saw Godfrey and Hayes together was—to us, at least—anti-climactic. We had been present in a rapt, never-to-be-forgotten moment, when these two great artists—each supreme in their own sphere—discovered each other. Helen Hayes, queen of the wondrous, subtle magic that is make-believe. And Arthur Godfrey, master of the everyday.



Medical Matters

THE ONLY THING the modern obstetrician has in common with the traditional stork is the size of his bill. —THE SHIELD (Indianapolis, Ind.)

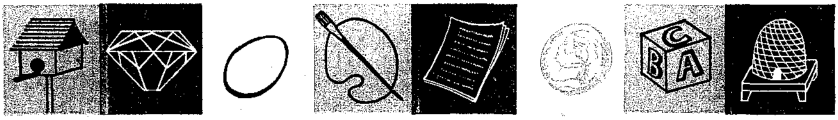
IF YOU WANT to really know what a family is like, peek in its medicine cabinet. —MONA E. KESSINGER, Junction City (Kansas) *Republic*

TWO PSYCHIATRISTS discussing patient: "He's an odd case. His amnesia makes him forget he has insomnia, so he sleeps like a log."

—DR. FRITZ REDLICK & JUNE BINGHAM, *The Inside Story*, (Knopf)

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

THE OTHER WORD



THE BIG, AFFABLE star of the new "Jack Carson Show" (NBC-TV, every fourth Friday at 8:00 p.m., EST) is a fast man with the right word and now he'd like to find out if you're as sharp. There are a number of words in the English language that look and sound alike, but have entirely different meanings. Below you are given one word and its definition—plus the definition of a second word of similar spelling, which it is your job to name and spell correctly. (Answers on page 128.)

What is the word for . . .

1) *tone quality* if TIMBER means wood?
2) *coin* if SPECIES means a kind?
3) *injudicious* if INDISCRETE means compact?
4) *untruth* if MENDICITY means beggarhood?
5) *unfeeling* if IMPASSABLE means impenetrable?
6) *anticlimax* if PATHOS means emotion?
7) *a local law* if ORDNANCE means military supplies?
8) *treacherous* if INVIDIOUS means hateful?
9) *a fireplace arch* if MANTLE means a garment?
10) *the white of an egg* if ALBUMIN means a protein?
11) *in existence* if EXTENT means space or degree?
12) *a provisional document* if SCRIPT is a manuscript?
13) *courteous* if URBAN means pertaining to a city?
14) *a sign indicating omission* if CARAT means a unit of weight?
15) *several or sundry* if DIVERSE means different?

What is the word for . . .

16) *union* if CONJURATION means practice of magic?
17) *a bird house* if APIARY means a collection of bee hives?
18) *copious* if EFFLUENT means outflowing?
19) *conduct or bearing* if COMPARTMENT means separate division?
20) *marked by a crisis* if CLIMATIC means pertaining to weather?
21) *excusable* if VENAL means mercenary?
22) *candid* if INGENIOUS means resourceful?
23) *dogmatic* if PRE-EMPTORY means right of purchasing before others?
24) *inherent* if IMMINENT means impending?
25) *prohibition* if PRESCRIPTION means written direction?
26) *helpful* if CONDUCTIVE means having the power to transmit heat, etc.?
27) *infernal* if PLATONIC means pertaining to Plato or his philosophy?
28) *discourse fully* if DECANT means to pour off?

(*Continued on next page*)

What is the word for . . .

29) *personal property* if PERSONALITY means distinctive personal character?

30) *political combination* if BLOCK means a solid piece of wood?

31) *pertaining to races or peoples* if ETHICAL means moral?

32) *express disapproval of* if DEPRECIATE means belittle?

33) *painter's tablet* if PALLETTE means an armor protecting the armpits?

34) *full quantity* if COMPLIMENT means flattering speech or attention?

35) *spy out* if DECRY means censure freely?

36) *ecclesiastical decree* if CANYON means gorge?

37) *opposition of one law to another* if ANTIMONY means an element of metallic appearance?

38) *hint* if ILLUSION means misconception?

39) *diffusive* if EXPENSIVE means costly?

40) *machine for pressing cloth, paper, etc.* if CALENDAR means schedule?

41) *a dish of fruits cooked in syrup* if COMPOST means a mixture?

42) *skipping about in frolic* if GAMBLING means wagering?

43) *part of a church* if KNAVE means rogue?

44) *working or pressing into a mass* if NEED means a condition requiring relief?

45) *wholly absorbed* if WRAPT means tied up?

46) *the strap of a bridle* if REIGN means royal authority?

47) *a religious ceremony* if RIGHT means to be correct?

48) *stirring up or disturbing* if ROYAL means kingly?

What is the word for . . .

49) *an appetizer* if CANOPY means a covering?

50) *examine in detail* if CANVAS means a heavy cloth or hemp?

51) *a 19th century infantryman* if DRAGON means a huge serpent?

52) *a series of successive parts* if CEREAL means breakfast food?

53) *a geometric ratio* if SIGN means a displayed notice?

54) *someone involved in a divorce* if CORRESPONDENT means a person who writes a letter?

55) *a law* if STATUE means a piece of sculpture?

56) *a civil wrong resulting in litigation* if TAUT means tight?

57) *one who describes the physical details of a region* if TYPOGRAPHER means a printer?

58) *a property right* if LEAN means to incline?

59) *a prelude or preface* if POEM means a literary composition?

60) *a rule of conduct* if PERCEPT means a sense impression?

61) *foreknowledge* if PRESENCE means the state of being present?

62) *outline of the body or face* if LINIMENT means a preparation applied to the skin as a counterirritant?

63) *simple description of country life* if IDOL means a false god?

64) *a twitching* if TICK means clock beat?

65) *rendezvous* if TRISTE means sad?

66) *theme* if MOTIVE means reason?

67) *to sharpen* if WET means not dry?

68) *sober and sedate* if STAYED means remained?

69) *pale yellow color* if OKRA means a vegetable?

70) *dark significance* if POTENT means powerful?

[redacted]

Do You Need a PSYCHIATRIST?

ESTIMATES OF THE number of Americans who would profit from some form of psychiatric help vary from 12,000,000 to 40,000,000. Psychiatrists who make such estimates don't mean that this many people should be confined to asylums or are, necessarily, really ill mentally. They mean that many of us, due to the complications of modern living, have developed disturbances in our social lives, on our jobs or in our relationships with the people we love. And that talking over our problems with a medically trained psychiatrist would, in many cases, help enormously.

The tests presented in this article are used by psychiatrists and psychologists to discover personal problems and to determine the degree of their severity. Some of the questions and problems you will encounter are deceptively simple; but they are not designed to trap or mislead you. Just be as honest as you can in answering them.

Do the tests in the order they are presented. There is no time limit. Follow the simple instructions and afterward turn to page 33 to figure your score and find what it means—and what, if anything, you should do about it.

[redacted]

	Yes	No
1. Do you have or have you ever had at least one close friend in both sexes?	____	____
2. Have you ever had the same job for at least two years?	____	____
3. Do you enjoy eating alone?	____	____
4. Are you ever unexplainably uncomfortable with people you like of your own sex?	____	____
5. Are you usually comfortable with the opposite sex?	____	____
6. Do you ever feel that something you dream has really happened?	____	____
7. Do you have frequent nightmares?	____	____
8. Do you usually wake up before the alarm rings?	____	____
9. Do you enjoy your own cooking?	____	____

	Yes	No
10. Do you often daydream to the point where it interferes with your efficiency in your work?		
11. Do you get excessively sleepy at inappropriate moments?		
12. Do you always worry in public places about what people will think?		
13. Can you leave your spouse for a weekend without having disturbingly jealous thoughts?		
14. Do you ever have the feeling, when you know it's not true, that most people are smarter than you?		
15. Are you surprised when people say they like you?		
16. Do you think of your past as "Those were the good old days?"		
17. Is it difficult for you to have your way paid for?		
18. Do you suffer with frequent headaches, indigestion, asthma or insomnia?		
19. When you're with your love partner, do you ever like to imagine that he or she is some one else?		
20. Do you have a burst of violent anger, inwardly or outwardly over trifles, as often as once a week?		
21. Could you refuse well-done meat in a restaurant if you ordered rare?		
22. Does open affection from either of your parents make you uncomfortable?		
23. Have you had more than a two-week spell of hating either of your parents since you were 20?		
24. Do you startle easily?		
25. Are you usually afraid of household pets you have just met?		
26. Do you keep your head in emergencies?		
27. When you have been criticized, do you have long intense daydreams of "getting back" at your critic?		
28. Do you constantly fear cancer?		
29. Are there certain pointless or nonsensical thoughts or ideas which go over and over in your mind and which you cannot control or stop?		
30. Are you "resigned to your fate?"		
31. Do you or did you ever enjoy dancing?		
32. Do you enjoy at least one outdoor activity?		
33. Do you have friends whose opinions (not interests) are different from your own?		
34. Do you classify people as either weak or strong?		
35. Do you ever enjoy getting dressed up?		
36. Have you ever quit a job in a rage?		
37. Do you have unreasonable terror in high places, open streets or enclosed places?		

Part II

1. Subtract 7 from 100 consecutively, aloud, without using pencil or paper. For example, 93, 86, 79, etc. (Don't let friends correct you.)

a. How would you check your answer?

2. Fill in the blanks below so that the story makes sense.

Once upon a time, the ______ heard a ________ _____ by a hedge. "Oh," he thought, "could I but _____ like that I would be delighted." So he asked the ____: "What is it that you eat that makes you ______ so beautifully?"

"I drink the morning mist," answered the ______

The silly ____ attempted to feed in this manner and shortly he died of ________.

3. In what way are an apple and a banana alike?

4. In what way are a pencil and typewriter alike?

5. Name nine birds.

6. What do the following proverbs mean?

a. Birds of a feather flock together.

b. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

Part III

	Yes	No
1. Have strangers been whispering about you recently?	_____	_____
2. Have strangers ever influenced your brain or body with electricity, or with atom rays?	_____	_____
3. Have you ever thought anyone was hypnotizing you?	_____	_____
4. Have you ever stayed in bed for periods of a week or more without being ill?	_____	_____
5. Are you obsessed night and day with jealous and enraged thoughts?	_____	_____

Scoring—Part I

For each answer which corresponds to the listing below, score yourself as indicated. Answers which do not correspond, score zero.

No. of Question	Score
1	yes 3
2	yes 4
3	yes 1
4	no 4
5	yes 3
6	no 3
7	no 5
8	no 1
9	yes 1
10	no 4
11	no 1
12	no 2
13	yes 5
14	no 2
15	no 2
16	no 1
17	no 2
18	no 5
19	no 5
20	no 5
21	yes 2
22	no 4
23	no 4
24	no 2
25	no 2

No. of Question	Score	No. of Question	Score
26	yes 1	32	yes 1
27	no 2	33	yes 1
28	no 2	34	no 2
29	no 4	35	yes 3
30	no 2	36	no 4
31	yes 1	37	no 4

Part II

1. If you completed the subtraction, your answer should be 2 and if you got this answer give yourself 10. However, if you completed the test and did *not* get the correct answer, also give yourself 10. If you stopped along the way—that is, if you did not complete the test—give yourself zero.

a. Divide 100 by 7..........10

2. Show your story to someone. If it makes even the roughest kind of sense to him, score yourself.....20

3. They are fruit...........10

4. You write with them.....10

5. Check your list with someone else. If it is found that you have named only birds, give yourself..20

6. a. if you have not repeated *birds*, *feather* or *flock* in your definition...............10

b. If you have not repeated *glass*, *houses*, *throw* or *stones* in your definition...........10

Part III

For each *no*, give yourself 20. For each *yes*, give yourself zero.

What the Tests Mean

Part I. A score below 66 means that you may have problems that a psychiatrist could help you solve. A score between 67 and 78 means that you are probably handling your problems quite well. A score between 79 and 95 means that you are capable of handling anything that comes up in your life and going to a psychiatrist would only be a matter of intellectual curiosity. Above 95 means that you should probably treat the psychiatrist.

Part II. Sixty will pass you on this one. However, if you are below 60 on this and above 75 on the first one, you are not being truthful with yourself. You should let the psychiatrist decide whether you need a psychiatrist. If, on the other hand, you scored low on the first part and over 80 on this one, you're far too severe with yourself and perhaps should see a psychiatrist for that.

Part III. You should get 100 on this. If you do not, your tensions are showing and you should hie yourself to a psychiatrist.

* * *

THERE ARE no idle rumors. Rumors are always busy.—IRVING HOFFMAN

Based on customs that are centuries old, marriage in Nigeria is a strange affair

MY FATHER'S HAREM

by PRINCE OKECHUKWU IKEJIANI
as told to ANNE FROMER

MY FATHER, the King, has 16 devoted wives. I am one of his 36 children.

It is not because my father is a hereditary king that he has a harem. On the contrary, it is an important factor in making him a respected leader in a country which is soon to become a sovereign state.

The country is Nigeria. Within two years, we hope we will have attained sovereignty and taken our place as a free associate in the British Commonwealth. We Nigerians are well aware that when we become self-governing, we will enter nationhood almost complete strangers to the rest of the world. Those of us who have lived in countries like the U. S. are well aware, too, that our ways will seem exotic to others, for we fully intend to bring with us the customs of marriage, family life, sexual morality and the relationship of men and women which are deeply rooted in the Nigerian way of life.

If Nigeria were a small and remote country, our social order might pass unnoticed. But Nigeria has a population twice that of Canada, an area three times that of the British Isles, and its hundreds of miles of coastline lie on that great highway of Western civilization, the Atlantic Ocean.

The strangeness of the Nigerian way of life might seem to be due to the fact that ours is the newest of nations. Actually, it is because Nigeria is one of the oldest of nations. Our laws, customs, conventions and usages are, in fact, the end product of a very ancient civilization. By contrast, the era of Solomon, with which ours is sometimes associated, is a mere 3,000 years old.

My earliest memories are of life in a community enclosed by a great wall, within which were many houses, numbers of children of my own age for companions and an assortment of adults who either did our bidding or told us what to do. The only essential difference between this world of mine and that of any average child anywhere was that all the children were my

brothers and sisters, the adults were my father's wives or servants and the self-contained community was his compound—his court, his family estate.

This royal compound was a small city in itself. Inside the great gate there was his private palace or council chamber, where he conducted family prayers, presided over cases, received visitors and entertained friends. Next was his private place of residence, the main house. As each new wife was married, she took up residence in this house for some months—usually until she became pregnant, or until another, newer wife took her place. Then she would move to her own house.

Each of the wives' houses stood in its own court, shaded by palm trees and bordered by gardens. Each had its own storehouse, filled with the foodstuffs allocated from the King's warehouses.

My world was bounded by the high, thick wall—nearly a mile in circumference. The chief point of interest in that wall was the tall, massive mahogany gate, shut and guarded each night, opened wide each dawn to signal the start of the new day's comings and goings. Through that gate came dignified men to visit my father; pleasant, chattering women who were sisters and cousins and friends of my father's wives; pack-peddlers to offer trinkets to the women; servants bringing produce from my father's farms for storage in the granaries within the compound.

The continual bustle in the compound seemed to be a state of pleasant chaos. Actually, before I was much older, I realized that the pattern of our life was extremely well ordered.

I remember, for example, the periodic absences of my mother. At regular intervals, she would give special instructions about our care and feeding to our nurses, and thereafter for two weeks we would see little of her. As soon as I was old enough to understand, I asked an elder brother why our mother was not always with us. He explained that during those absences she was my father's "chosen wife."

Polygamy in Nigeria is different from what is generally understood by the term. In this, as in all Nigerian customs, there is a traditional, ordered ritual. Each wife performs the wifely function in turn for periods of two weeks each, even though there is usually a new wife in residence at the main house. The latter takes her turn like the others, but continues to live in her husband's home as a guest.

The duties and privileges of the "chosen wife" would appear strange to Western women. Although she in no sense competes with the other wives or attempts to gain special favor with her husband, she takes special pride in supervising his meals and in presiding at after-dinner entertainments.

My mother, for example, was modestly aware that she had a special talent for the preparation of Nigeria's most popular dish, *fu-fu*, and would officiate, surrounded by helpful assistants, at the kitchen fires while the savory special sauce was being concocted.

To make this sauce, fish, meat, vegetables, peppers, palm oil, salt, bean curd and mushrooms are simmered together. The *fu-fu* itself consists of two kinds of yams and bananas cooked and beaten to a smooth, tasty dough. I can still smell the aroma of this delicious Nigerian dish as prepared under my mother's supervision.

After dinner, there was always a brief rest, often followed by singing, dancing and story-telling. The songs of Nigeria are not passing fancies: they are as traditional as the country's culture. We have songs for the wet and the dry seasons, for the time of planting and for the harvest, for birth and for death—even songs for the rich and songs for the poor.

[illegible]
by ZSA ZSA GABOR
The glamorous
beauty writes
frankly of the loves
of her life—those
she married and
those she didn't
In January Coronet

It was the privilege of the chosen wife to lead the story-telling period. In this, again, one wife might excel another. But certainly no Nigerian woman, or even a child above the age of ten, was without a repertoire of popular folk tales. Everyone, of course, knew the story being related down to the last detail; and the enjoyment of the audience lay in the teller's special skill in dramatizing the story, in acting out its dramatic climaxes.

At the end of the evening, after all the guests and members of the family had left the main house, the chosen wife would retire for a ritual which, to Western eyes, would seem a strange reversal of normal procedure. Then—and only then—she traditionally performs the feminine process of beautification with its perfumes and its pomades. So completely are a Nigerian woman's charms dedicated to her husband——and solely to her husband—that a wife dresses plainly, even severely, except when she is to be alone with her husband.

The wives not in residence with the king lead a placid, serene existence. Mornings they devote to the affairs of their own households. In the afternoons, they gather in the main courtyard to watch their collective children at play and, in the way of women the world over, to gossip among themselves—about each other.

But considering that all share one husband, Nigerian harem women are remarkably free of jealousy. That is partly due to the fact that the position of a Nigerian woman, though she be only one of a man's many wives, is secure—perhaps much more so than the position of a large proportion of Western women each of whom in theory is the sole possessor of her husband.

A Nigerian wife knows that she will be forever loved and revered and cared for. But she in turn will have been trained from early childhood to deserve this status. She comes into marriage with the avowed purpose of ministering to her husband, of bearing him many children who will increase his honor, her own and that of the entire family.

Loyalty to a husband, however, does not prevent the women from holding a special sort of feminine loyalty towards each other. It is clearly understood, for example, that during the two weeks when she is the chosen wife, no woman takes advantage of her temporary special position with the head of the family to carry tales to him about his other wives. When harem discipline is required, it is the wives themselves who enforce it—by means of a family court of which their numerous female relatives are also members.

My father pretended to be indifferent to this display of autonomy among his wives, but in later years he confided to me that he encouraged the custom, because it kept him free of embroilment in numerous feminine affairs which were beyond men's wisdom.

BUT IF NIGERIAN married life is an intensely private affair, the process of getting married and even becoming betrothed is so public an occasion as to be practically a fiesta. I remember the first marriage in the younger generation of my family. Even the news that the marriage might be in the offing caused more excitement in the compound than I had witnessed up to that time—and that was even before the bride had been chosen.

My honored senior brother, Idiong, had decided at 17 that it was time he was married. But he did not make this decision because he had met a girl he wanted to marry. He simply went to my mother and said: "I will take a wife if you and my father will choose her for me."

Falling in love in Nigeria is not considered a matter to be trusted to the immature. Parents make the final decisions, but even they are guided by discussion with the many adult members of the family.

So for two weeks after my brother announced his readiness for marriage, there were endless family conferences, with wives, aunts, cousins and in-laws putting forward suitable candidates. At last it was decided to approach the parents of a girl named Oyilinne, who lived not far from our compound.

On the day appointed for the first visit, my father's entire family, children included, made an official call at the home of Chukwuemeka, Oyilinne's father. The servants carried gifts of palm wine which were opened as soon as we were assembled.

The conversation covered all topics—except the reason for our visit. While the elders discussed crops, weather and politics, I noticed my brother, the bridegroom-to-be, casting glances at Oyilinne, a slender, quiet girl. Clad in her silken robes, she moved gracefully among the guests, serving cakes and wine.

Presently my father made a speech briefly outlining the purpose of the visit. "My oldest son would like your daughter for his first wife," he said. "We would be honored by your consent." When she saw my father stand up, Oyilinne had modestly disappeared behind a door, where she undoubtedly listened with blushing interest to his words.

My father's speech was received with smiles, but no reply was made at the time. Presently we all went home. The negotiations continued between the families. Among the matters to be settled was the bride price. In two more evening meetings, all matters were arranged to mutual satisfaction. At a third meeting the bride and groom met formally for the first time, each expressed consent to the marriage, and the wedding date was set.

During the period of the engagement, my brother and Oyilinne never went out with one another, or even saw each other alone. The first time they would be alone would be on their wedding night. For a fortnight before the wedding, Oyilinne moved into my mother's house, where she learned the many arts of pleasing her husband-to-be: she learned, too, how to walk gracefully, to smile pleasantly, how to serve his favorite dishes, to dress neatly—even how to care for children in anticipation of her greatest contribution to her new family.

A few days before the wedding, Oyilinne returned to her own home. Then came the great day. In our compound, in my brother's new house, all his male relatives and friends gathered to drink wine, sing, dance and eat. At Oyilinne's house much the same celebration was in progress, with her women relatives and friends as guests.

Then the final stage of the ceremony began. Oyilinne, her friends and her relatives formed a long procession which set out in the direction of our compound. Wearing her colorful embroidered wedding costume, bedecked with jewelry, Oyilinne was the center of attraction. Beside her walked her attendants. Behind her, male relatives bore her possessions and wedding gifts—a total value greater than the dowry paid for her.

The procession finally crowded into our compound. The men who carried Oyilinne's gifts set them down before my brother's house for all to inspect and admire. Then came the brief marriage ceremony.

At a large table sat the bride and groom, their nearest relatives and most important guests. After all had eaten—the girl sparingly, my brother as much as he could hold, as befits the head of a household—a glass of wine was handed to the groom. He sipped it and handed it to the bride across the table. She knelt on her right knee, took a sip and passed it back to him.

That completed the ceremony. Bride and groom were loudly cheered, and then the celebration started—the eating, drinking, performing by the entertainers and by the guests.

Some time during the evening, the younger members like myself, unable to fight drowsiness any longer, were bundled off to bed. But the wedding party continued.

In the year after my brother's marriage, life in the compound settled down to its usual placidity. But in the daily discussions of the wives in the courtyard, a new topic had entered. The subject was Oyilinne. My brother's wife had turned out to be all the family had expected, except for one circumstance: her announcement that she was to bear a child was inordinately delayed.

Then came the revelation: Oyilinne had called on my mother and expressed her sorrow. Like a dutiful wife, she had added: "I think he should take a second wife, who may do greater honor to the family."

My mother had told her it was too early in her marriage to lose

hope. Nevertheless, she agreed that there was wisdom in her suggestion.

Idiong took a second wife, selected with equal care—and even with Oyilinne participating in the choice, as someone who intimately knew Idiong's preferences. The bride was finally chosen and the wedding was celebrated with the usual festivity.

But with the passing of time, it turned out, to everyone's joy, that my mother's reassurance of Oyilinne had been more than empty words. In the new year, it was Oyilinne who announced that she was with child.

Immediately Oyilinne entered the special sanctity of care in which our mothers-to-be are placed. Her relatives, friends and, especially, her husband treated her with great tenderness and repeatedly brought choice gifts and food. In the ninth month, Oyilinne's mother was summoned and came to the compound accompanied by servants carrying her chests, for she was to live in a house provided for her until her grandchild was born. At that time, too, nurses were engaged; one who would serve Oyilinne for several months after the birth, another who would care for the baby for the first two years of its life.

Came the day of the delivery. Many women, both relatives and trained midwives, attended Oyilinne. No man, not even her husband, was allowed near the place of birth. The male members of the family must wait at a distance, listening for the cry that would announce the arrival of the child.

Then a small wail reached our ears, and a woman opened the door and gave the ceremonial sign that a son was born. Idiong hurried toward the house, and in the courtyard, the men of my family congratulated each other boisterously.

A new generation had entered the eternal cycle in the life of our ancient race.

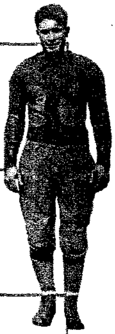
There Went a Man

ENRICO CARUSO, the great tenor, had a will of steel. Fainting from pain, drugged almost to insensibility, staggering like a blind man, he would get into a car at the rear entrance of his hotel in Berlin, where he had been lying deathly ill, and rush to the stage door of the opera house where he was to sing, having flatly refused to disappoint immense audiences eagerly waiting to hear him. As his dresser put him into his costume, he lay on a couch, nearly unconscious from suffering.

The door of the room opened. The stage manager made a sign. "Signor Caruso, are you ready?" Pulling himself together with a superhuman effort, Caruso would grope his way toward the stage. As he stood for a moment in the wings, he braced himself in another effort of unbelievable self-control.

Then—he strode onto the stage, eyes flashing, head up. Another moment—and out poured the golden notes, throbbing with beauty and power. And the audience, sitting enthralled, had not the remotest idea that anything was wrong.

—*Caruso the Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold.*
T. R. YBARRA, (Harcourt Brace & Co.)

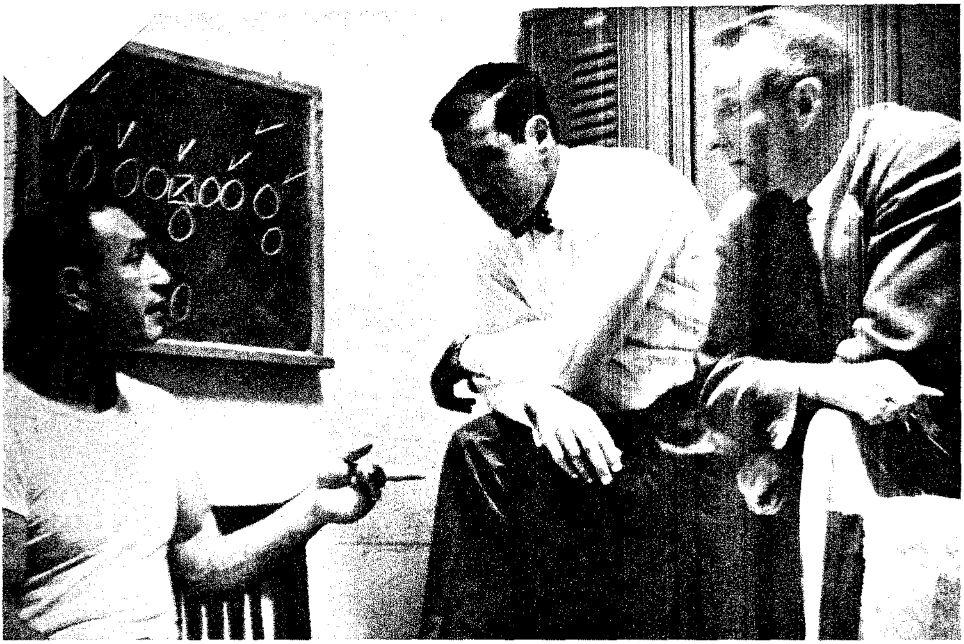


Picture Story

EIGHT ◆ ALL ◆ ◆ AMERICANS ◆

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

Since Walter Camp began making his famous football selections, there have been hundreds of All-Americans selected from college ranks. Here is the on-and-off-the-field story of eight of the greatest.



In the Brandeis locker room, Friedman goes over plays with his assistants.

BENNY FRIEDMAN—A few minutes before his team squared off against Navy in 1926, Coach Fielding Yost of Michigan walked to the grandstand and said to football fan Calvin Coolidge, "Mr. President, I'd like you to meet the best quarterback in the business—Benny Friedman."

It was neither an exaggeration nor an accident. "When I was on the field of play," Friedman said recently, "it was my feeling that I had to be the best."

One of six children in an average Cleveland family, Benny had painfully accumulated $276 and, in the fall of 1923, enrolled as a freshman at the University of Michigan. He handled tickets at an Ann Arbor theater, worked in a book store for 40 cents an hour. It was all worth it: "I got out of college an ability to think on my feet. Football taught me how self-reliance and teamwork can go together. Best of all, I have some wonderful memories."

He might have been a lawyer if he hadn't been so good on the gridiron. Named an All-American in 1925 and 1926, Friedman signed a professional football contract when he graduated. Then there came a day when his step slowed, his passes didn't fly quite so true. It became harder and harder to shake off the bruises. Finally, newspaper headlines announced: "Friedman Hangs Up Cleats!"

Now the problems were new ones. "It was difficult to get started. In the business world, there are so many complexities."

And then, in 1949, The Job and The Man came together—Friedman was named athletic director of Brandeis University. There his skills would be put to full use as he worked to pass them on to others. He would be coaching football, working with boys. He would be planning, organizing—all on the field of play.

Today, Friedman and his wife live in New York's East 50s, their apartment decorated with a few football trophies and a good many of Mrs. Friedman's paintings. Only four pounds heavier than when he carried the ball for Michigan, Benny says he keeps in condition by "stiff-arming" the table—pushing himself away after a moderate meal. He plays golf, squash and, in spirit, every contest into which he sends his boys.

"I have no involved philosophy of life. What I believe is simple and pretty basic. You might call it the Golden Rule."

His boys' physical welfare comes first.

Friedman and his wife study one of her paintings. They met on a chance date.

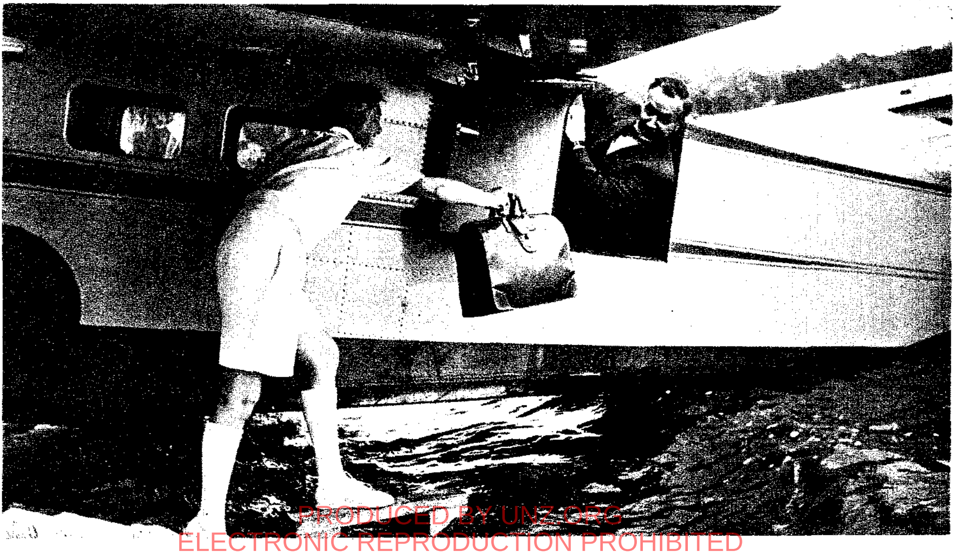
Fred Miller—Someone once called Frederick C. Miller the fizz in the Miller Brewing Company. The appellation was accurate as far as it went, but failed to note that lean, handsome Fred Miller is also the buzz-saw of the Carl Miller Lumber Company, the sparkplug director of Wisconsin's top baseball and football teams—the Milwaukee Braves and the Green Bay Packers—and, most important, the very solid anchor of the Miller family, now ten strong.

It was this happy blend of stability and energy that made Miller an All-American tackle at Notre Dame. "You could always be sure that Fred would be at 'em," is how a team-mate put it. And at 'em he was, in class as well as on the field. Graduated *cum laude* with the highest scholastic average ever attained by a Notre Dame letterman, he was well-equipped for a go at the business world of 1929.

48, Miller looks much as he did at 22.

"I knew at an early age that I would follow in the footsteps of either my father or grandfather." As it turned out, he tread the path of both—with nary a misstep. First he took over his father's lumber business. In 1947, he was elected president of his grandfather's brewery. Both are flourishing today, and Miller credits some of his success to football: "It helped me appreciate

With his lakeside dock as an airport, Miller flies on frequent business trips.



The Millers spend much time at their lodge, scene of constant sports activity.

the importance of coordinated effort and cooperation."

But business and civic duties notwithstanding, Fred Miller's first thoughts are for his family. He plays handball and tennis with his two sons, aged ten and 20; goes boating with his six daughters, aged 14 to 22; flies around the countryside in his own seaplane with his wife and whichever of the children have a few free days.

Notre Dame is like a member of the family, too. When the air turns crisp in autumn, ex-tackle Fred Miller pulls on his cleats, trots out on the field and takes over as line coach of the Fighting Irish. It is a labor of love. His salary: a dollar a year.

Miller, instrumental in bringing the Braves to Milwaukee, cheers his team.

DAVEY O'BRIEN—At about 7 o'clock most evenings, the suburban quiet of Northcrest Road in Dallas is shattered by the shrill cries of the O'Brien boys, David, Jr., and Bill, and by the shouts of instruction and encouragement of their father: "Pull the ball in close! That's it. Now run!"

It is a scene that might be duplicated in a million other American backyards when autumn rolls around: a father-son football game on a well-kept lawn; graceful trees shading a rambling new house; and, when the session is over, father puffing noticeably.

But this is the home of Davey O'Brien, and scores of his one-time football opponents would be quite surprised to see the Mighty Mite puffing, despite the 15 years and 30 pounds that have passed since he packed his jersey and helmet away. To the lettermen and professionals who tried to bat down his bullet passes, he was—and always will be—the indestructible Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian University and the Philadelphia Eagles.

"The thing about O'Brien," one of them said with a wry smile, "is that he has all his 155 pounds tied up in determination."

As much, perhaps, as his skill, it was this very diminutiveness in a game peopled by 200-pounders that caught the national fancy back in 1937 and 1938. During his All-American years, there were more words written about, and more pictures taken of, Davey O'Brien than

O'Brien's office is close to his home.

of any other player in the game.

And then, quite suddenly, after playing two seasons of pro football for the Philadelphia Eagles, O'Brien's name vanished from the sports pages. He had reached the end of the football line and, in a switch, signed on for service with the F.B.I. For more than ten years, Davey was a special agent in a job whose anonymity was as complete as had been his fame.

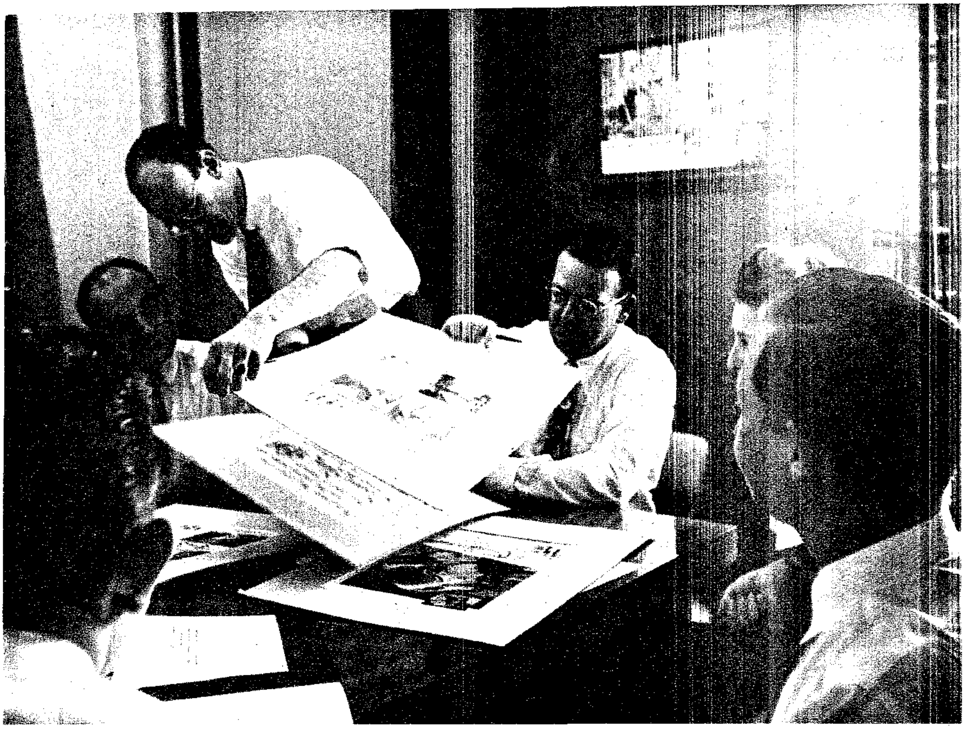
"They were wonderful years, those at school and with the Eagles," Davey says now, a shy grin creasing his still-boyish face. "I'm grateful to have had them, but I wouldn't swap what I've got now to have any of them back."

It's hard to blame him. What he's got now is Frances, the girl he met as an undergraduate at T.C.U. and married shortly afterwards; young Davey, Bill and Sally, age four. His job: sales manager of a Dallas mapmaking company.

Aside from serving as a deacon and Sunday School teacher of his church, Davey devotes most of his leisure time to his children. Will his boys play football? "It's up to them, of course, but I'll do all I can to encourage them."

Davey is chef for backyard barbecues.

An evening ritual: two future stars get some tips from a past master.



Ad man Frank discusses commercials with staff. Among his accounts: Toni.

CLINT FRANK—"Football is a game that's played a lot like real life. You have to work hard to be good. You have to make an opportunity out of every challenge."

So spoke Clint Frank, Yale's All-American halfback in '36 and All-American quarterback in '37—himself a case history in defense of that thesis. Although he has never lacked for life's comforts or known financial insecurity, Clinton E. Frank has been meeting challenges and fighting adversity all his life.

Twice, injuries threatened to end his football career. Twice, he battled back to re-win his place in the lineup. When Larry Kelley—receiver in the great passing combine of Kelley and Frank—graduated in 1936, many observers freely predicted that Clint wouldn't be able to hold his own. Result: 1937 was the year he won the Heisman Trophy as the outstanding football player in the nation.

After graduation, Clint had barely gotten started in the advertising business when, as a reserve officer, he was called to active duty. Less than a year later, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and, along with millions of other young men with other plans, he shipped out for the duration.

He served with bomber groups in Italy and Africa. He became an aide to General Jimmy Doolittle. When the war ended, Frank was a lieutenant colonel—and ready to start from scratch.

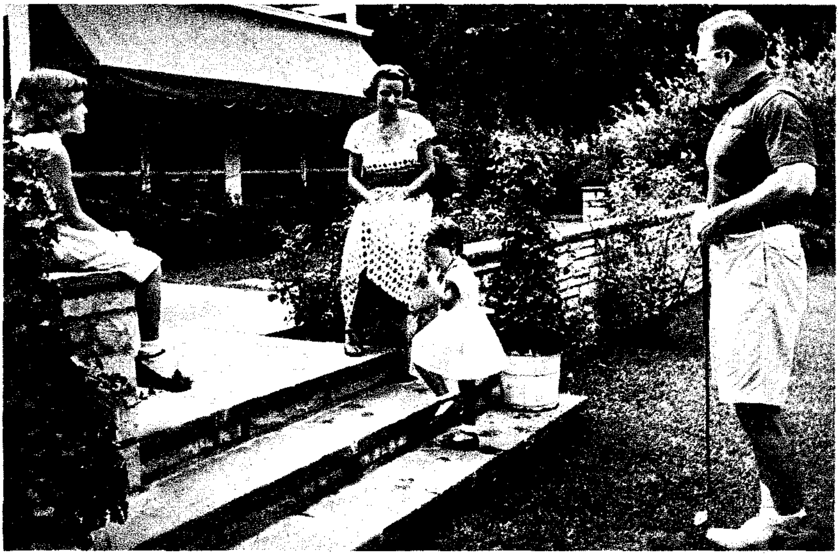
Hard work paid off again. Starting an advertising firm in 1949, he re-organized it a year ago to become chief executive officer of Clinton E. Frank, Inc., in Chicago.

It is not hard to recall that Clint Frank was an All-American, even now. He looks fit enough to make a substantial gain on a center rush and weighs no more than he did at college. His home in Winnetka, Illinois, is set on a handsome stretch of rolling turf on which Clint and his wife—a college sweetheart—practice golf while three daughters, a son and two dogs cavort about.

He is proud to have been chosen an All-American, but has no illusions about the honor. "Sometimes people remember and doors are opened to you. Once you're on the inside, though, you're on your own!"

Cindy, three, is youngest of Franks.

The family gathers 'round to watch some golf shots. Clint likes to hunt, too.



Fritz Pollard—In the books which record the feats of football's all-time greats, there are two entries under the name of Pollard: "Pollard, Fritz, Brown, 1916"; and "Pollard, Fritz, Jr., North Dakota, 1936, 37." They synopsize the story of an athletic dynasty that began with the senior Pollard's father (lightweight boxing champion of his Civil War regiment), reached its climax with the football Fritzes and will probably go on forever.

The Fritz Pollard who was to become the most devastating back in the history of Brown University made his athletic debut at a Rogers Park County Fair meet in suburban Chicago by winning a 220-yard dash. It barely stirred a ripple in a family whose three older sons—there were eight children in all—had already carried the Pollard fame far beyond the Chicago environs with their football exploits. By the time Fritz reached high school, he had no choice but to live up to the family billing, and he did.

Fritz's father was a barber. He worked hard to teach his sons that trade. "Learn to use your hands," he would say, "and you'll never go hungry."

But Fritz Pollard had other ideas. He wanted to be a college man. En route to Dartmouth, he stopped at Providence, Rhode Island, decided he liked Brown and enrolled on the spot. That chance decision was soon to make Brown a national football power.

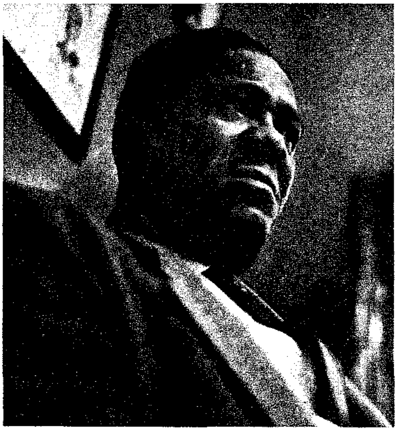
In his second practice session as a scrub, Fritz had the audacity to

Fritz trains youngsters for stage.

run a kickoff back through the entire varsity squad. He was promptly sent to the clubhouse for his impertinence. Next day, he carried the ball through tackle and ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Back to the clubhouse again. Yet, when the team entrained for its first game, Fritz sat proudly among the players.

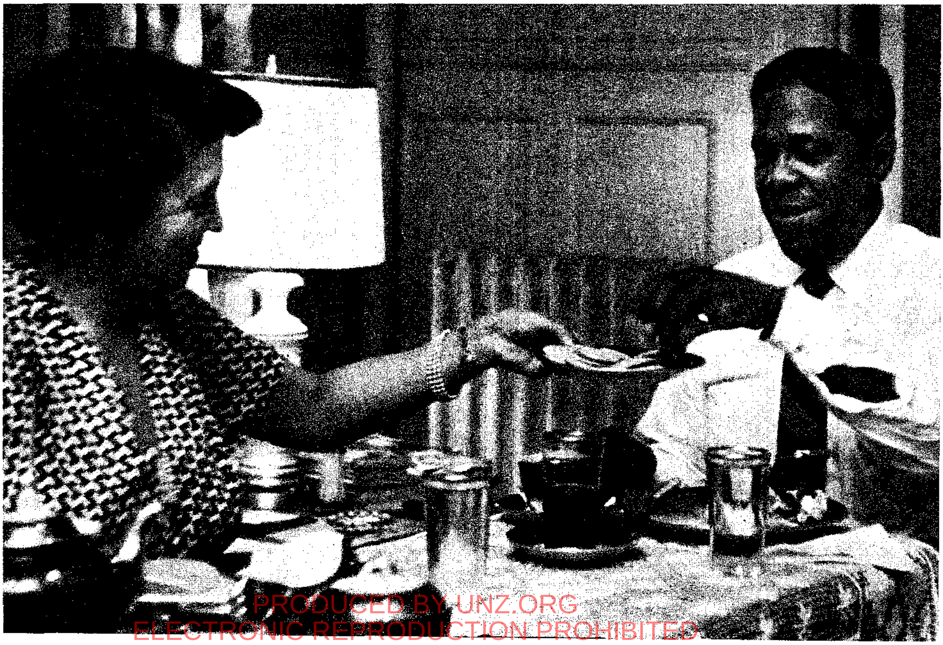
He had begun by preparing for medicine, switched to dentistry and, with his selection as an All-American, switched again: he signed on as football coach at Lincoln University, then went on to play pro football. Years afterward, Fritz used to wonder whether he had made the right choice. "I guess I thought that fabulous football pay would last forever."

A multitude of other jobs followed. Now 60 and, since 1941, embarked on a career as an artists' representative, Fritz has only one regret—that he never became a doctor. Fritz, Jr., who followed in his father's football footsteps, is a commissioner on Chicago's Race Relations Board. Each of his other three children and three grandchildren have, in their own way, made Fritz proud, too.



His credo: "I want to help people."

Mary Ella, his wife, was a model and a schoolteacher when they met.



Ernie has handled the California vintners' public relations for three years.

Ernie Nevers—They used to say that Ernie Nevers could do anything on a football field, but whenever in doubt, he would run right over the opposition. A big, bone-bruising fullback, Nevers of Stanford was a far cry from the shy, skinny kid who failed to make the freshman team at Superior High School, Superior, Wisconsin.

"I was pretty timid as a youngster. But I was determined to play football and that gave me confidence. I met people and was forced out of myself."

Named to the All-American team of 1925, he was hailed as one of the greatest football players of his time. And that very honor taught him the greatest lesson a man can learn: the importance of others.

"You don't make All-American alone. If it hadn't been for my coach, Pop Warner, and the spirit of my team-mates, I might have been Joe Doaks in any lineup."

These feelings were reinforced shortly after he was graduated when he learned how his father had mortgaged the family ranch to send him through school. "Dad was like that—always ready to help us kids, but never trying to swerve us from the path we wanted to follow. He knew I'd set my heart on going to college from the time I'd entered high school. I had an awful lot to be grateful for."

For about 20 years—with time out to fight World War II as a Marine officer in the Pacific—Ernie played professional football and coached. Then, in 1947, two events changed his course: he married Margery Railton, an actress—his first wife had died in 1943—and he quit football.

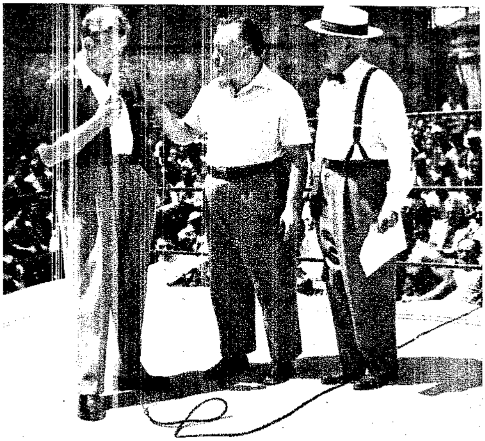
"My wife liked neither the pressure nor the time spent away from home. Since she was giving up her career, I felt that I should get into something different, too. With my wide acquaintanceship, it was a natural for me to go into public relations and sales promotion."

It was a momentous decision. Now, for the first time since he had been in his teens, football played no part in Ernie's life. Has he ever regretted it?

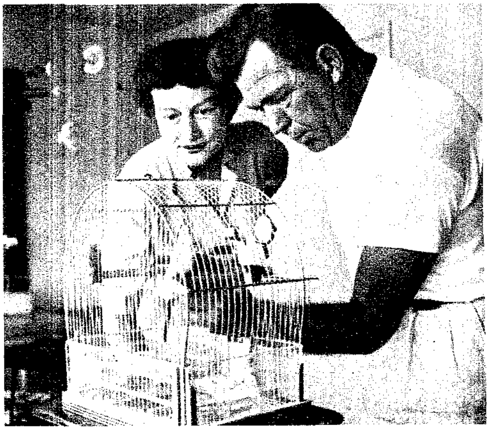
"It was wonderful to be an All-American and all the rest of it. But I like to feel that what I have achieved since has been through my efforts as a man."

The Nevers—Ernie, Margery and six-year-old Tina—live in a pleasant house in Mill Valley, California. As public-relations director of the California Wine Association, Ernie is constantly meeting people who recall his exploits on the gridiron with stories that inevitably begin: "I remember back in '25, when you had the ball . . ."

The past is hard to escape. Although Ernie plays golf often, football remains his first love. "My interest in each year's crop of players is as strong as ever. Perhaps it is because we identify ourselves with the struggles and thrills, as well as the future, of each new lineup."



Addressing inmates at San Quentin.



With wife; and Tina (below, center).

Insurance man Dudley visits client.

BILL DUDLEY—Until only two years ago, Bill Dudley was one of the greatest football players in the U. S. Today, like his father and his older brother, he is in the life-insurance business, head of a growing family, a civic-minded and stable citizen of Lynchburg, Virginia. There was no connection between the two phases of his career—"You can't sell a man life insurance by throwing a football at him"—but the two have added up to a very full life for 33-year-old Bill Dudley, Virginia, '42.

"I consider myself to be as lucky as any young man has a right to be."

More important than football or life insurance—more important than anything in his life—was Bill's meeting with Libba, the girl he married. He had been the first son of the University of Virginia to be named an All-American. The U.S. was six months into World War II and Bill was about to enter the Army Air Force. Then, in June, at the last school dance of the year, he saw her. There were a few dances, some talk. Then Bill Dudley spoke up: "Libba," he said, "if you're still around after the war is over, I'm going to look you up."

It was one of those things that helped to make a long war seem interminable. "I flew my plane in my turn. I did my job every day. But inside, I couldn't wait until it was all over. I wanted to get back."

It was late in 1945 before he did, but Libba was still around. Shortly afterwards, they were married and have lived happily ever since. "Like any other couple, we faced our rough spots. But being in love, we glided over them."

The Dudleys have three children now: Elizabeth—known as Jarrett

Bill and Libba admire the new baby.

—six; William, seven; and a pert baby girl named Rebecca, born this year.

For six years, Bill played professional football in Pittsburgh, Detroit and Washington—making the All Pro team three years running. Then his father, who worked for a Home Life Insurance Company agency, began talking to him about coming into the business, as his brother Jim had done years before. Bill gave it a try during the off-season of 1950, liked it and has been at it ever since.

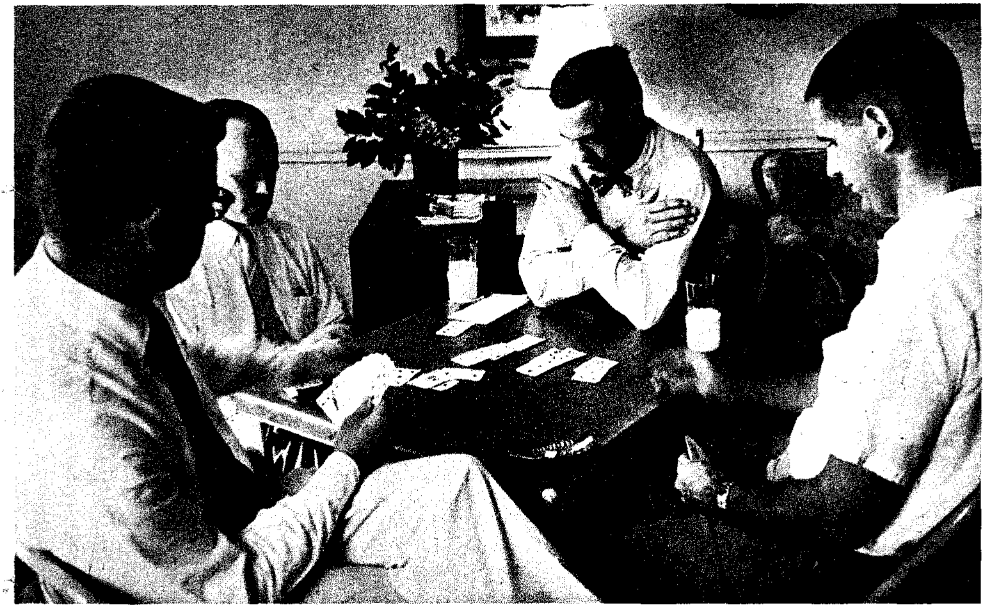
Since he quit football, Bill has worked hard at the agency he opened in Lynchburg. He still likes to watch football and this year he coached the backfield at the University of Virginia.

He is proud to have made All-American and will never forget his last collegiate game—the game that clinched his selection. Virginia beat North Carolina, for the first time in nine years, 28-7, and Dudley scored three times, passed for the fourth touchdown and kicked the four points after touchdowns. But he has never made the mistake of trying to live on past notices.

"I was tremendously honored to make the All-American team, but I don't feel that I have to strain to live up to some mythical something. Yesterday's sports hero is a lot like yesterday's newspaper—you always know there's a fresh one coming tomorrow."

And Bill's hopes for tomorrow? He simply says, "I would like to do as well and be as lucky in the future as in the past."

The Dudleys entertain fairly frequently and, twice a week, Bill plays bridge.



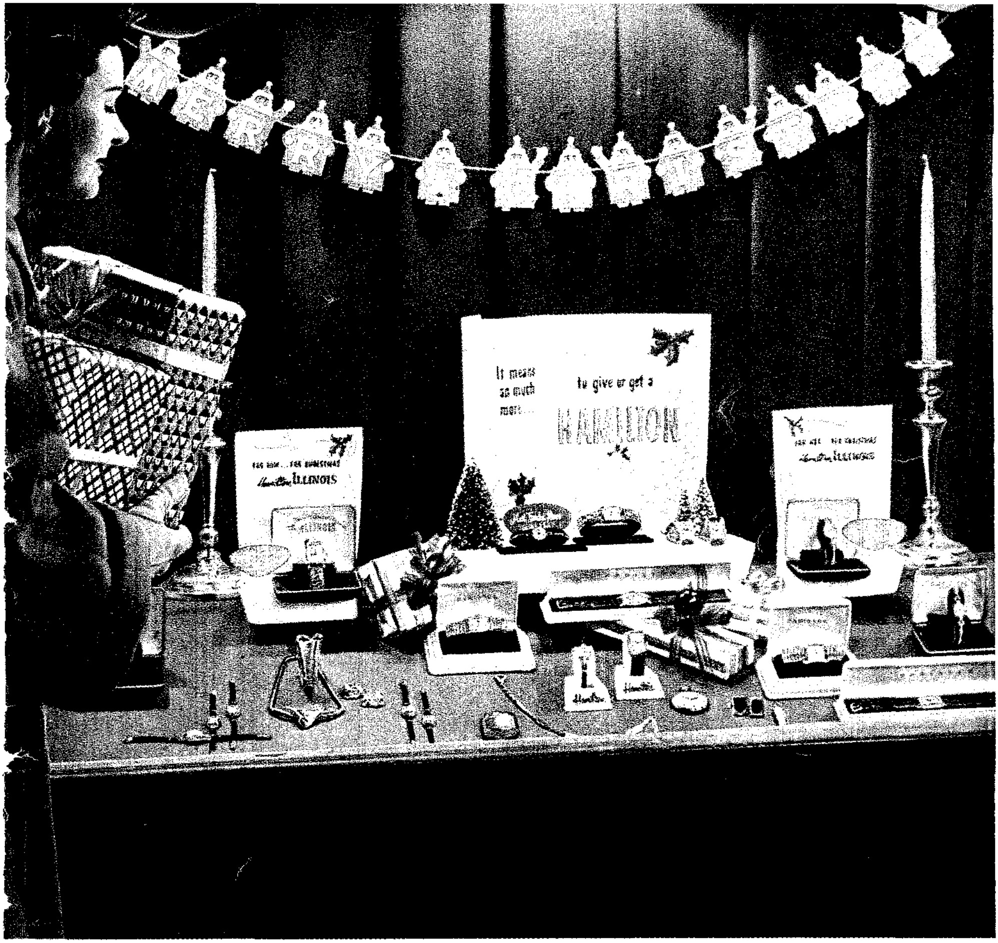
He learned furniture from scratch.

Frank Sinkwich—Football, which promised Frank Sinkwich the sky in 1942, took it all away again three years later. A University of Georgia All-American, Frank was beseiged with professional football offers. He looked forward to a long and lucrative career on the gridiron. Then he was hit hard in a game at Colorado Springs and was never the same player again. Twice his knee was operated on but, in the end, he had to face the inevitable: his football days were over.

He tried several jobs until, in 1952, he opened a retail furniture company in Athens, Georgia. Now, he knows he has found his niche.

For his two children, Frankie, Jr., and Dece, Frank's hopes center around a college education and, like an old firehorse who still reacts to the alarm, football for Frankie—"if he wants to play."

Frank's football trophies—and there are many—line the rumpus room.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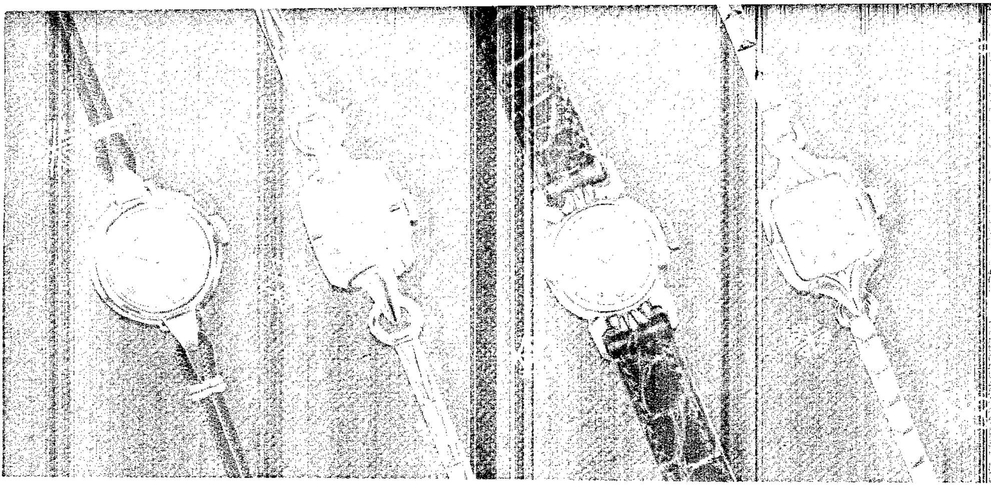
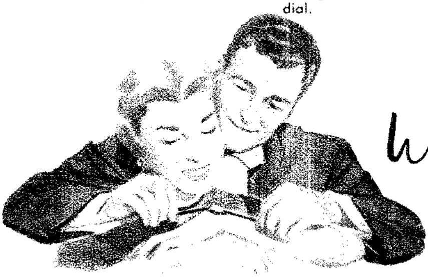


JENNY **$57.75**
With matching bracelet, $65.00. Yellow or white gold-filled case, black or 18K gold numerals.

BARBARA **$72.50**
With silk cord, $65.00. Yellow or white gold-filled case; 18K gold numerals on silver dial.

AMY **$67.50**
Yellow or white gold-filled case; 18 karat gold numerals on a sterling silver dial.

VIVIAN **$71.50**
With silk cord, $65.00. Yellow or white gold-filled case; 18K gold numerals on silver dial.



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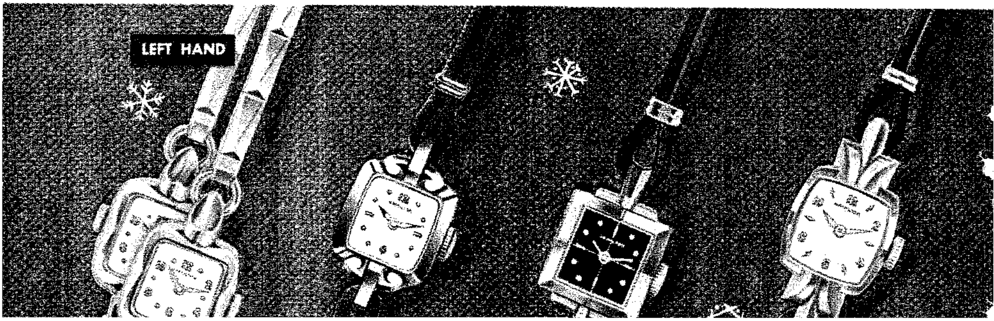
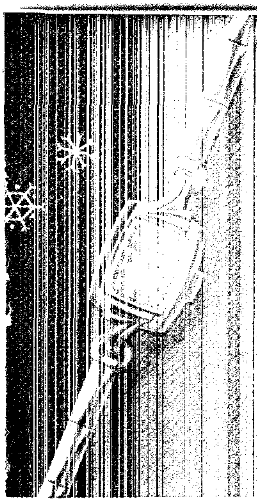
14K yellow or white gold case; Black or sterling silver dial.

TRUDY **$79.50**
14K yellow or white gold case; black or silver dial.

MARCIA **$89.50**
14K yellow or white gold case; 18K gold numerals on sterling silver dial.





JESSIE $79.50
With silk cord, $72.50. Yellow or white gold case; 18K gold numerals on sterling silver dial.

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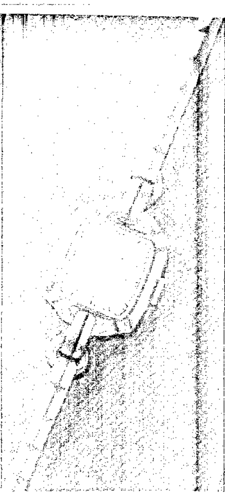
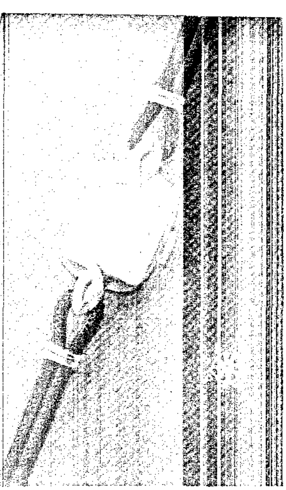
With silk cord, $82.50. Yellow or white gold case; 18K gold numerals on sterling silver dial.



NINA $79.50
With silk cord, $72.50. Yellow or white gold case; 18K gold numerals on sterling silver dial.



PAMELA $89.50
White or yellow gold case; 18K numerals on sterling silver dial.

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LADY HAMILTON
12
6

LEFT HAND
RIGHT HAND

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CROYDON *CL* **$69.50**
Stainless steel case, sealed against moisture and dirt; black or silver dial; 18 jewels.

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With leather strap, $65.00. Yellow gold-filled case, sterling silver dial.

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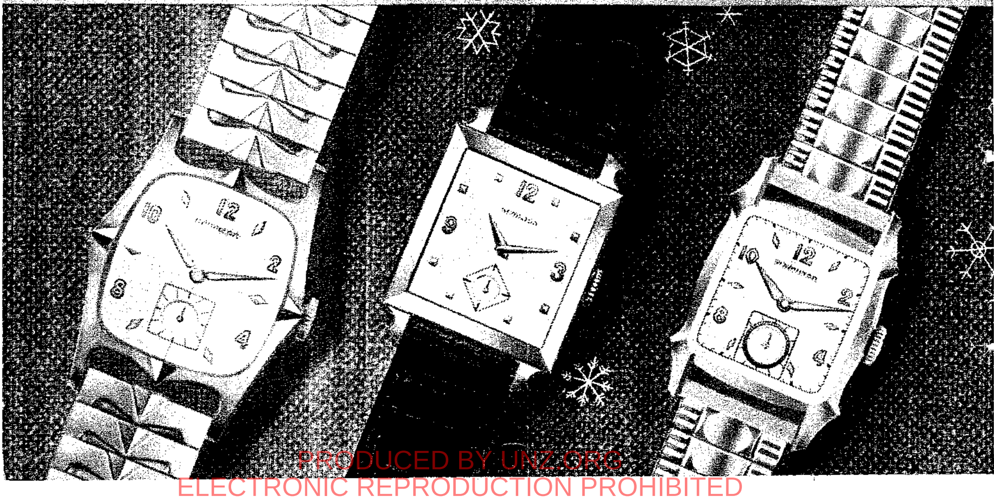
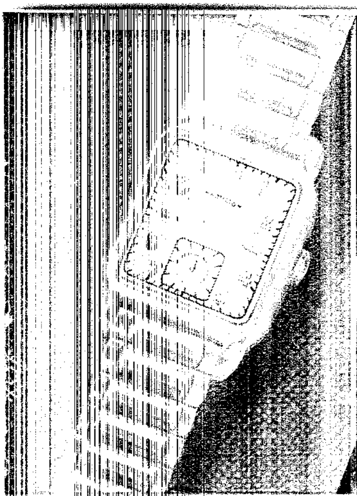
Yellow gold-filled case; 18K numerals and markers on sterling silver dial.

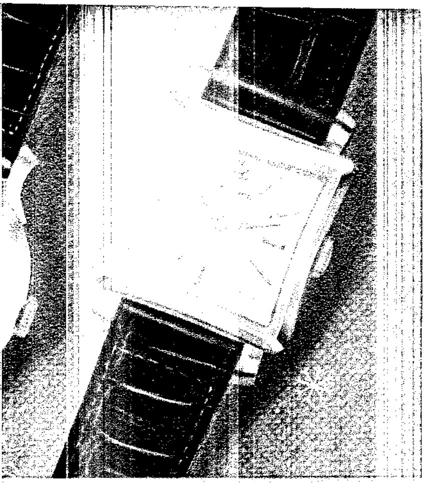
DIXON **$71.50**
With leather strap, $62.50. Handsome yellow gold-filled case, sterling silver dial.





FULTON **$79.50**
With leather strap, $72.50. Yellow gold-filled case, sterling silver dial.

COLEMAN **$115.00**
Yellow gold case; textured dial. Sweep second hand; luminous dots and hands; 18 jewels.



WARWICK **$135.00**
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K-501 . . . . **$72.50**
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K-200 . . . . **$175.00**
14K yellow gold "cld" case; rich leather strap; sweep second hand.

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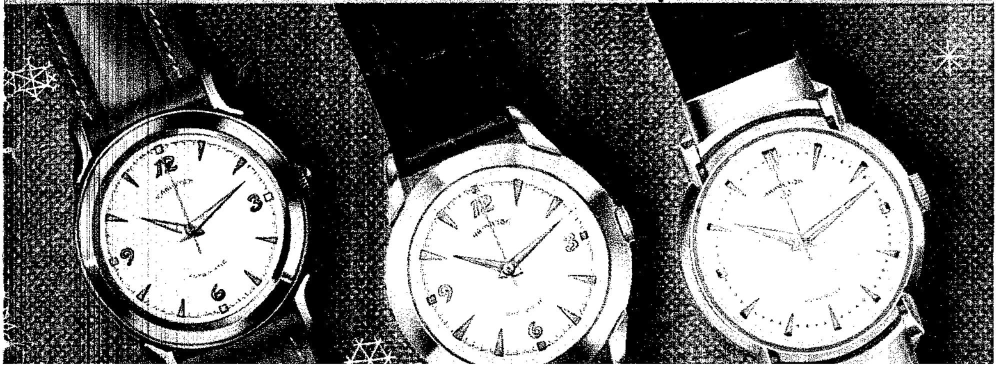

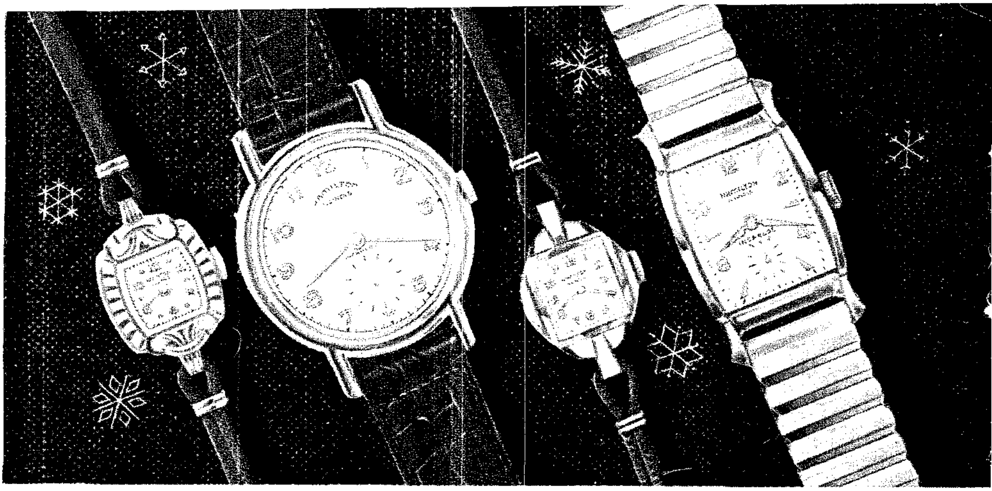

LADY GAY B $33.95
Precisely styled. With graceful matching expansion bracelet, $39.95. Rich embossed numerals on dial.

DEBONAIR D $33.95
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LADY GAY E $33.95
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Shock-resistant. Yellow gold-filled case with handsome matching expansion band.

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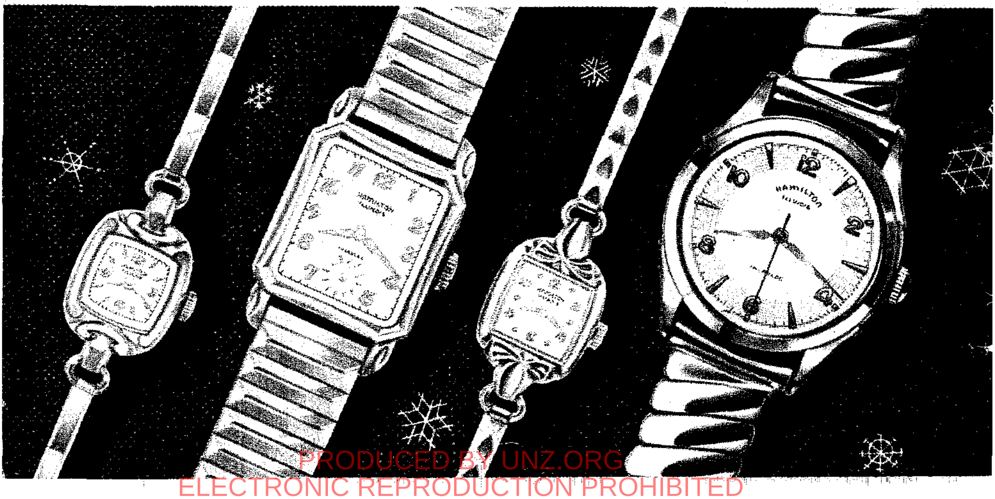
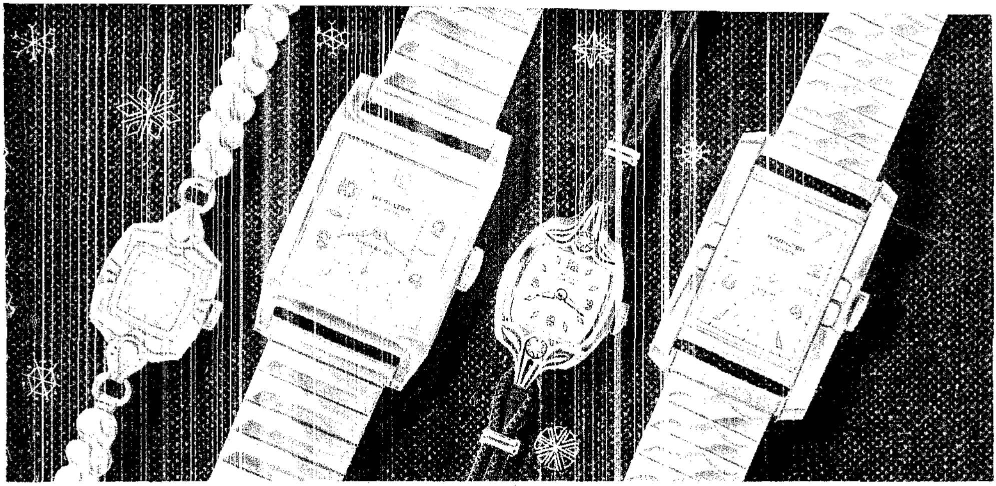
DEBONAIR L $44.95
With leather strap, $39.95. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic.

LADY GAY H . . . $39.95
Available in either yellow or white, with dainty matching bracelet. Embossed numerals on dial.

NAUTILUS $49.95
With leather strap, $44.95. Water-resistant*, shock-resistant. Luminous dial available.





LADY GAY A $42.50
Also available with silk cord, $37.50.
Embossed numerals on dial; anti-magnetic.

DEBONAIR K $44.95
With leather strap, $39.95.
Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic.

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Two sparkling diamonds exquisitely set in a dainty yellow or white gold-filled case.

TOPPER B $52.50
With leather strap, $44.95.
Shock-resistant. Yellow gold-filled case.

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Graceful yellow or white gold-filled case.

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With leather strap, $65.00.
Self-winding calendar watch; water-resistant* and shock-resistant.

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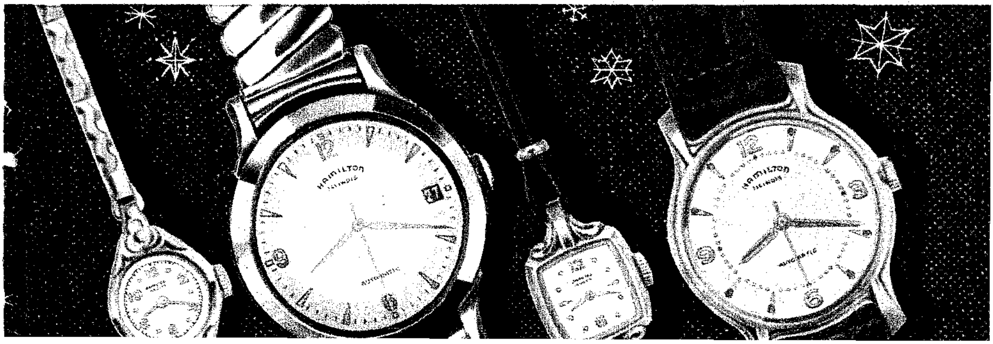
Yellow or white gold case; embossed numerals, markers, dots.

AUTOMATIC D $71.50
Self-winding, shock-resistant, sealed against moisture. Luminous dots, hands.

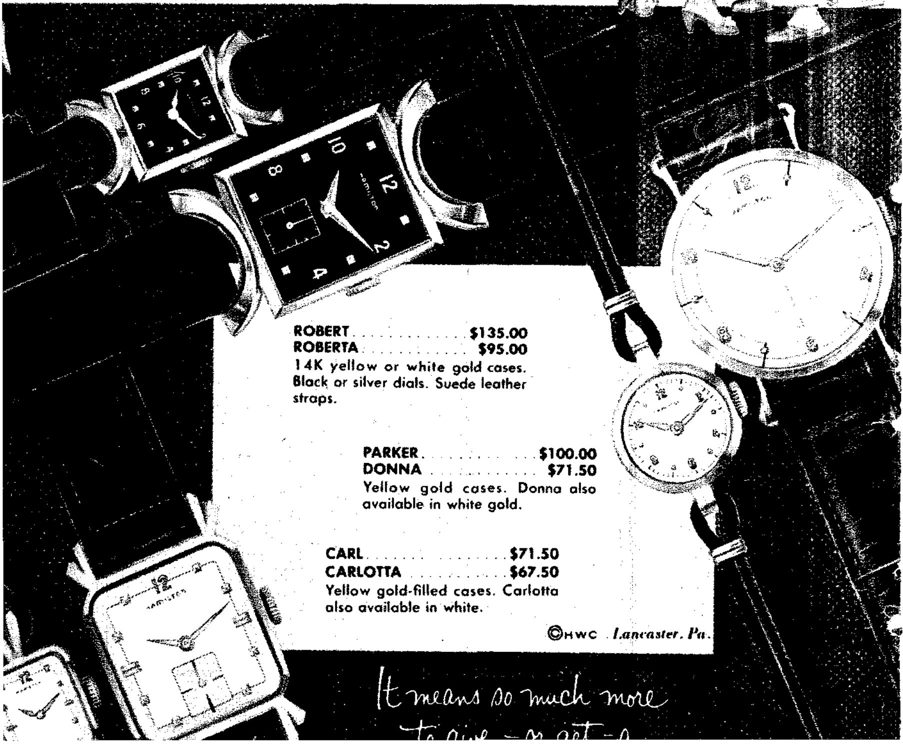


and for the perfect way to say Merry Christmas to each other —

Hamilton

MATCH-MATES

Beautiful, individually or together...
the perfect gift for the perfect pair.



ROBERT	$135.00
ROBERTA	$95.00

14K yellow or white gold cases. Black or silver dials. Suede leather straps.

PARKER	$100.00
DONNA	$71.50

Yellow gold cases. Donna also available in white gold.

CARL	$71.50
CARLOTTA	$67.50

Yellow gold-filled cases. Carlotta also available in white.

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It means so much more to give — or get — a

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A WOMAN

MRS. EISENHOWER accepted an invitation to a Washington party for some prominent newspaperwomen. When she arrived, they noticed that Mrs. Eisenhower was wearing the identical hat style worn by columnist Doris Fleeson. Miss Fleeson noticed it, too. Mrs. Eisenhower, however, was unaware of it—for before Miss Fleeson walked across the room to greet her, the newspaperwoman turned her own hat completely around and wore it back to front. —LEONARD LYONS

A CHICAGO HOUSEWIFE got fed up with the voluminous correspondence in which she invariably found herself involved when a department store bill was wrong or when she found it necessary to write to a manufacturer about an unsatisfactory item. What, she pondered, happens to the woman who hasn't got a college degree and how on earth does *she* fill out those blanks and answer those questions?

She decided that she would find out the next time a suitable occasion arose. So when her iron went bad, she took the tag that had come on it and, across the back, printed crudely, "My Iron She No Get Hot."

Promptly, she received a new iron and no blank to fill out from the factory's service department.

—*Tide*

DAY AFTER DAY, as the girl walked home from work, she was followed by a 50-year-old Lothario driving an expensive convertible.

The girl had her revenge, though. She spotted the fellow parked with a menacing-looking matron, obviously his wife.

"Hello, sweetheart!" cried the young lady, waving enthusiastically. —ART RYON (*Los Angeles Times*)

THE FRENCH ballerina Jeanmaire proudly announces her age as 30, explaining her solution of the age problem for ladies thus: "Only when I am 50 will I lie and say I am 60. Then everyone will say: 'how young she looks.' " —*Tempo*

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW, the author, is just as clever with her tongue as she is with her typewriter.

At a cocktail party she attended, the ladies were taking apart a woman who was forever boasting about the work she had done for the Red Cross during World War II.

"What did she do? Give blood?" someone asked.

"No," said Miss Winslow. "Serum for snake bites." —*Your Health*

YPO is a unique organization of men who reached the top before their 39th birthdays

707 Young Presidents

by SELWYN JAMES

JOHN AND BEN WILLIAMS, brother owners of a sales company in Elkhart, Indiana, wanted to manufacture a promising design of a posture chair. Hampered by lack of capital, they were about ready to give up when loyal employees contributed a sizable sum from their welfare fund and volunteered as plasterers, mechanics, carpenters and painters to put a new plant in shape. Within weeks, production at the Do-More Posture Chair Company was in full swing.

This recent triumph of labor-management cooperation warmed the hearts of everyone who heard about it. But most stirred of all was a new and unique fraternity of youthful tycoons called the Young Presidents' Organization, to which the Williamses belong. The YPO, founded a scant four years ago, comprises a group of more than 700 dynamic young business executives who have achieved the top posts in their companies before reaching their 39th birthdays.

At the helm of firms each doing no less than $1,000,000 worth of business annually, the Young Presidents are out to reaffirm the tenets that made American business great. More particularly, they are themselves living symbols of the fact that opportunity still exists for young America; and, just as important, that efforts to boost others up the ladder of success will pay a rich reward.

Most YPO members are heads of companies they own lock, stock and barrel. About one-fifth of them battled their way up through the ranks of established firms, some inherited their positions, a mere handful married the boss's daughter.

As an individual, besides exhibiting an acute responsibility for the welfare of his staff and his community, the average Young President can hardly be called average. He reached the top 20 years earlier than most company heads do; enjoys an average annual income, with bonuses, of $30,000; manages to save $5,000 a year; and has a net worth of $250,000. Seventy-five YPOers are millionaires.

The experience of the Williams brothers is an apt example of everything the YPO believes in, and proof that an "incentive" policy for employees inevitably pays off. The Williamses had long ago introduced bonuses and high commissions to encourage their workers, and when they themselves needed help, their employees were ready to help and encourage them.

Although many YPO members have out-Algered Horatio, none of them is satisfied solely to head up a profitable enterprise. Every Young President reckons that part of his success is owed to those working under him and to the community in which his business is located.

To settle this "debt," more than 75 per cent of the YPO membership gives workers the benefit of profit-sharing plans. Most employ specialized I.Q. tests which spot bright young men and women early in their careers and lead to fast promotions.

Most Young Presidents are the sparkplug behind community projects which may range all the way from starting a symphony orchestra to setting up a vocational guidance center for teen-agers. And last year, the YPO initiated a program to help young owners launch small-capital enterprises.

THESE ARE THE NEW WAYS of doing business which distinguish the Young Presidents from the old moguls who throve in an economy that stressed rugged individualism as its chief virtue. YPO members believe that individual enterprise is the vital power behind American growth, but they are equally sure that incentive makes the most efficient and productive business.

Richard Sellers, 36-year-old president of Ethicon Suture Laboratories of New Brunswick, New Jersey, puts it this way: "We cannot manage business exclusively in the interest of stockholders. Of real concern must be the interest of employees, their opportunity for advancement, the respect they deserve as human beings."

James Lee, youthful president of a leading American hat factory in Danbury, Connecticut, who devotes time each day to community-improvement schemes, explains: "It's the only way I can be true to my responsibilities as a businessman and a citizen."

In addition to raising funds for the Red Cross and a host of other good causes, Lee has spearheaded a mammoth recreational program for 5,000 Danbury youngsters which includes swimming classes, a Little League baseball team, ice-skating facilities, an arts and crafts center and a new athletic stadium seating 7,000.

Lee also plays an influential role in keeping Danbury's economic pulse pumping healthily. Some years ago, aware that the town depended largely on the hat industry, he started a campaign to bring in new concerns which would widen employment opportunities for the younger generation.

Through Danbury's Industrial Corporation, Lee has tirelessly boosted the town as a site for new business. In the past half a dozen years, more than 2,300 new jobs have been created in Danbury through the opening of new plants and offices.

Lee's own plant is definitely keyed to community needs. For example, he permits working mothers to arrange their hours to fit in with their family responsibilities. From the local labor market he recruits not only his factory help but also his nation-wide sales force. Even when the company requires technical specialists, he scours the town first rather than import them from nearby New York.

This sort of goodhearted effort—or as one Young President puts it, "the desire to be big men as well as big businessmen"—is characteristic of the organization. Take Ervin Pietz, 41, president of the Barry Corporation, Watertown, Massachusetts, who last year hired dozens of handicapped persons for skilled jobs in his vibration-control equipment factory. Company officials warned him that disabled personnel would slow output to a trickle, perhaps even touch off personality clashes with veteran workers.

Disagreeing, Pietz hired cardiac cases, epileptics and other physically handicapped men and women. The results were happy all around. Not only was production unaffected, but the firm's accident rate was at its lowest ever. The reason? Because of their disabilities, the handicapped workers were acutely safety-conscious—and their caution rubbed off on the other employees. Not long after, Pietz proudly accepted the 1953 safety award from the Greater Boston Committee for the Physically Handicapped.

A variation of this helpfulness policy is followed by Bob Hamilton, president of a precision-tool company in Racine, Wisconsin. Recognizing that a hobby can be a man's best friend, Bob encourages his factory workers to cash in on their extra-curricular talents.

To men and women with such potentially profitable hobbies as bee-keeping, mink farming, metal-working, woodcraft, sculpturing, photography, landscape gardening or furniture-making, Bob arranges for capital to be made available to put them on a sound business basis. Scores of his workers now are making spare-time dollars out of their hobbies.

Explaining his policy, Bob says: "A happy worker is a good worker —and I aim to keep my people good and happy!"

Discovering executive talent among younger employees is routine at the Hickok Manufacturing Company, makers of leather goods in Rochester, New York, whose president is handsome, 35-year-old Ray Hickok. Long ago, Ray observed that top management too often chokes off ideas and opinions flowing up from the lower echelons.

"When the big brass won't tolerate criticism," says Ray, "that's when the business is deprived of vitality."

To prevent this at Hickok, Ray created a "junior board of directors" made up of promising young staffers whose judgment on high policy matters is seriously sought by the company's officers. The junior board, Ray insists, is a fertile training ground for future management personnel.

Perhaps the most spectacular Young President is Frank Rackley, elected head of the Jessop Steel Company in Washington, Pennsylvania, at the age of 33. When he took over in 1950, Jessop hadn't earned a dime in five years, owed its employees $300,000 in back pay, and had a paltry $7,000 in the bank. Formerly a top-notch salesman for another steel producer, Rackley knew little about administrative duties. He confessed to Jessop's directors that he wasn't even sure how to read a balance sheet correctly.

What persuaded Rackley, a blacksmith's son, to tackle the job was the sight of Jessop's 700 anxious workers and their families who depended on the near-bankrupt plant for their livelihood. First, Rackley got to know his men, joining them at the electric furnaces, visiting them in their homes and meeting their wives and children. Soon he knew nearly every worker by his first name.

Then he made every worker a part-owner of the company: he gave employees Jessop stock for the back pay owed them, and instituted a bonus incentive system that eventually doubled output at the mill.

"Let a man share directly in the profits derived from his work," says Rackley, "and he'll be doubly active in supporting the free enterprise system." Under Rackley's presidency, the company turned the corner from loss to profit and netted $1,700,000 in his first year.

ODDLY ENOUGH, the YPO originated from an idea that occurred to Ray Hickok after he was elected president of the family's prosperous leather goods firm on the death of his father, and found himself called upon to make decisions affecting millions of dollars and the livelihoods of hundreds of employees.

Being president of a company is a lonely job—even lonelier when one is young and unsure—so Ray got in touch with another young man named Arthur Reis, Jr. who, as head of the Reis underwear company in Troy, New York, was trying to cope with similar problems. Several times a year they met to compare notes and help each other with important decisions.

Their companies continued to flourish. Then one day, Ray suggested that a similar exchange of ideas between a hundred young men like themselves might be at least a hundred times more helpful.

On October 20, 1950, that number of business men—all under 39 and most of them founders of their own companies—met in a New York hotel to form the Young Presidents' Organization. Nearly every one had a fabulous success story.

Johnny Tigrett, for instance, has built a $2,000,000 toy business out of a chance conversation with a stranger. On a plane trip, a fellow passenger told Tigrett about a new toy which shot a paper coil six feet into the air and then snapped back. Tigrett traced the inventor, paid $100 for the patent rights and signed a royalty contract. Then he started producing "Zoomerangs" in a two-room Chicago shop.

Today, Tigrett Enterprises, Inc. of Chicago sells dozens of other novelty toys, including the well-known "Yogi Bird" that walks on walls and "Go-Go," the perpetual-motion hopping frog.

At that first memorable meeting of the YPO, all agreed on one cardinal point: the system under which they had achieved their success was worth preserving. What disturbed them was the fact that many young people today are more concerned with company pension plans than with seizing opportunities for advancing themselves. Every member pledged his company to develop incentives as encouragement to youngsters in commerce, and to push outside, nonprofit projects that benefit the community.

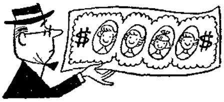
Then, in late 1953, the YPO announced a plan to help worthy young people start enterprises of their own. Devised by management consultant Warren Alpert, it was launched experimentally by YPO chapters in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana.

Applicants for YPO assistance, after outlining their problems in a detailed questionnaire, are called in for an initial interview with local Young Presidents. Later they may spend hours tackling problems in marketing, selling, merchandising and advertising—and have even been successful in finding investors to back promising new business ideas.

Acting in a kind of "big brother" capacity, the Young Presidents nurse new enterprises over rough periods, and continue to be available for counsel until the young owners feel strong enough to go it alone.

YPO does not claim to know everything about running a business; on the contrary, a survey among the members reveals that nearly all want to improve themselves in such presidential functions as public speaking, conducting conferences and "producing better ideas." To this end, once a year members by the score go back to school—to the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, where they take a refresher course on keeping a company solvent and employees content.

Early this year, for instance, 82 Young Presidents sitting in a Harvard classroom enthusiastically asked questions and gave answers to problems. Through the week-long course, hands were raised and words flowed as in any student classroom discussion. Such mind-tickling sessions, the Young Presidents insist, are more stimulating and helpful than a rip-roaring convention at a resort hotel.



Overheard in Passing

ONE COMMUTER TO ANOTHER: "My salary runs to four figures—my wife and three daughters."

—*Atlanta Journal*

ONE SWEET YOUNG thing to another: "I like men who make things. Like that nice Mr. Hammer, for instance. He made $50,000 last year."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

JAPANESE VISITOR to America remarking: "People show me their modern kitchens, fancy new stoves, mixers, dishwashing machines—then they say, 'Let's go out to dinner!' "

—*Two Bells*

SAM GOLDWYN on observing a well-known tightwad: "He'll spare no expense to save a penny."

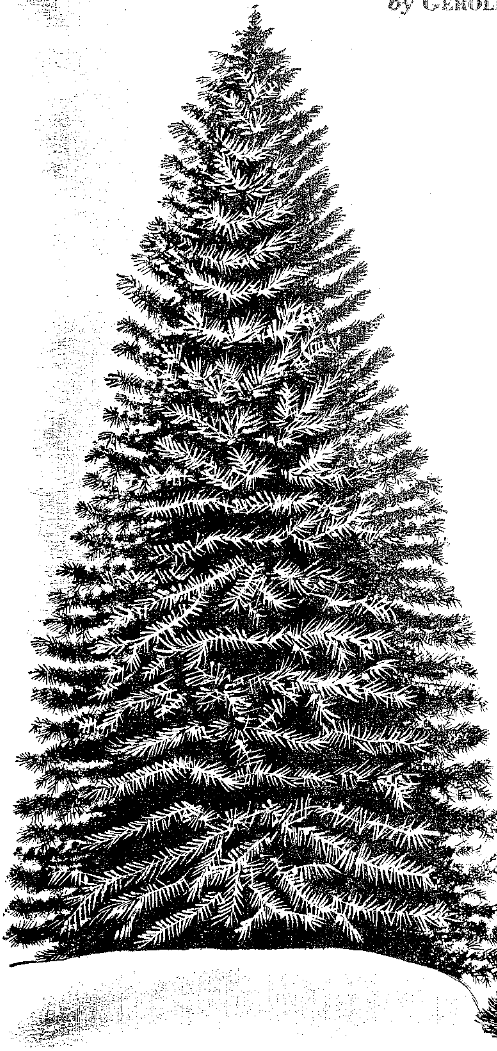
—IRVING HOFFMAN

SPECIAL FEATURE

THE LITTLEST TREE

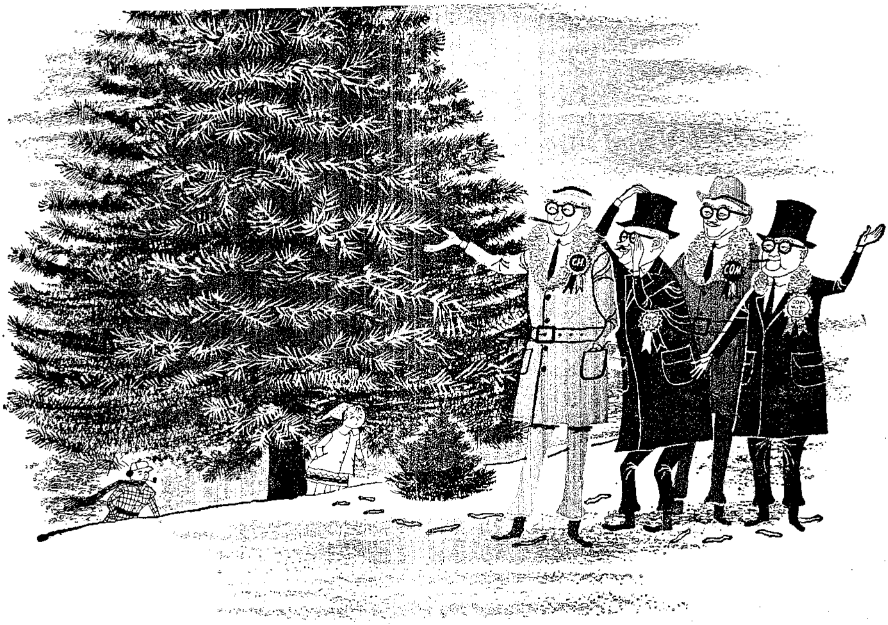
by GEROLD FRANK

A new Coronet Christmas fable—which you will enjoy reading to your children



ALL DAY the soft snow fell—the first snow of the season, a blanket of white dropping soundlessly on hill and dale to make the Vermont farm a world of crystal alabaster. The snow worked its own magic: it touched all things with gentleness, rounding the sharp edges of rocks, making boughs into white traceries against the dark sky, and softening the sheer line of the horizon itself.

If you had been a visitor to Vermont, you would have seen how quickly the farm came to life next morning. First the dark plume of smoke rising from the chimney as the Farmer started the stove burning; then the sound of children waking, and the water pump at work. For this morning was a special morning, after the first snow of Winter. The Farmer was going on



a long-awaited tour of inspection.

Every so often, accompanied by his children, little Ralph and little Alice, he walked through the woods to look for those evergreen trees that promised to be beautiful—and perhaps, if they were gifted beyond all other trees—to be chosen.

"Chosen for what, Daddy?" asked little Alice.

"Why, for Christmas," the Farmer answered. "Every year the most beautiful Christmas tree in the nation comes from our woods."

As they had been tucked in bed the night before, the Farmer had reminded his children that tomorrow was the day for The Choice. Sleep had come slowly as little Ralph and little Alice each dreamed a daydream of being the one to find The Chosen Tree before the others saw it.

Then, when at last they fell asleep, their daydreams became honest-to-goodness nightdreams and they searched for the tree until morning—when it was time to make their dreams come true.

After breakfast, as they tramped through the soft and fluffy snow, the Farmer's big shoes making big footprints, Ralph making the next biggest footprints, and Alice making the smallest footprints, the Farmer pointed to this tree and that.

"Now," he said, and he stopped before a slim, proud tree, "this fellow may grow into a fine specimen—maybe fine enough to become the Christmas Tree on our Village Green. But," said the Farmer, looking at the tree very hard, and even walking around it slowly, "he'll never make the Town Square and, certainly, never the Big City Plaza!"

And the Farmer walked on again, swiftly.

"Dad," said Ralph, trotting to keep up, "is the Town Square so important? I mean, is being picked for it the most wonderful thing that could happen to a Christmas tree?"

Alice probably would have asked a question, too, but since her legs were shorter than her brother's, she had to run to keep up, and she was just too out of breath to say anything.

"No," said the Farmer, and now he stopped. The three of them found themselves standing before a tree tall as a knight's dream of honor, slender as the thread that joins cloud to cloud, green as the light that shines in a glow-worm's lantern in the hour before midnight and dawn. "No," he repeated, and he walked slowly around the tall, slender, green, very proud tree. He seemed thoughtful as he examined the tree, but he hadn't forgotten Ralph's question.

"Of every hope that a fir tree can have, the highest is to be chosen the Christmas Tree for the Big City Plaza," he replied. "Not the Village Green, and not the Town Square, but the Big City Plaza—which means the first tree in the nation. And," went on the Farmer, rubbing a snowflake off his chin, "this young fellow looks like the one who might make it."

And he certainly did. You knew at once that when the Committee of Judges came from the Big City—the Biggest City in the County—to make their choice, two months from now, they would go far before they would find another like him. There was no wind, but he rustled his magnificent boughs as a peacock does his tail. His needles, sharp and finely formed, glowed—not a single one fell. Indeed, before their very eyes, he seemed to grow a foot or two, thrusting his leafy crown toward the wide Vermont sky.

"Oh, Daddy, look!"

It was Alice, who had finally caught her breath. She was pointing to a little tree, hardly bigger than herself, which grew almost unseen in the shadow of the glorious one. "Here's my Christmas tree!" she cried. "Isn't she sweet?"

The tall tree rustled ominously. His needles almost rattled in their disdain.

"Oh, not bad," smiled the Farmer, patting Alice on the head. "But she's so scrawny, there's hardly a needle on her, and look at those branches—" He paused, because Alice looked so unhappy. "Well, she's really not an ugly tree," he hurried to say. "She has fine features, so far as that goes. But . . ."

He turned and began to retrace his steps home, followed by Ralph and, more reluctantly, by Alice, who now and then turned to look back at the little tree, and sigh.

And the Littlest Tree? She wept, shedding tears of salty sap, and thought of herself as the ugliest thing under the Vermont sun. You could not hear her weeping, unless you could hear the sound a spider makes when he spins his web, or the tiny noise of a grass-blade thrusting himself through the earth. But the Littlest Tree wept, and was utterly miserable.

The tall tree shook his boughs triumphantly, and let a vagrant needle or two fall, twisting through the air, to show how little concerned he was. "I have been chosen," he said, echoing the Farmer. "I have been chosen. . . ."

THE WEEKS PASSED, and little Alice, who could not forget her Tree, wrote a little song which she sang to herself, but always under her breath, in case anyone—particularly Ralph—was listening.

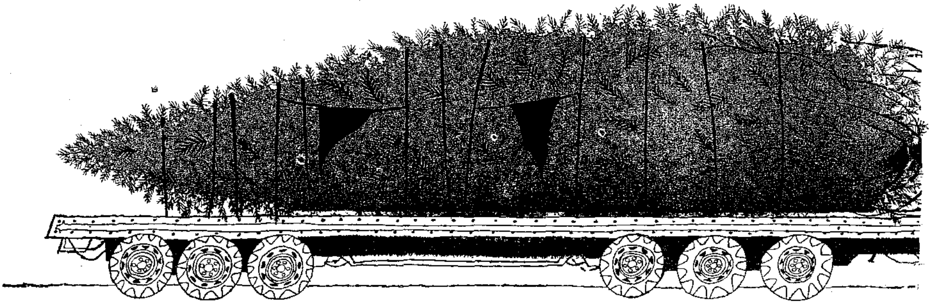
"I have a little tree
No bigger than me.
Its shadow's small
In a forest tall,
And its boughs are thin,
And its branches bare,
I'm sure it's the one
The Committee will shun
When the choosing's done.
But I don't care—
It's a sweet little tree
A dear little tree
To someone no bigger than me,
To someone no bigger than me."

Finally, the first day of December came, the great day when the Christmas Tree for the Big City Plaza would be chosen. The Farmer and a number of very impressive looking gentlemen walked through the woods, first making a big circle to the left, to see all the trees on their left side, then a big circle to the right, to see all the trees on their right side. And darting about, looking with them, were little Ralph and Alice, both of whom had been warned by the Farmer to keep their eyes open and their mouths closed, and under no circumstances to do the opposite.

The trees themselves, of course, knew what all this meant. They knew that it meant to be selected for the most prominent spot in the Big City, to be erected there in the center of the glittering Plaza, to be decorated with a fairyland of shining, gleaming Christmas lights in the brightest colors of the rainbow, admired by hundreds of thousands of people, written about and photographed in all the newspapers and magazines of the land, and, glory of glories, holding high in one's topmost branches, halfway between heaven and earth, the shining, silver Star of Bethlehem!

Who would not want to be chosen? And who, the trees asked themselves, who would it be if not the proud and imperious one, chosen by the Farmer only a few weeks before?

The Committee, striding as a man, now stopped as a man. They stood before the tree and looked in admiration. The Chairman walked around it once, and then again. Yes, a wondrous tree! How tall it stood! How perfect its symmetry, how satisfying its every line! There was a nobility about it that silenced every contender: the other trees seemed hardly to sway, and the soft, far-away chattering which one al-



ways hears in the forest—the tiny sounds of leaf and bough and twig and branch—all were hushed as the words came slowly from the Chairman of the Committee:

"Yes, a perfect choice! I have never seen a more beautiful Christmas tree in all the years that we have been selecting trees for the Big City Plaza."

In all the excitement, no one noticed that the little tree in the shadow of the big one cried more bitterly than ever before. No one, that is, save Alice, whose eyes filled as she watched.

If she had been permitted to talk, she would have cried aloud, "Oh, Mr. Important Chairman, don't you see how beautiful my Little Tree is now? Don't you see how lovely she is? Her branches aren't thin any more and her boughs aren't bare any more and she's grown into a beautiful, beautiful little tree. Really she is, Mr. Chairman."

But she had been told not to talk and she did not disobey.

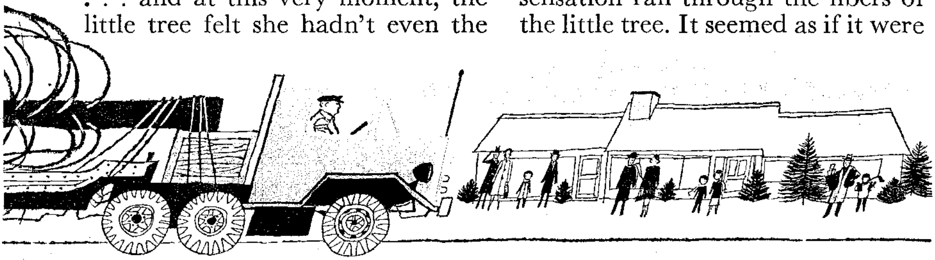
And the Littlest Tree? Well, of course, she never really believed that she would be chosen. Yet it is hard for any one of God's creatures to grow up in the shadow of the great, and not feel how wonderful it would be to have the mantle of greatness drop down for a moment . . . and at this very moment, the little tree felt she hadn't even the chance of adorning the most modest room in the most modest cottage on the most modest street on the most modest side of the Village Green.

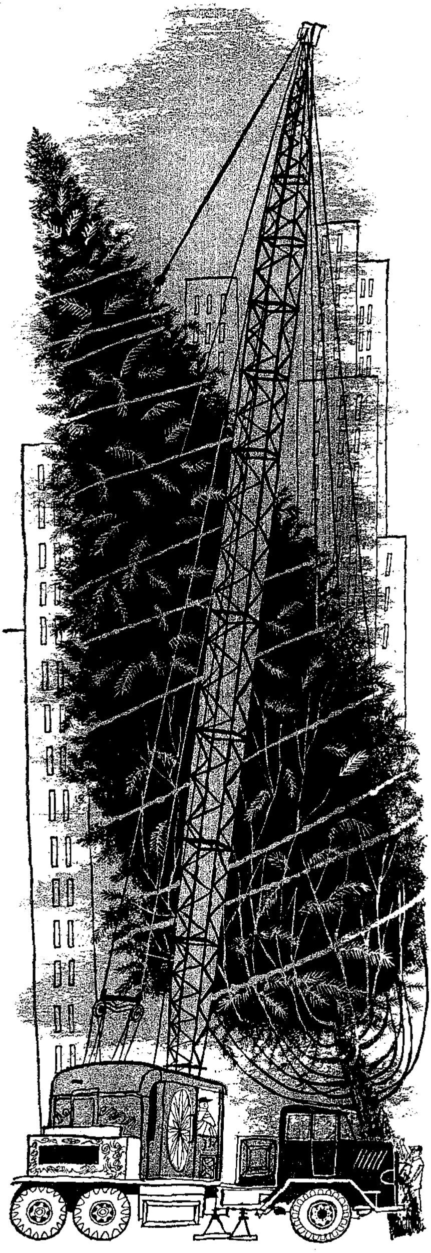
And as sad as she was, little Alice was sadder, and she went home that day and sang a little song to herself. For not every one has seen a tree weep, and when you have seen that, your heart is always more open to all living things. She sang a sad song like this:

"O little tree
No bigger than me,
I wish I might
Have made them see
With a second sight
How pretty you are,
How perfect you'd be
For the Christmas Star!
But I couldn't speak
I could only peek . . .
A little girl,
And a little tree,
We're not so different—
You and me!"

Next day the snow fell, mercifully, for it completely covered the little tree so that she saw none of the elaborate preparations made for cutting the tall tree without doing harm to the finely shaped tips of its sturdy branches.

But suddenly, a strange, strong sensation ran through the fibers of the little tree. It seemed as if it were





the end of all existence, as if she were being cut off from the warmth of life itself. So intense was this sudden, unexpected pain that the little tree fainted; and when she came to, she found herself huddled into the branches of the big tree, on a long, long motor trailer which moved carefully down the crooked roads of the woods to the smooth surface of the highway.

Had little Alice been there, she could have explained what had happened. For the lumbermen had, by mistake, felled the small tree along with the big one, and both were now on their way to the Big City!

There was nothing the Littlest Tree could do about it. She might rustle her boughs to call attention to her presence, but it was impossible for anyone to hear or notice anything. All the way to the city, the streets were lined with men and women and children talking excitedly about the size and perfection of the tall tree, and its surpassing beauty.

Finally, they came to the Big City. To the Littlest Tree, the noise, the commotion, the strange sounds she had never heard in the forest—all confused her. But the real excitement began next morning when machines were brought close to the trailer to lift the tall tree to its full height before they set it in the place of honor in the Plaza.

Once more the Committee, the same serious-looking gentlemen who had chosen the nation's No. 1 tree, walked around it, inspecting it carefully. "There must be something wrong," thought the Littlest Tree, who kept hidden in the densest branches of the big tree. Everyone talked excitedly, but the luxuriant foliage of the big tree muffled the sounds of the city and the sounds of the people. But it was obvious that something was wrong, something was very wrong.

"What are we going to do?" came the voice of the Chairman of the Committee, and it seemed almost despairing. "We don't have time to go back and get another tree."

The little tree really became curious. She shook herself in an effort to move toward the open, to understand more clearly. She never knew how it happened, whether it was a hole between two planks or if she had underestimated the width of the trailer, but suddenly—plump—and she fell to the pavement, landing smack at the feet of one of the men. He looked down at the little tree and said, "Where did this one come from?"

But while he said it, the tone of his voice changed, and there was a little note of love and delight when he reached the question mark. Then there were lots of words exchanged and many people talking excitedly at the same time. The Littlest Tree was so frightened she didn't get the meaning of anything that was said, but she did hear one man saying, "Gentlemen, isn't this the solution to our problem?"

What had happened was that when the trailer turned a corner, the top of the tall, beautiful, proud tree had struck against a pole, and the crowning top had been badly hurt—so badly that the important men did not see any way they could straighten it. But what about fastening the little tree to the top of the big one?

The most famous tree surgeon in the Big City was called in. He took a look at the little tree and said, "What a beautiful little thing she is, the same texture, the same color, the same symmetry." Then he took a look at the big tree. "Yes, it can be done, because they are both perfect of their kind."

THE LITTLEST TREE was so overjoyed that she felt not a twinge of pain when they attached her to the broken boughs. The only thing she did feel was a wave of joy pulsing through her branches when the Chairman of the Committee said, "Now the tree looks even more beautiful than before!"

Days of hard work passed, with many people decorating the tree, fixing colored lights on it, and they worked hard and devotedly. Finally, at dusk one wintry evening, when a tremendous crowd of men and women and children were assembled in the Big Plaza, and all the important dignitaries of the Big City were there, headed by His Honor the Mayor and the full Board of Councilmen, the moment came: amid a great silence, as darkness slowly fell, blotting out everything, the Chairman said, "Now!"

Someone pressed a button, and lo! the Christmas Tree was suddenly a blaze of light—each twig a golden flame, each bough a line of fire, and above it all, flaming silver as a beacon in the sky, the Star of Bethlehem crowned the topmost branches of the Littlest Tree.

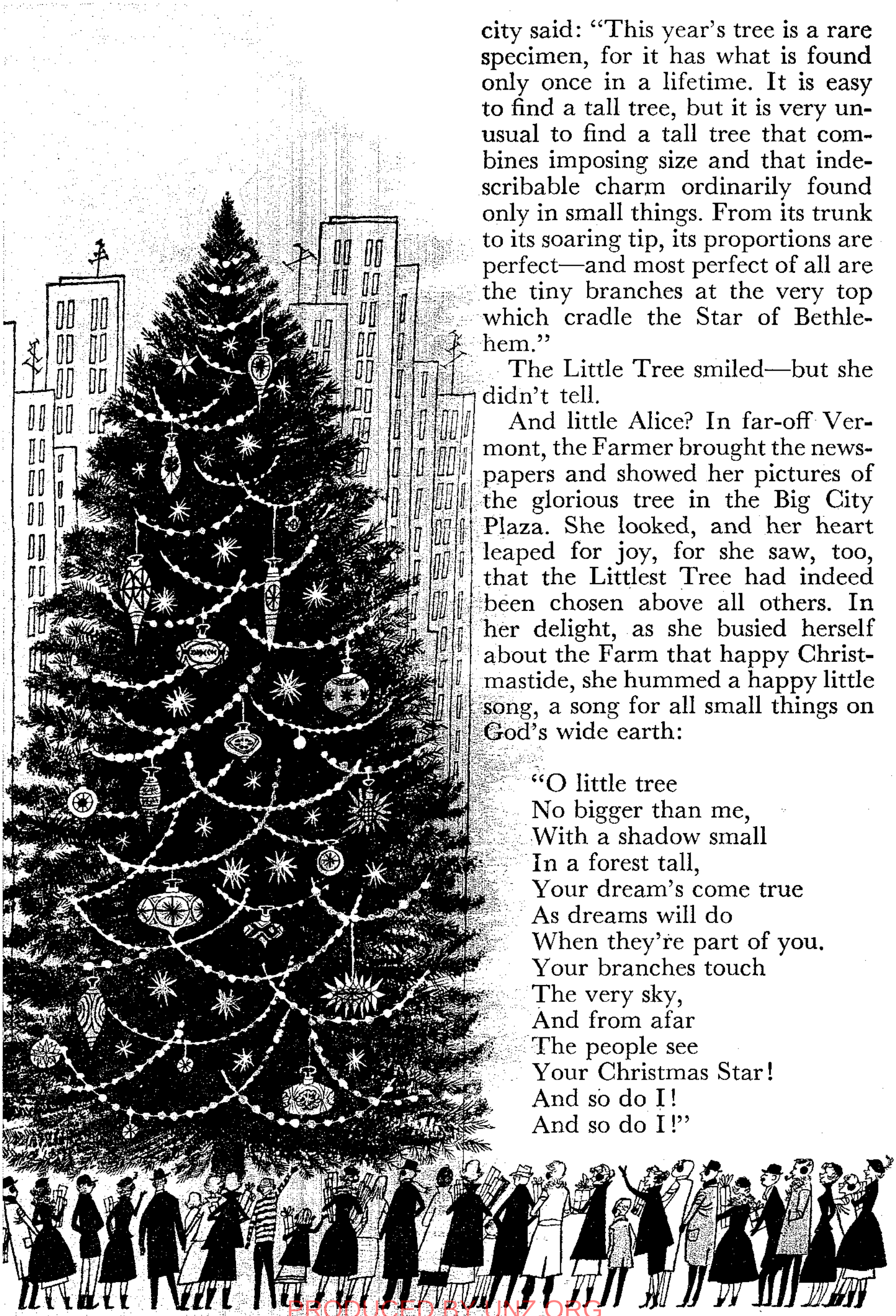
"Ohhhhhh!" came the sigh from the multitude below. "Oh, how wonderful!"

The newspapers were full of what happened that night, and next morning, the leading journal of the city said: "This year's tree is a rare specimen, for it has what is found only once in a lifetime. It is easy to find a tall tree, but it is very unusual to find a tall tree that combines imposing size and that indescribable charm ordinarily found only in small things. From its trunk to its soaring tip, its proportions are perfect—and most perfect of all are the tiny branches at the very top which cradle the Star of Bethlehem."

The Little Tree smiled—but she didn't tell.

And little Alice? In far-off Vermont, the Farmer brought the newspapers and showed her pictures of the glorious tree in the Big City Plaza. She looked, and her heart leaped for joy, for she saw, too, that the Littlest Tree had indeed been chosen above all others. In her delight, as she busied herself about the Farm that happy Christmastide, she hummed a happy little song, a song for all small things on God's wide earth:

"O little tree
No bigger than me,
With a shadow small
In a forest tall,
Your dream's come true
As dreams will do
When they're part of you.
Your branches touch
The very sky,
And from afar
The people see
Your Christmas Star!
And so do I!
And so do I!"



TV's top pianist reveals what kind of woman he'd marry

Mature Women Are Best

by **LIBERACE**
as told to **EDYTHE WITT**

LONG BEFORE I climbed the heights of success on television, I was invited to a very social affair in New York. There were many important people there, plus the elite of the press. But none of them knew me and I retired to a corner feeling like a lost soul among the tinkling champagne glasses.

Then Lana Turner walked in. The host seized her hand and remarked: "I suppose you know my guests here?" Lana looked around and spotted me. "Oh, hello, Liberace!" she exclaimed in her gay and friendly voice.

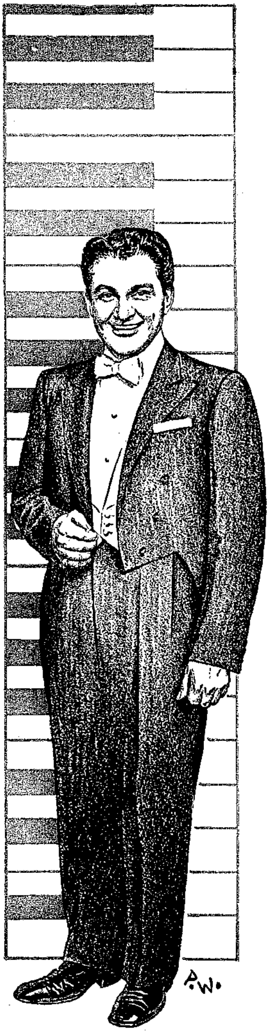
Immediately I became an important person, too. People came up to talk with me: I was even interviewed. Now I was glad I had come to the party.

I was not an intimate friend of Lana in those days: we had merely met at supper clubs where I appeared. I liked her and used to play her favorite number, *All The Things You Are*, whenever she came in.

The incident comes to mind when I think about women and their manners and habits, and the little things that make them so wonderful. The gesture of recognition that Lana gave me proved what a considerate and gracious person she is. And to me, that little gesture stands out as a sign of maturity in women. The quality of consideration.

By nature, and maybe by heredity, I love people. I hope this does not sound pompous or like some sort of vanity, for it is the truth—my true self. It does not matter to me if people are young or old, what race they come from, what creed they believe in. I love them all.

I am convinced that love of people must be part of a performer. In fact, it must be part of



his heart. I do not believe that any performer can be a success if he does not possess the fundamental ingredient that ties people together emotionally. There is a subtle telepathy that passes between a performer and his audience. People congregate with people they love, shun those they dislike.

This is an axiom most noticeable in little children. See how they cuddle up and put their arms around the persons who love them. They react to love by instinct. And let's be honest—people are just children who have grown up.

"I'D HATE TO BE A MAN!"

Many people say it's a man's world, but here is a woman who is glad to be female and wouldn't change for anything. In January Coronet.

Of course, there are some people toward whom I feel a closer affinity than to others. My own affinity is toward people who love music and books and the arts. For music is my life.

But of all people to whom I have a close affinity, I would say that *mature women are best.*

The word maturity has some overtones that I do not like. Some people confuse maturity with age. They are mistaken. I have known sensible girls of 16 who were more mature than flighty women of 60. And I have known erratic women of 70 more immature than girls of 17. Age is a yardstick by which to measure sunrises and sunsets, but not the qualities of a woman.

I have had the good fortune to have been influenced by mature women—by my sympathetic and patient music teachers, Florence Bettray Kelly of Milwaukee, and Clara J. Husserl of Jersey City. And by my adored mother.

I remember in the early '40s when I was in New Jersey, eking out an existence playing in a small café. At that time, I was studying with Clara Husserl, one of the most warmhearted of teachers, whose death last year has deprived many an ambitious youngster of her inspiration and encouragement.

Those New Jersey days were sad and bleak for me. Her optimistic spirit buoyed me up, but her practical consideration did even more. For it was she who took me to John Ortiz, an official of the Baldwin Piano Company, and made him listen to me play and persuaded him to call the manager of the Hotel Weylin to give me a job.

I could hardly contain myself with joy, since it was my first good break in New York. I was eager to express my appreciation to Ortiz with a gift. But I was young and did not know that a small gift is as good as a big one; that the spirit in which it is given counts more than its value. I was anxious to give him an expensive gift, or at least a rare one. But I was flat broke.

I had never mentioned my problem to Clara Husserl, but it seems she understood. Next time I came for a piano lesson, she handed me a silver case that had been in her family for two hundred years.

"Why not give it to Ortiz as a little expression of thanks?" she said. I was about to protest when I looked at the case. The initials already were engraved and I had no choice but to accept it.

This may sound like a very little

thing, but little things are what make life happier and rosier. It was a gesture of consideration from Clara Husserl, along the same lines as that shown by Lana Turner. Clara Husserl had the virtue of consideration, of thoughtfulness and understanding. She had the virtue of maturity.

A MATURE WOMAN has a beautiful sense of adjustment. She is neither stubborn nor aloof. She faces life with intelligence and reason.

In my high-school days, I took lessons in Milwaukee from Florence Kelly. Although I loved the piano and loved to practice, Florence also had her troubles with me. I did not always want to practice the way she advised, but she was patient, even forceful. Above all, she believed in the classics and saw a great future for me on the concert stage. Like many another teacher, she frowned on jazz.

It was during those days that I found I could be of some use to the social life of my school. Many of my classmates were popular athletes, others distinguished themselves in studies. I was steeped in the piano. One day during assembly, the principal found he needed an accompanist. I got up and played. Then I played again and again. But soon, my popularity began to pall. The gang wanted lively music, pop tunes.

When the thought first dawned on me, I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to consult my teacher, knowing her feelings. But, finally, I broached the subject.

"Your friends are your public," she said. "Don't compromise on quality, don't do anything that will hurt your playing—but give them what they want!"

This, too, may sound like a few simple words to utter. But the classics were more than life to her. Like many a musical purist, it was the equivalent of mayhem to her to stray from the old and wonderful compositions. But she was a mature woman. She had a sense of adjustment. She advised me to go along with others in their wishes.

All of you who have seen me and heard me know that I mingle the classics and pop with complete lack of self-consciousness. The critics in the ivory towers still don't like it. But my public, and that includes 30,000,000 weekly, love it. For there is touching and soulful music in both categories, and you can trace my determination to play both to those high-school days and to the wise advice given me by my teacher. She knew how to adjust reality to dreams.

The mature woman is a woman who has faith, unshakable faith, even when the world seems lost and life not worth living. I will tell you a story of such faith and of the woman who had it—my mother.

During those same high-school days, I did odd jobs after school. The great Depression had caught our family. All the children tried to contribute what they could to the family exchequer.

On one of these jobs I developed a hangnail. Soon I noticed a slight swelling near my left wrist. In the health of youth, I ignored it. The swelling grew. Soon it spread and began to interfere with my wrist movements during practice. Mom took me to the doctor.

The news was bad. The doctor

reported that gangrene had set in. He warned us there was no way of draining the poison, that it would spread through my body and that I would die unless it was stopped. The remedy—amputation of the arm! He gave us a choice. My arm—or my life.

But my arm *was* my life. We went home and looked at each other. I felt there was no use living if I could not play the piano. Mother understood it, too. Although I am a sentimental person, I do not ordinarily cry. But if ever there was occasion for tears, this was it. I buried my head in her lap.

Slowly she lifted my head and smiled. That smile contained in it all the elemental strength of life—warmth, hope, courage and faith.

"We will have faith in the Lord," she said slowly, "and He will save us. We won't let the doctor touch your arm. God will make you well again."

It was a bold, brave decision. I probably did not realize how bold and brave it was at that moment, for I was desperate and despairing. Since then, I have learned a lot, have visited hospitals and know life much more profoundly. Whenever I think of that moment, I get to my knees and pray.

MOTHER TRIED some old-fashioned remedies which her parents had brought over from their native Poland. She boiled a deep pan of water and forced my affected arm into it. Then she mixed a salve of milk and white soap, and applied it to my burning arm with compresses. By then, I had developed a fever and was in bed. For four days, Mother never left my side, changing compresses, encouraging me to keep heart, and praying.

At last, she noticed that the swelling was beginning to subside. The poison began to drain. The fever was gone. Faith had won out—I had my life and my arm for the piano.

Yes, indeed, the mature woman has faith. And she has other wonderful qualities. She has refinement, intelligence, good taste, discrimination, warmth, friendliness, tenderness, a sense of humor, and she is companionable.

It has been said that the majority of my audiences are the mature women of America. I don't know if any survey has ever been made to verify it. But I think it is true. I am proud to have the mature women of America as my fans.

In this respect, I am no different than the average Mr. America. He believes in the mature woman—be it his wife, mother or sweetheart. He trusts her with his health, his security, his way of life. Mr. America has even given his purse into her hands. She buys the food he eats, she furnishes the home he lives in, she frequently purchases the clothes he wears. She chooses the entertainment they indulge in, she selects the schools for their children.

If you doubt these words, ask my sponsors. Reuben Kaufman, president of Guild Films, who produces my television shows, tells me I have nearly 200 sponsors. They are banks and biscuit companies, automobile firms and department stores, household-appliance and beauty-product manufacturers, utility companies and railroads. They know who controls the purse strings—the mature women.

And, moreover, the mature

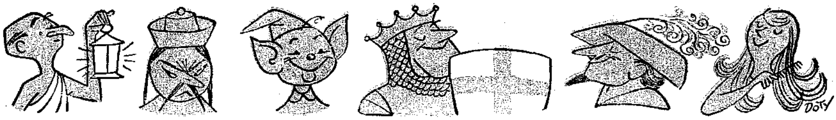
woman is beautiful. I don't mean beauty in the vapid sense of a fashion model, or the half-emaciated Hollywood star. If ever a true word was uttered about women, it is that beauty is more than skin deep. Beauty shines out of the eyes. It is calm and natural, full of charm and the fullness of life. It shows itself in the glow of the face and in the serenity of the body. It is the expression of love.

My friends—and more recently my fans—seem to be eager to see me married. I might say that I look forward to that happy event myself. For fundamentally I am a homebody: I believe in family life.

Someone once asked me to point out the girl that I would consider a model wife. I mentioned lovely Ann Blyth. A sweet girl, religiously inclined, modest in spite of her success in the films, easy to get along with, a good companion and, now, a mother, too.

That is my idea of the mature woman. If you want to know what type I hope to marry some day, bundle up the thoughts I have just expressed. She is not one in a million. On the contrary, in this wonderful country of ours, she is in the millions. Some day that magnetic spark that draws two people together will strike me—and the mature woman of my dreams. Then I will settle down.

Where Did They Live?



YOU WILL BE a housing expert if you know where the following lived for an important part of their lives. Identify 22 correctly, and you're a real expert; better than 15 is good; less puts you out in the cold. Answers on Page 164.

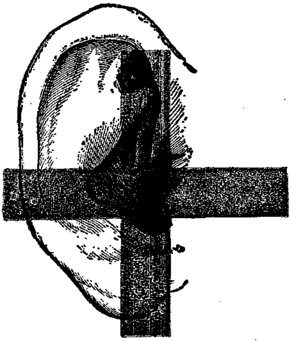
1. Noah
2. Genie
3. Brigham Young
4. Tarzan
5. Robinson Crusoe
6. Thor Heyerdahl
7. Genghis Khan
8. Diogenes
9. Jonah
10. Alvin S. (Shipwreck) Kelly
11. The Old Lady
12. Jack
13. King Arthur
14. Zeus
15. Gargantua
16. Charlie McCarthy

Igloo
Box
Castle
Cage
Prison
Tub
Raft
Bottle
Tree
Rock
Lion's Den
Whale
Tent
Island
Suitcase
Water

17. Gremlins
18. Daniel
19. Hansel and Gretel
20. Count of Monte Cristo
21. Leprechauns
22. Sitting Bull
23. Neptune
24. Lorelei
25. Nanook of the North

Covered Wagon
Tepee
Airplane Motors
Shoe
Gingerbread House
Ark
Under bushes
Mount Olympus
Flagpole

—Paul Steiner



The Audiology Clinic of the Veterans Administration holds out . . .

New Help for

by **Morton Hunt**

THE YOUNG veteran settled gingerly in a chair. Across the desk the Veterans Administration psychiatrist smiled pleasantly, asked a few questions about the vet's job, his health and so on. The answers were brusque. There was a desperate, frightened look on the young man's face.

"Tell me," said the psychiatrist, "just why did you come here?"

The vet stared blankly; then suddenly flushed. "Oh," he said. "Oh . . . well, the truth is I'm scared . . . I think I'm going insane. It's been bothering me for nearly a year, but I just couldn't bring myself . . ."

"Just what makes you think you're going insane?"

"Well, there's one main trouble. I can't understand what people say to me. I *hear* what they're saying, but I don't make sense out of it."

"Have you ever had your hearing checked?"

The young man protested that there was nothing wrong with his hearing.

"Now listen to me," said the doctor. "Lots of people lose only the hearing of higher-frequency sounds—that is, the higher tones on the piano and the sibilant sounds in speech. They can still hear plenty of noise when someone is talking, but it's as though it was being played on a bad radio. The trouble is, people in general have such a ridiculous prejudice against deafness that they'll believe anything about themselves—except the simple truth. Son, you're going to get your ears checked!"

His guess proved right. The reports from the V. A. Audiology Clinic showed that the vet had a fairly severe hearing loss above 1,000 cycles a second, which probably came from his having been in a tank that caught a shell blast. He turned out to be quite sane, not in need of psychiatry but of a properly fitted hearing aid. Once he got it, his fears faded away.

Fortunately for the hard-of-hearing veteran, as well as the non-veteran, the V. A. is pioneering in the problem of fitting the right hearing aid to the right person.

One of the best models for an audiology clinic can be found in the V. A. Building on Seventh Avenue, New York City. During the war, both Army and Navy established hearing centers to provide service

the Deaf

to hard-of-hearing servicemen, and by 1947, the V. A. opened its own clinic to continue caring for those veterans whose hearing loss had been incurred during, or affected by, military service.

Because the V. A. draws on the latest scientific knowledge, because it holds no brief for any particular hearing-aid manufacturer, and because it has not spared expense to give the vets the best, it is an ideal example of the kind of place in which hearing defects should be cared for.

Dr. Sylvester Daly, a tall, slim man in his fifties, and one of the world's top authorities on hearing problems, is chief audiologist. He put me through the same tests that a hard-of-hearing patient gets.

First I sat in a glass booth, holding a small earphone to my ear while an examiner outside tuned the controls on a machine called an audiometer. When I suddenly heard a faint clear tone, I raised my finger to signal. The tone stopped. There was silence; then I heard another tone lower down the scale. Again I signaled.

Around the scale he hopped, trying the various tones at different volume levels until he had plotted my hearing profile. It showed that for tones at the bottom end of a piano, my ears were perfect, in the middle just a bit below normal, and at the upper end better than normal.

Next he led me to the "dead area"—a block of five rooms soundproofed like radio studios. An uncanny deadness pervades the air; you can hear your own pulse and the faint ringing in your ears that practically every normal person has. In a long soundproofed alley, I stood against a wall while the examiner played a record of simple two-syllable words. First the record played through a speaker 20 feet away; then one 15 feet away, then nearer and nearer, until the words were coming only a foot from my ear. With a hard-of-hearing person, the test would indicate how near and how loud speech must be to reach him.

Next we went to the deadest room of all, a cell "floated" on steel springs. It's actually a room within a room, touching nothing except those springs, which in turn rest on two inches of felt. In here you can tell what it feels like to be "stone deaf"—and it's terrifying.

Recorded word lists were played through a speaker and I repeated them back afterwards. The examiner measured the volume level at which I began making mistakes, such as responding "light" when he played "like." All these tests show a hard-of-hearing person just how badly off he is.

In a laboratory, soft plastic is gently molded into the veteran's ear, then withdrawn. From this form, a permanent ear mold will be made, which can be worn comfortably all day and onto which the receiver (ear button) of any commercial hearing aid can be fastened.

Later the vet goes back to the dead room. Here, with his own ear mold, he tries out various aids until the examiner can tell which of the two dozen models used by the V. A. will give the best and most comfortable hearing.

But this is only the beginning. For, as Dr. Daly puts it, "we believe it's foolish and cruel just to hang an aid on a man and tell him, 'Now go hear.' "

In classrooms the vet is told how to make his batteries last longer, and how to protect and preserve the aid. Next, since impaired hearing may cause the voice to assume a monotone, a V. A. instructor teaches the men how to practice restoring the pitch variations to their speech, so it will sound pleasant again. He records their voices week after week, so they can hear their own progress.

Since even the best aid does not give full hearing, the vets tend to miss more words than a normal person. But lip-reading can help.

For hours they learn the principles of lipreading. Then they go into a small room separated from another by a double glass window. On one side, instructors act out little playlets; on the other, the vets watch. Applying the principles of lipreading, they are able to understand, though only a fraction of the sound is audible through the glass.

This over-all reorientation saves the average veteran, in Dr. Daly's opinion, the equivalent of three to five years' worth of painful adjustment and accomplishment. A hearing aid alone—even the best—is a poor substitute for a real ear; but a hearing aid plus a receptive, well-trained mind is a fine substitute.

For the most part, the instructors at the V. A. are busied with men whose problems come from having been cut off from the world, and from feeling a morbid sense of shame about admitting their deafness and wearing the aid in public. All the vets get at least three hours of group discussion, led by a psychologist, in an effort to wear away their fears and misgivings.

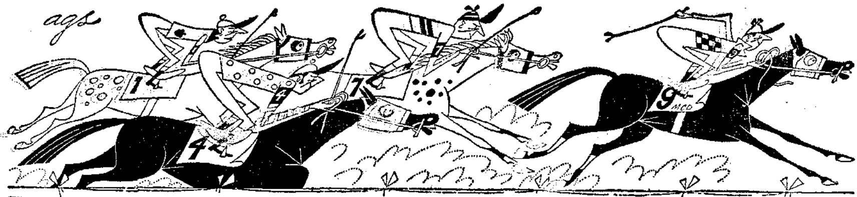
What does real rehabilitation mean for these men? The Federal Security Agency surveyed a group of rehabilitated persons and found their earnings had tripled. But it means a great deal more than that. Listen to the words of a hard-of-hearing vet I met in the clinic.

"Believe me," he said, "I was a walking dead man. I hadn't held a real conversation with any human being in years. I couldn't think, I didn't have any feelings left. I wasted years by not having the courage to admit I needed help. And all that time I could have been alive, happy, a real man like I am now!"

Flowery Revenge

AN OKLAHOMA MAN, when paying a $10 traffic fine, presented the officer who arrested him with an orchid. His explanation: "He'll give it to his wife. Then he'll have to take her out to dinner or someplace to show off the orchid. And in the end it will cost him more than both the orchid and the ticket did me."

—*Tempo*



GRIN AND SHARE IT

A RACE-HORSE owner from the West showed up at Churchill Downs with an eight-year-old horse that had never been in a race before and entered him in an important event. Since an eight-year-old non-starter is hardly a betting attraction, he was off at $136.50 and galloped home first by ten lengths.

The stewards suspected dirty work at the crossroads and demanded of the owner, "Is this horse unsound?"

"No, sir," asserted the owner. "Soundest horse you ever saw."

"Well, then," persisted a steward, "why haven't you raced him before?"

"To tell the truth," said the Westerner sheepishly, "we couldn't ketch him till he was seven."

—*from This Was Racing* by JOE H. PALMER,
Copyright, 1953 by A. S. Barnes & Co.

A YOUNG SURGEON recently performed a difficult operation on an 83-year-old lady, and, in conformity with modern medical practice, instructed her nurse to get her out of bed and walking as soon as possible.

The day after the operation, in spite of her protests, she was made to walk about the room for a few minutes. She complained even more the second day, when she was gotten up both in the morning and afternoon. By the end of the week, still grumbling, she was shuffling up and down the hospital corridor. A few days later, by now a very cheerful walker, the old lady was home.

When her son called at the surgeon's office to settle the bill, he told how pleased the entire family was with the results.

"Well, it was rather a tough operation at her age," the surgeon admitted modestly.

"Oh, it wasn't the operation," the son said. "It was getting Mother on her feet. You see, she hadn't walked for seven years." —*Pipe Dreams*

* * *

SIR EDMOND HILLARY was approached on the street by a youngster who asked, "Aren't you one of the men who climbed Everest?"

"Yes," replied Sir Edmond.

"How many were killed?" the boy asked.

"No one," Sir Edmond answered.

"Wasn't anyone even hurt?"

Sir Edmond said that no one was.

"Gee!" said the disappointed youngster. "You didn't have any adventure at all!" —*Quote*

(*Continued on page 88*)

A NEW YORK plumber once wrote the Bureau of Standards at Washington that he had found hydrochloric acid fine for cleaning drains, and was it harmless? Washington replied: "The efficacy of hydrochloric acid is indisputable, but the chlorine residue is incompatible with metallic permanence."

The plumber wrote back that he was mighty glad the Bureau agreed with him. The Bureau replied with a note of alarm: "We cannot assume responsibility for the production of toxic and noxious residues with hydrochloric acid, and suggest that you use an alternate procedure."

The plumber was happy to learn that the Bureau still agreed with him. Whereupon Washington exploded: "Don't use hydrochloric acid; it eats hell out of the pipes!"

—*from Power of Words*, Copyright, 1953, 1954 by STUART CHASE. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.

HAROLD ARLEN, composer of the songs for the movie "A Star Is Born," met Richard Barstow, who did the choreography. Barstow also directs the Ringling circus.

"What difference did you find between directing elephants and chorus girls?" Arlen asked.

"Elephants," explained Barstow, "don't try to get you to take them out to dinner after rehearsals."

—LEONARD LYONS

* * *

THE WIFE OF a soldier stationed in Texas last winter wrote a nostalgic letter to a relative in her native Michigan complaining about "Christmas without good old Michigan snow."

Several days before Christmas she received a jar of water labeled "Michigan snow," with the following instructions: "Pour into ice cube tray and freeze thoroughly. When frozen, scrape with spoon or similar instrument. Caution: Use only as directed. Contents if boiled tend to evaporate and become Texas hot air."

—TED FERDERER

TWO RADIOLOGISTS examined an x-ray photograph in the public-health department.

"Good photo," said one.

"Fairly good," the other agreed, "but it flatters the left lung a little."

—*Public Service*

EARLY IN World War II, when air attacks on Manhattan seemed a possibility, a wealthy New Yorker bought a house in the suburbs near the Connecticut line as a refuge for his family. With the arrival of the atomic age, the newspapers printed maps showing the areas that would feel the effects of an A-bomb dropped on New York. His house was in a danger zone and he immediately sold it and bought another well up in Connecticut.

Then came the H-bomb, and according to the maps, he was once more in a danger area. So he went almost to the Massachusetts line and bought a third house. As he stood admiring his newly acquired property, an old man wandered over from next door, to whom he showed the map from his New York paper.

"Don't think we'll be bothered this far out, do you?" he asked.

The old man studied the map gravely, then shrugged as he observed: "Guess you haven't seen the Boston papers."

—LUKE NEELY

Princess Pat of the M

by **CAROL HUGHES**

TO WOULD-BE OPERA STARS, the tryouts for the national radio program, "Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air," offer a shining promise: the chance to leap from obscurity to the spotlight of the musical world.

Since competition is always formidable during tryouts for the program, the judges looked twice that day in January, 1943, when a 17-year-old girl walked unassumingly on stage in low-heeled shoes, white socks and a faded, well-worn raincoat. With her school books under her arm and her rolled-up music stuck in her pocket, she awaited her entrance, then sang "The Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor* with all the verve of a seasoned performer.

Even before she had finished, the judges began heading for the stage. Maestro Wilfred Pelletier dropped his baton and asked her what other music she had with her. She sang several more arias while the judges' excitement was, itself, kept at high pitch by her soaring notes.

When she had finished, the maestro said matter-of-factly, "She'll go on the show next Sunday."

It was then that Patrice Munsel, the bobby-sox prima donna, betrayed the inexperience of her years.

"I don't want to go on your program," she told the maestro. Astounded, he asked why. "Because," replied the earnest teenager, "you just never seem to hear again from people who win contests."

The maestro smiled. "That is entirely up to the people," he said kindly. "We give them a genuine opportunity on this program, put them in a showcase. If they don't fulfill that promise, there is nothing we can do."

Age 6: ballet class

Pat said, "Well, call me up tomorrow, and I'll see."

She still blushes at her naive presumption, but the maestro did call.

It was 5 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon when Patrice emerged from anonymity. Slim and dark-eyed, with shoulder-length auburn hair and a pointed pixie-like face, she stepped quietly in front of the microphone. Across the country, an estimated audience of 10,000,000 listened as she went mad in "The Mad Scene."

The decision was never in doubt. At 17, Patrice Munsel had breached the practically impregnable stronghold of Grand Opera.

Her debut reached a triumphant climax three weeks later when she was handed $1,000 for winning the "Auditions," a Metropolitan contract, $1,000 scholarship fund, and S. Hurok's guarantee of $120,000 over a period of three years. "That," she still says, "was the biggest day of my life."

A few months later, on December 4, 1943, the young prima donna faced another exacting trial, her first appearance at the Metropolitan before a most discriminating audience. She was going to compete with the finest artists of Europe and America.

The publicity surrounding her was enough to frighten even the most tried and tested artist. All day long, phones jangled, wires poured in and flowers blanketed her apartment. Yet Patrice Munsel stepped on the Met stage that night and sang Philine in *Mignon* as though it were a nightly occurrence.

"It's unbelievable," she says in

Age 17: rehearsing with mother for debut

puzzlement. "It was the first and last time in my life that I ever faced an audience without qualms or jitters. But I still think the excitement kept me too keyed up to think about myself at all."

A delighted audience gave her a seven-minute ovation. Her sudden success focused national attention on her as few others have known it.

In her first season at the Met, she appeared in *Tales of Hoffmann* and *Rigoletto*, both to acclaim. Surrounded by prestige, armored with charm and an easy manner, she became a magnetic draw in the entertainment world. The whirl was terrific, and only her youth and drive could have kept her going through a multitude of benefits, radio programs, concerts, operas and charity affairs.

Within a year, both Canadian and American radio editors proclaimed her one of the best female vocalists on the air. The Met gave her the coveted title roles of *Lakme* and *Lucia*. She added three new parts to her repertoire. She was signed for national concert tours.

Today, when she is seen on television by millions of viewers, or on stage at the Met, singing or dancing, the observer is inclined to say, "She's a lucky one!" But like most success stories, the off-stage struggle was far from serene.

Contrary to a large segment of public opinion, "Princess Pat," as she is known to her intimates, was not born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She had the ability to think her way through when the chips were down. But there were no "angels" standing in the wings to pour out endless cash, as some scoffers have claimed, and there was no quick formula for success.

As Patrice herself admits, "No artist has ever reached the top by an easy route. When you stand alone on that stage, no pull, no doting parents, no avid admirers and certainly no magic can make

After debut, Pat cries in dressing room

She is graceful, pretty, stands 5′5½″

At 20, she won bravos as Gounod's *Juliet*

you good or great. You stand or fall alone. And only what is inside *you* can make you a star."

On the credit side of Pat's ledger was a good, normal, middle-class upbringing. Her father, Dr. Audley J. Munsel, was a successful dentist in Spokane. Her mother, Eunice, musically talented herself, willingly gave up a promising career as a pianist for marriage and motherhood.

When Pat was born in 1925, the Munsels had already built a home that was filled with books, music and good friends. From the start, they had the common sense not to make a prodigy of their only child, even though it was obvious that the little Pat had talent. She could sing, dance, whistle. She was graceful, pretty, and she showed a flair for acting as soon as she could talk.

Looking back, her mother says quietly: "We thought she was cute, of course, but we also knew we were prejudiced. Even when one of her teachers remarked that she had a voice 'like a little golden bell,' we had no Shirley Temple ambitions for her. We just enjoyed her play-acting ourselves."

But as Patrice started high school, she decided on her own that she was something a little special. For she knew she was the best whistler in school, and she had her career all planned. She was going to do bird calls and little animal sounds for Walt Disney.

When her parents offered her dancing lessons as well as piano, she was not interested. After all, she pointed out, Disney had a pianist.

Pat was such an earnest whistler that her instructor, Marjorie Clark Kennedy, one day brought her brother, Jimmy Clark, to hear the ambitious teen-ager perform. Clark, who was employed by a radio station, was hardened to the Los Angeles brand of pushing mothers and little prodigies.

With accustomed boredom, he settled down to hear just another singing-whistling act.

At the end of Pat's first number, however, he jumped to his feet. "Hey, she's really good!" he exclaimed. "A great voice!"—ignoring her whistling.

Clark arranged for the 14-year-old Pat to sing for symphony conductor Vladimir Bakaleinikoff. After the audition, Bakaleinikoff paced up and down with excitement. "The most beautiful voice I have ever heard in one so young!" he exclaimed.

His praise convinced the Munsels that Pat was at the threshold of a promising career. She might make it; she might not. They didn't know, but they decided to gamble on her future.

Dr. Munsel could not give up his practice in Spokane, but Pat and Mrs. Munsel had to go to New York City if Pat were to succeed. Strangers, modest living and a severe schedule of study and practice would have to replace old friends and the comfort of home.

In the lonely years that followed, the Munsels had ample opportunity to prove their faith and courage. Pat and her mother took a small apartment on Manhattan's East Side. The days were filled not with fun, parties and companions, but with study.

Pat had to master Latin, German, Italian and French. She had to acquire poise and grace, for to be a star, she had to be a bit of everything—a model, an actress, a singer, a dancer. And always the *voice.* The voice had to be protected and trained. No late-hour gadding, no rides in the park, just work.

Fortunately, Pat bent to the discipline like a trouper. She had the happy faculty of wanting to know everything, of being interested every minute, and the happier heritage of good sportsmanship. She wanted to be an opera star, and she was resolved to pay the price.

On the day that she signed her Met contract, Pat rejoiced that the struggle was over. At 17, she pictured the future as an easy and ever-mounting ladder of success. But just a few years later, a growing despair had routed her early confidence. At some point along her gold-paved street, something had snapped.

The exhausting hours of study and practice, coupled with endless public appearances, had exacted too heavy a toll from the youthful performer. Both body and spirit were near exhaustion. Only drastic measures could prevent a breakdown.

"Outwardly," she says candidly now, "I was serene and poised, try-

Appearing as Musetta in *La Boheme,* Gilda in *Rigoletto,* Despina in *Cosi Fan Tutte*

ing to live the life press agents and managers demanded of me. Yet inwardly, I was torn by a turmoil of rebellion."

With astuteness, Pat pierced to the core of her difficulty when she realized that in devoting all her energies to the constant demands of fame, she had denied herself the chance to grow as a person. If she were ever to become a mature artist, she knew that she must try for a normal life as well as a career. It took her almost three years to find herself, but what she found altered her life.

As a first check to her anxiety, she decided on a new venture—a summer in Europe. In Sweden she cracked traditions of one of the oldest opera houses to win ovations. She won new audiences and Swedish critics compared her to the great Jenny Lind.

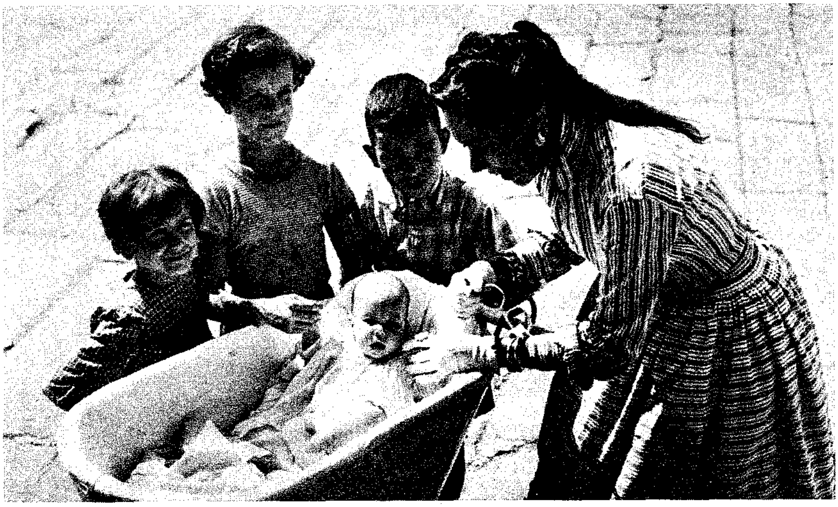
When she returned to America, she insisted on cutting the busy schedule which had characterized her early opera and concert career.

The following summer, as a side excursion, she used her vacation from the Met to take a fling at operetta. Wanting to bridge the gap between grand and light opera, she romped through the lead in *Naughty Marietta*, then sang Friml's *Rose Marie* both in Los Angeles and San Francisco. She took the excitement lightly now, and was grateful for the critics' praise.

When Pat stepped on the Met stage in 1951 as Adele in *Die Fledermaus*, she stopped the show. The tune of the press next day rang with a new note. Along with highest praise, she was accorded a well-deserved maturity.

The rest of Pat's career is history. Today, she holds a solid niche in the hearts of the music-going public, while her first full-length movie, the story of the great Melba, has attracted an even wider audience.

On vacation, Pat strolls through an Italian village with her little daughter, Heidi Ann



Singing with Vaughan Monroe in recording session, Pat drinks hot tea to soothe throat

Her performance in the 1952 season at the Metropolitan as Despina in *Cosi Fan Tutte* and as Musetta in *La Boheme* firmly fixed her as one of the brightest stars in the Met firmament.

"Best of all," she smiles, "I was ready to fall in love."

That year's most important event to Pat was her marriage to handsome TV director Robert Schuler. After a honeymoon in Europe, the young couple established home in a penthouse high above New York's Central Park. There, amid antique furniture and colorful paintings, they play host to friends from all walks of life. With the arrival of their daughter in May, 1953, they both count that year the happiest they have ever known.

After the birth of the baby, Pat resumed her career, singing leading roles at the Met, appearing regularly on TV and making recordings for RCA-Victor. Twice she has given command performances—one for the Queen of England and the other at the official White House reception of President Eisenhower for the Ethiopian Emperor, Haile Selassie. This past summer she enjoyed another operetta "holiday," playing "The Merry Widow" and "Naughty Marietta"—the latter at the Dallas State Fair, where she became the highest-priced entertainer in that institution's history.

Constantly offered starring roles by Broadway producers, Patrice recently found herself in the enviable position of considering five top flight musical-comedy offers at the same time. But she turned them down, feeling that only the most exceptional Broadway role could induce her to take time off from her work at the Met.

Since her daughter's arrival, Pat has tried to arrange her concert appearances so that she is never away from home for more than a few days in a row. On any long trips, she takes Heidi, who is probably the world's most travelled one-and-a-half-year-old. Heidi has taken six plane trips and crossed the ocean to Italy, Algeria and Morocco.

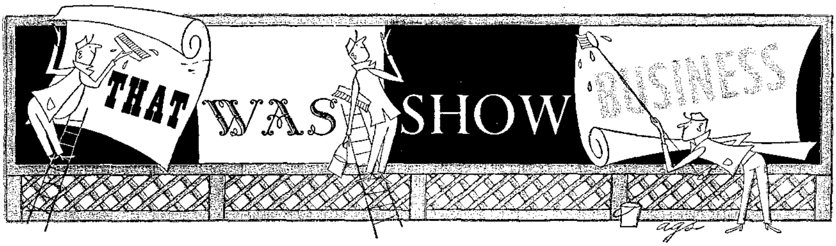
Pat is making every effort to see that her career doesn't interfere with Heidi's growing up. When "Melba" was premiered, Heidi was only four weeks old and was used to nursing at 9:00 P.M. on the dot. On the night of the world premiere, Pat sneaked from the theater, dashed home to feed Heidi,. and was back again when the houselights went on to receive applause and congratulations.

"I know that many people wondered whether I could successfully lead three lives—wife, mother and singer," Pat says. "But I don't believe people lead different lives, but that we enrich a single life through different sources. The discipline which I learned in my professional life helps me in my role as wife and mother; and the new truths and values I have learned as Mrs. Robert Schuler have made a more mature artist of Patrice Munsel."

That Pat's off-stage accomplishments have only served to enhance her professional stature, there is little doubt. Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, recently remarked: "When I draw up a season's schedule, I pay particular attention to the talents of Patrice Munsel."

And one staunch opera-goer summed up popular approval when he replied, "That's good. It's a joy to be able to *look* as well as *listen*."

As Melba, the great Australian coloratura, Patrice was big hit in her first movie



THAT WAS SHOW BUSINESS

RICHARD CARLE, the musical comedy star, was in the Lambs Club one day. He was telling a story to brother Lambs and when he got to the climax, he illustrated the point of his story by taking his cane and with a wide sweep knocking all the glasses off the bar.

He was suspended for 90 days and when the three months were up, he returned and was greeted by the gang. One member came over and asked why he hadn't seen him around in months.

"I was suspended," said Dick.

"Is that so?" said his companion. "What did you do, Dick?"

"Nothing at all. I just took my cane and did this!"

And with that, Carle took his cane and illustrated by knocking all the glasses off the bar.

HOUDINI, the great magician and escape artist, once played Glasgow, Scotland. As usual, it was advertised that he would do his famous escape from a packing case, in which he was placed handcuffed and with feet tied, the cover nailed down and the box lowered into the river. This free publicity stunt always got big newspaper coverage and thousands of people gathered to watch.

But to Houdini's surprise, when he showed up on the bridge in Glasgow, he found only a handful of people. He asked the manager if he was sure he had the right date advertised and was shown copies of the papers and handbills.

Houdini went through with his escape act (as a good showman would), and only when he got back to the theater did he learn why so few Scots had appeared. The bridge that had been selected for the stunt was—a *toll bridge*!

JAMES J. CORBETT, the only pugilist to become a top straight monologist, liked to tell the story of the man who came backstage and insisted the champ knew him.

"Where do I know you from?" asked Jim.

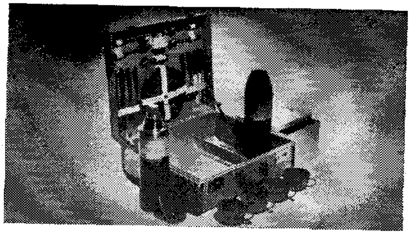
The fan said, "Don't you remember when you beat John L. Sullivan at New Orleans, you stood on the back of the train passing through Chicago and there was a big crowd waiting, eager to meet you; there must have been a couple of thousand people?"

"Yes, I remember that," acknowledged Gentleman Jim.

"Well," cried the little man, "I was the guy in front wearing a *brown derby*!"

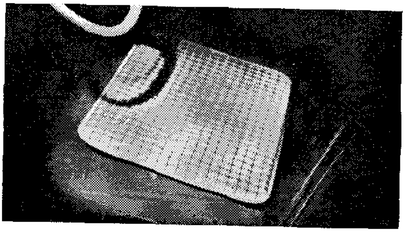
Vaudeville: from the Honky Tonks to the Palace, by JOE LAURIE, JR., Copyright, 1953 by Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

CORONET GIFT FINDER



FAMILY—You can pack a feast for four in the Motor Luncheon Kit, a linette-finished traveling case fitted with a complete picnic service. Included with the colorful red plastic tableware are a vacuum bottle and food jar, both quart-sized, salt and pepper shakers, can opener and metal lunch box. $34.95.

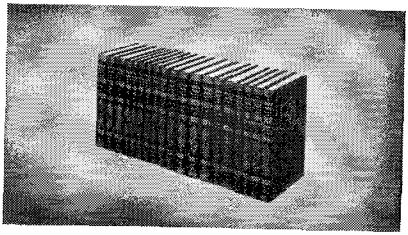
MEN, WOMEN—Sacro-Ease is a posture correction seat pad for use in driving or in the home. Designed to prevent slumping and ease back-strain, it holds you comfortably erect even in over-stuffed chairs. Accepted by the AMA; sold on a money-back guarantee. $9.75 at orthopedic appliance stores.



Helene Curtis
Suave
Helene Curtis
Creme Rinse

WOMEN—A Helene Curtis trio will solve many gift problems and give any woman's hair that finished "professional" look. Shampoo Plus Egg conditions even difficult hair; Creme Rinse brings out highlights; Suave, with lanolin, completes the grooming, banishes stray whisps. In several sizes, 29c to $1.69.

CHILDREN—Give your child an encyclopedia designed to encourage learning, and you'll be giving him an early start toward success. The World Book Encyclopedia's story-like text is accurate, up to date and fully illustrated to insure pleasurable reading for the entire family. 19 volumes, $129.



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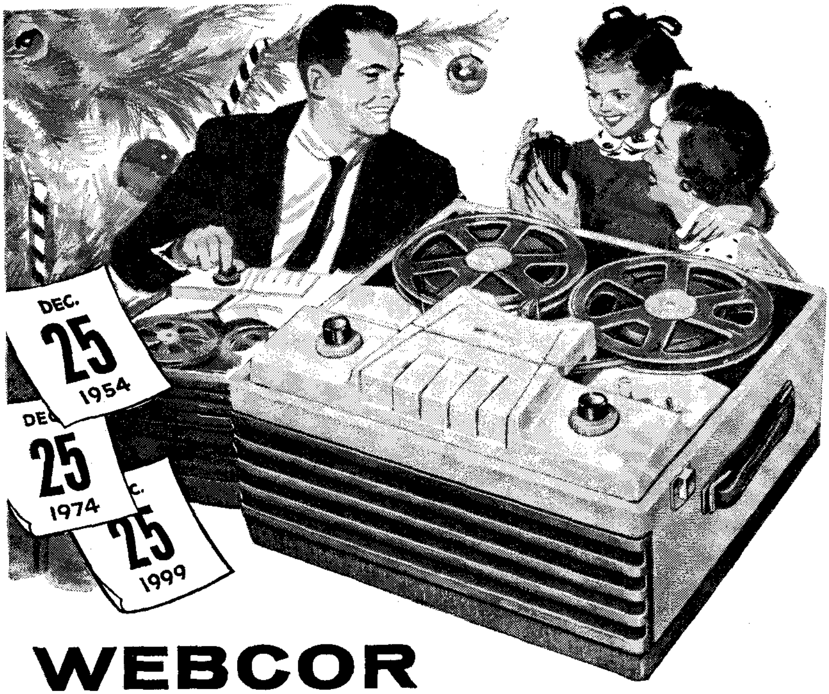
MEN—A Christmas box of Adler socks will be warmly appreciated by any man. In this attractive package he'll find 3 pairs of white wool socks, nylon reinforced and guaranteed against shrinkage. A practical answer to several gift problems. In full sizes, 9-13, at fine stores everywhere. $2.95.

(*Continued on page 100*)



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The Webcor Touch Button recorder shown above records at 3¾ and 7½ ips up to two hours on one reel. Includes new positive erase, safety switch, edit and monitor controls. In portables or blond, mahogany or walnut table models. from $169^{50}

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CHICAGO 39, ILL.

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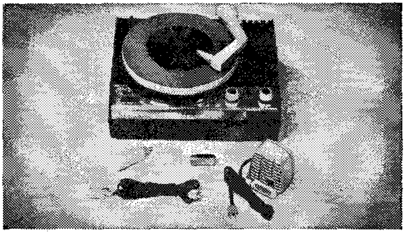
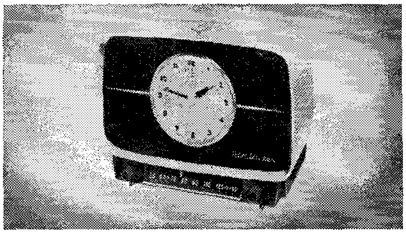


WOMEN—Thoughtful and inexpensive, Hallmark Note Papers are available in many new, attractive designs and will make ideal gifts for the ladies on your shopping list. They'll be perfect for writing your own thank you notes this season and all year 'round. 59c, $1 and $2 at leading stationers.



MEN—Used in his work or as a hobby, he'll save time, money and effort with the Shopsmith Mark 5. A complete power workshop in one compact unit, it takes up only 2′ x 6′ of floor space, yet does all basic woodworking jobs with efficiency and safety. Bench, complete with ¾ h.p. motor, is $269.50.

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Glow
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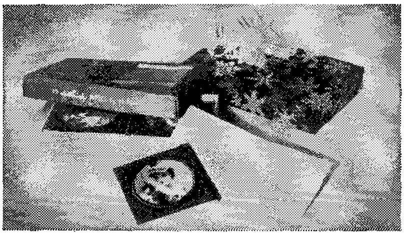
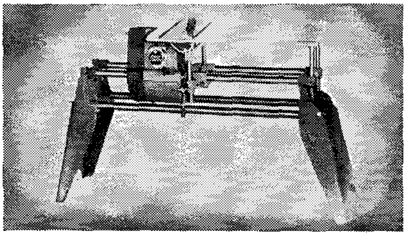
FAMILY—This Christmas start your "sound album" of family activities. Even special TV or radio programs can be recorded on the Timex Magnetic Disc Recorder, $59.95. A minor installation converts it into a standard 45-RPM phonograph. Discs, at $1.49 for six, can be reused over 10,000 times.



MEN, WOMEN—RCA Victor's "Slumber-King" clock radio can lull you to sleep with music from one station, shut itself off, wake you to your favorite morning program on another station. Westclox clock also controls appliances, record changer and tape recorder. In black with beige or grey cabinet. $59.95.



WOMEN—An inexpensive "extra" to fill her Christmas stocking and help her keep a year-round radiance. Choose either Heather Natural Glow Liquid Creme Rouge, at 49c plus tax, or Heather Cake Rouge, 15c plus tax. Many flattering shades in both types. Made by Whitehall Pharmacal Co.

(*Continued on page 102*)

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CORONET GIFT FINDER

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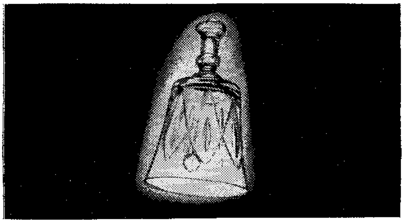
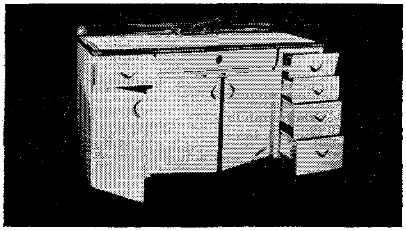
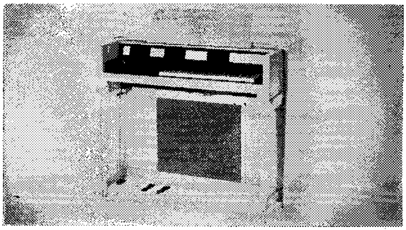


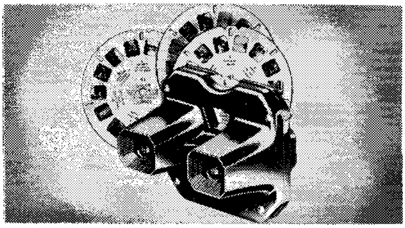
CHILDREN—They'll sit spellbound as the View-Master Stereoscope unfolds 3-D color stories just for them. "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet," "Robin Hood" and "The Canonization of Blessed Pius X" head the list of new releases, along with favorites such as "Rudolph." Viewer, $2; 21-picture reels, 35c.



MEN, WOMEN—Give the gift of hearing and open new worlds of understanding to some hard-of-hearing member of your family. The Zenith "Royal-M" hearing aid is a lightweight, tubeless, 3-transistor model with air conduction receiver. Measures 1¾″ x 2⅝″. $100, with 10-day money-back guarantee.



WOMEN—This hand-engraved Belgian crystal bell will ring in a new year of monthly gifts from foreign lands. The Around-the-World Shoppers Club offers this first unusual surprise free with any gift subscription—2 mos., $5; 6 mos., $12; 12 mos., $22. Dept. 514-B, 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.



FAMILY—Almost a kitchen in itself, Youngstown Kitchens' Diana cabinet sink is a spacious 66″ model finished in white enamel and stainless steel. Features include an all-porcelain enameled twin bowl top, deluxe faucet, chrome handles, and rinse spray. Top right "drawer" is a convenient cutting board.

(*Continued on page 104*)

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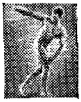

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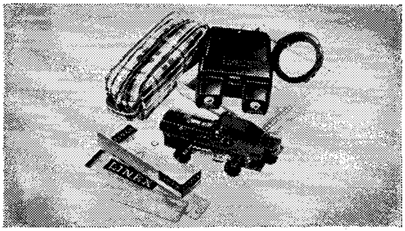
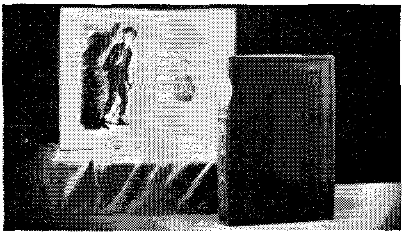
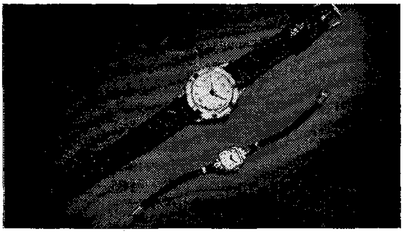
MEN, WOMEN—For the active man, the smart Hamilton "Automatic"—self-winding, anti-magnetic, shock protected and water resistant. It is gold filled with a stainless steel back and alligator strap, $85. For her, the dainty Hamilton "Colleen" with 17 jewel movement and 10k gold case. $82.50 (Fed. tax incl.).



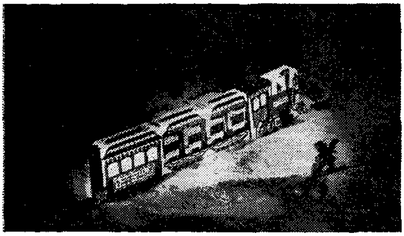
CHILDREN—Expressly for them, chugging straight for the Christmas tree, is Lentheric's "Happiness Choo-Choo" of colognes. Comfortably settled for their holiday visit are four 2-dram flacons of delightful fragrances for little girls of all ages—Tweed, Muguet, Red Lilac and Red Rose Bouquet. $1.50 plus tax.



FAMILY—Music lovers will enjoy the stereosonic sound reproduction featured in the Capri 200, a lightweight portable made by Sonic Industries. This 3-speed player for 7″, 10″ or 12″ records features full range control and high fidelity crystal pickup. In handsome green and gold or red and gold case, $24.95.

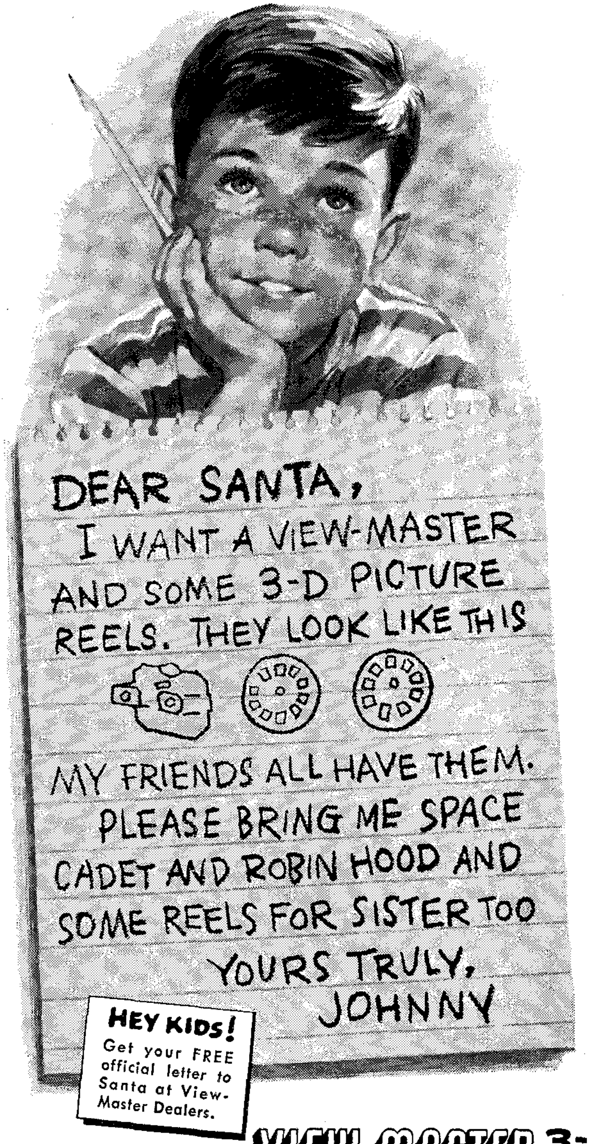


FAMILY—Make "Christmas '54" your first entry in an ever-growing film library of family events. The Linex is a simple to operate camera that takes natural color pictures in 3-D. Complete kit, $44.50, contains Linex stereo camera, viewer, carrying case, color film and slide storage rack.



FAMILY—A treasured gift for every member of your family: exclusive editions of the world's literary classics, handsomely bound, illustrated by leading artists, printed on papers which will last for centuries. $3.28. For prospectus, write to The Heritage Club, Box 19, 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

(*Continued on page 106*)



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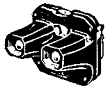

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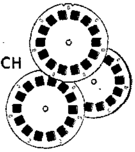

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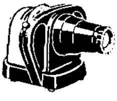

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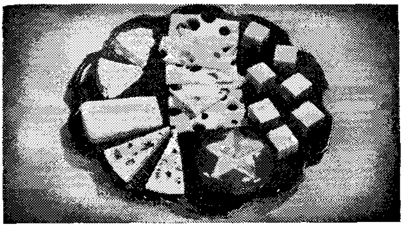
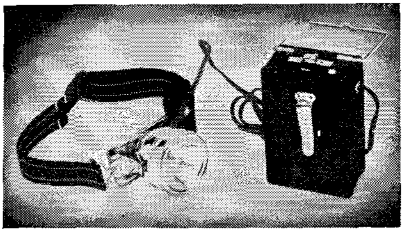
CORONET GIFT FINDER

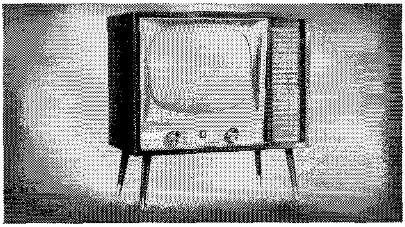
FAMILY—Build the entertainment center of your home around the "Big Look" picture of this modern TV console. Motorola's model 24K5 has 24-inch screen. Twin speakers are vertically mounted at picture level. Smart contrast of Lucite knobs against burnished gold and brass. About $400.



MEN, WOMEN—Combine education and entertainment in your gift-giving with "Swayze," the news-quiz game devised by newscaster John Cameron Swayze. Played on a world map board, it comes with an almanac listing more than 500 major news items. Priced at $3 at leading department and toy stores.



MEN, WOMEN—The hobby of presidents, prime ministers and movie stars can be anyone's road to relaxation or a profitable career. Give a friend the opportunity to study with 12 leading artists—write to The Famous Artists Schools, Studio 91-L, Westport, Conn. for details on home-study art courses.



WOMEN—Bring your hostess a selection of Kraft cheeses to grace her holiday table. Casino Brand Baby Gouda, Blue, Swiss and Camembert, Cracker Barrel Brand Cheddar, and Chantelle cheeses make up an appetizing trayful for dessert or snacks. A novel way of saying "thank you" for her hospitality.

SWAYZE
SWAYZE

FAMILY—Sportsmen, housewives and children will find endless uses for the Olin Headlight Lantern. A trim, lightweight version of a miner's lamp, it serves a dual role as searchlight or headlamp. Its fixed-focus beam is perfect for cleaning dark corners, after-dark fishing and camping. $4.95.

(*Continued on page 108*)

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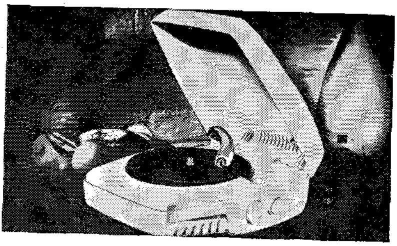
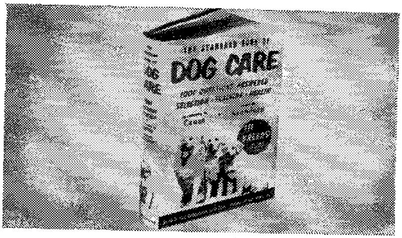
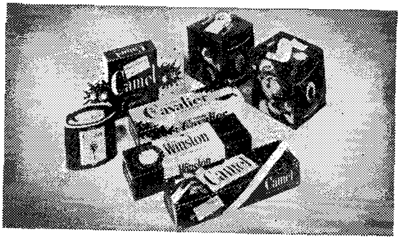


MEN, WOMEN—Colorfully gift-packed and ready for Christmas are R. J. Reynolds' famous five—Camel, Winston and Cavalier cigarettes, Prince Albert and George Washington smoking tobaccos. Whatever the form or blend you choose, tobacco is the one gift guaranteed to please every smoker.



MEN, WOMEN—Relax-A-cizor is the pleasant way to exercise without strain, safely and privately. Restful muscle contraction whittles away inches wherever reducing is needed, even while you sleep. Write Dept. CT-3, 915 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif., for data. Approved, Underwriters' Laboratories.

FAMILY—As an added attraction to its fine performance, the new Webcor "Midge" portable features a space-saving design. It is perfectly balanced to stand in a vertical position for radio playing, or horizontal for record and radio use. $49.95. Available in phonograph model alone; $30.



FAMILY—1001 questions a dog owner might ask are all answered in The Standard Book of Dog Care. Two of America's foremost dog experts have compiled this complete commonsense handbook on the feeding, care and training of your pet. Over 600 pages, nearly 200 illustrations. Greystone Press, $4.95.

MEN, WOMEN—An old-fashioned English street lamp inspired this Christmas arrangement designed by stylists of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Ass'n. This design or original ideas of your own can be executed by your FTD florist for wiring as gifts to friends and relatives anywhere in the world.

(*Continued on page 110*)

Is Erika really free?

Erika fled with her family past the Iron Curtain to Western Germany.

Now Erika is free, but at a terrible price. For she and her family are bound by new shackles—the bitter chains of poverty. In their escape from oppression, the family left behind practically all their belongings, and the only livelihood they have ever known. There is little for Erika—inadequate shelter, no warm coat for winter, worn-out shoes. Erika doesn't understand all that has happened to her. She only knows how cold it is, how lonely she is without her toys, how bleak her Christmas Day may be . . .

You can help a child live for freedom—Erika is but one of thousands of youngsters who escaped Communist slavery only to face the spectre of want in Free Europe. You can provide one of these little children with warm clothing, shoes, blankets and other necessities and—so important—you can give him the encouragement and security that comes from knowing that YOU care. The SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION will send you the story—and a picture, too—of the youngster you sponsor. You may correspond with your child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

You can also sponsor a child in Austria, Finland, France, Greece, Italy or Korea, as you designate. The cost to you is only $120.00 a year, $10.00 a month—little enough to prove to a child that *freedom's way is the heart's way.* Won't you fill out and mail the coupon below, TODAY!

SCF Sponsors include: Herbert Hoover, Thomas J. Watson, Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie, Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, D.D., Norman Rockwell, Mrs. Mark W. Clark, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION C-5
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- I would like to sponsor a needy child in ____________ (Western Germany, France, Austria, Finland, Greece, Italy, or Korea). I will pay $120 for one year (or $10 per month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, the 1st month ☐. Please send me the child's name, address, story and picture.
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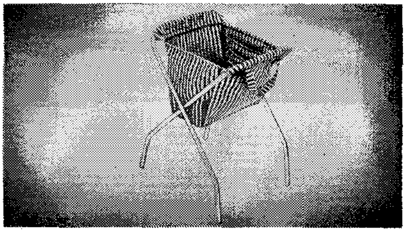
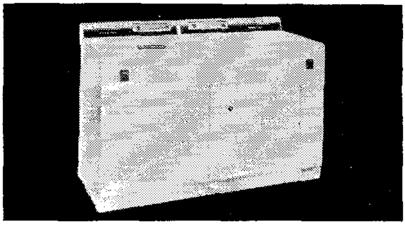
Contributions to the **Save the Children Federation** are deductible from income tax.

The Save the Children Federation is a non-profit, non-sectarian membership corporation organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed or color.

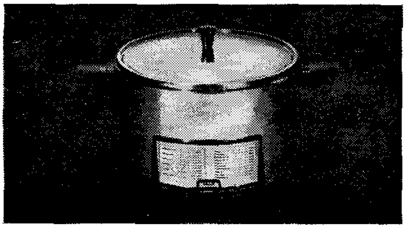
CORONET GIFT FINDER



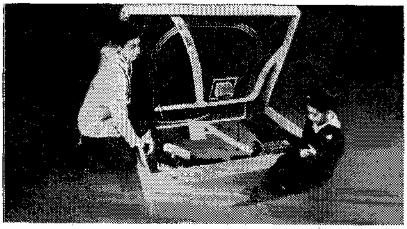
CHILDREN—Home-railroading is fun for everyone with Fold-A-Train tables. No tedious set-up job for Dad, no mess for Mother. Tracks, accessories attach permanently, table folds for easy storage. For any make electric train. 4′ x 8′ $36.50 FOB from Chester Mfg. Co., 23 W. 60 St., N.Y. 23. Others from $15.



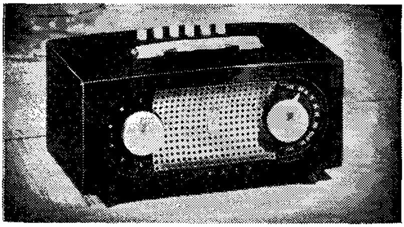
MEN, WOMEN—Six easy to reach push-buttons on this Zenith AC-DC radio make station selection quick and accurate. For manual dialing, a "finger beam" of light points out station numbers as you tune. Convenient pick-up handle. Striking plastic cabinet comes in green, red and ivory, for $39.95.



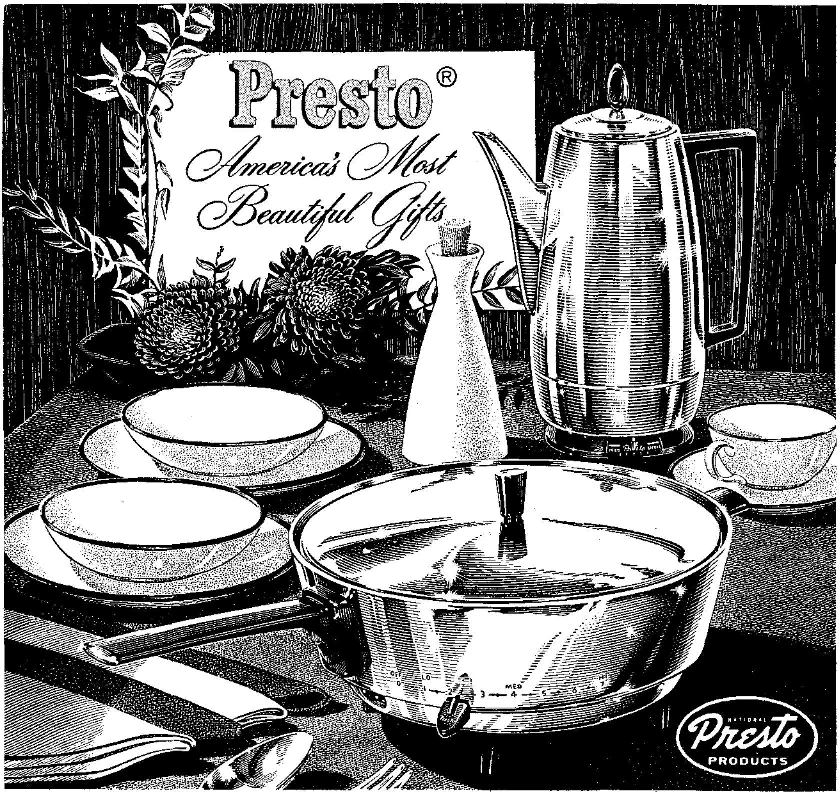
WOMEN—For the "sew-it-yourself" fan. Aluminum Sew-Knit Stand holds everything within easy reach for knitting, mending and sewing. Lightweight and chair height for extra convenience, it folds flat for compact storage. $4.98 postpaid from Jay-Jay Trading Post No. 8, 1 East 53 St., N.Y.C. 22.



FAMILY—Equip your home with a completely automatic laundry and make blue Mondays disappear. Just press the control knobs and the Norge automatic washing machine and dryer do the rest. Safe for everything washable, designed for greater efficiency and convenience. Washer about $300; dryer about $190.



WOMEN—Presto, the magic name in modern cooking, offers the new automatic electric Cooker–Fryer for preparing meals at the table. As handsome as it is practical, it holds 6 quarts, deep fries, roasts, steams, braises, cooks and bakes. In gleaming silversmith finish at $26.95 (Fed. tax incl.)



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Smart! Wonderfully different! That's your mealtime when you cook and serve everything right at the table with a Presto Skillet and a Presto Coffee Maker. Everything will look so lovely . . . taste so extra delicious because you cook the modern Presto automatic way. Why don't you perform the miracle of a Presto meal today?

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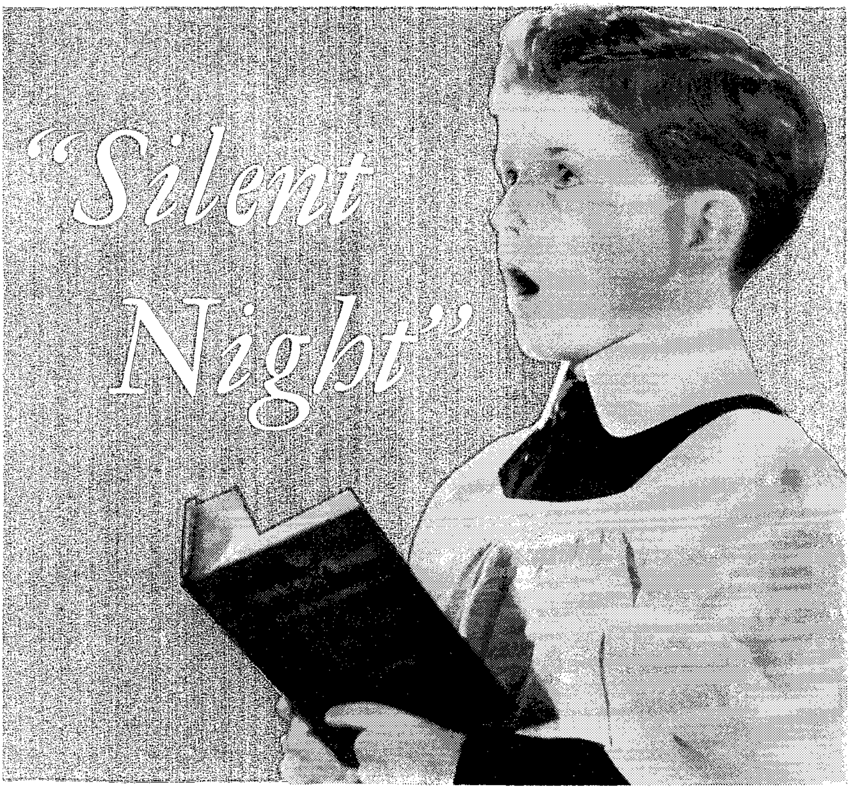

Coronet's magnificent new Christmas film . . .

. . . a beautiful visualization of the beloved carol—now, for the first time, an outstanding 16mm sound motion picture.

Here is the true-to-life story of *Silent Night*—a poem first composed in 1818—and how it traveled from the remote villages of the Alps throughout Europe . . . and finally to the farthest corners of the world . . . to become a tradition as beloved as Christmas itself.

This holiday season, make sure your film program includes *Silent Night*—as well as Coronet's other Christmas favorites, *The Littlest Angel* and *A Visit From St. Nicholas*. All may be rented at low rates from your nearest film library.

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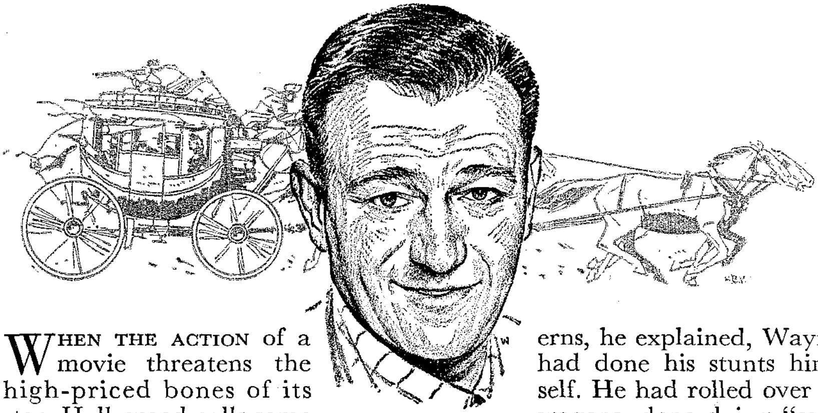
Duke's box office record is as strong as his rugged physique

JOHN WAYNE:

Star of Iron

by **GRADY JOHNSON**



WHEN THE ACTION of a movie threatens the high-priced bones of its star, Hollywood calls some expendable daredevil, risking his neck for pay, to "double" for him.

Because the practice can save a multi-million-dollar production from financial ruin by death or injury, no one could blame the business office representative for cringing when he saw actor John Wayne stand up in the driver's seat of a dangerously lurching stagecoach 15 years ago.

"He'll break his neck," he complained as Director John Ford's cameras rolled on the film "Stagecoach."

An assistant director sought to reassure him. "That's nothing for Duke," he said. "Why, I've seen him fall off on purpose." As a former prop man in low-budget Westerns, he explained, Wayne had done his stunts himself. He had rolled over in wagons, done dying "saddle-drags" when "shot" from horses.

"Fact is, guts made him an actor," he went on. Working as a prop man, Wayne had dived into a stormy ocean from the deck of a ship when a stunt man lost his nerve and had been rewarded by the director, Ford, with occasional small acting jobs.

The business office man was not impressed. "Let him kill himself on somebody else's payroll," he said. "He's too big to risk."

"Big" is a small word for John Wayne in an industry which can chafe at the inadequacy of "super-colossal." When film companies recently began outdoing one another in installing wide screens in theaters, a wag remarked, "At the present rate of enlargement, movies might someday become as big as John Wayne."

He had in mind the man's size, his tremendous following and the fact that when the moviemakers first tried out a big screen 28 years ago it was Wayne who was expected to fill it.

Six feet four inches tall and weighing 205 pounds, Wayne's broad-shouldered, hipless, straddle-legged physique matches his stature at the box office and the manly virtue he invariably portrays.

In 25 years his 150-odd pictures have grossed an estimated $300,000,000. And it isn't uncommon for a half dozen Wayne pictures to be competing with one another in a single city while he's knocking righteousness into the heads of badmen in old pictures on television.

This has made him the top box-office attraction for four years, made him wealthy, given him an ulcer, put him into business for himself and, because of four recent films, promises to make him No. 1 on the popularity polls this year as he was in 1950, '51, '52 and '53. In 1952 he was named the world's most popular actor by Hollywood press representatives for 50 foreign publications and countries.

Basically, success hasn't changed John Wayne.

"He was great when he was making $75 a week and he's a better guy now with a million a year," says his long-time friend and colleague, actor Grant Withers, who admits he wouldn't do half as well in pictures if it weren't for Wayne getting him parts.

But he's a conflicting mixture of good fellow, worrier and zealot. Today, his friends complain that he works too hard and no longer has any spare time for the hunting, fishing, dancing and poker playing he once loved.

"But I like to work, too," Wayne says, "and if I take the work home with me it's combining business and pleasure."

Outspoken, argumentative and headstrong, he's as unsophisticated as his saddle-soaped dramas where honesty, loyalty and country are concerned.

"I'm not an actor," he says repeatedly. "I'm a re-acter. I just do what seems natural in a situation. All I got's sincerity and simplicity." This may mean a mere lifting of the eyebrows as he strides through the swinging doors to accost the agent peddling rifles to the redskins. "You can't act tough; it shows when you try," he explains.

The only lessons he ever took were from bronc buster Yakima Canutt, more horseman than actor, who taught him the techniques of fighting and stunts. Wayne was young, eager and impressionable, and Canutt had a balanced ball-of-the-feet way of walking and a low, authoritative voice that seemed heroic to him. In blue-eyed rugged Wayne, these mannerisms pleased women and brought them to the Saturday matinees along with the red-blooded male trade.

A few years ago, when it became known that Communists were working in Hollywood, alarmed friends persuaded him to head the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, organized to ferret out and expose Communists. Reds wrote threaten-

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1954 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1954

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ing letters, pinks happily predicted he'd be ruined at the box office, conservatives criticized him for not being more militant. But feeling a duty to his country, Wayne doggedly stuck it out.

When he became president of the organization he was barely among the first 20 in box-office ratings. Two years later he was No. 1. "I guess the reds ruined me," he grins.

His sense of loyalty is as intense as his patriotism. It makes him one of Hollywood's soft touches, although he'll grumble while helping a needy pal that, because of taxes, he has to earn ten dollars for every one he gives away.

Bev Barnett, a fraternity brother who has publicized Wayne for 16 years, offers himself as proof. "During the war I was going into the service and wanted to keep my business," he says. "I asked all my clients if they would pay half fee to someone I'd hire to keep the office open. All agreed except Duke. He said, 'No dice, full fee or nothing.' "

When Wayne went into film production for himself two years ago with Producer Robert Fellows, this automatically meant jobs for a dozen old friends like Al Murphy, his handy man, and Webb Overlander, his make-up man and gun expert.

"But we all work," Wayne emphasizes. "Like in the old days, everybody works for the good of the picture—not for some department head as they do in the big studios." In working in this manner, he feels, he is operating on the old-time movie-making principle that good movies are made on the set.

Wayne was born Marion Michael Morrison on May 26, 1907, in Winterset, Iowa. Playmates gave him his nickname "Duke." He got his screen name from Director Raoul Walsh, who starred him in his first major film, "The Big Trail," and didn't think Marion suited him.

When Duke was six, his father, a druggist, homesteaded a piece of land at Lancaster, California, a cattle-farming town on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Here Duke picked apricots, drove a truck and learned about horses.

But vital though horses are to his trade, he never learned to like to ride. When someone mentions the joy he must get out of his hard-riding film roles, he fixes him wearily with his soft blue eyes and grunts in a deep bass voice, "Does a postman like to walk?"

When Wayne was 15, his father moved the family to Glendale and set up a drugstore. While attending Glendale High School, Wayne delivered prescriptions and ice cream for the store afternoons and weekends. His brawn helped him make the All-Southern California high school football team, later won him a berth on Howard Jones' famous University of Southern California team and, in turn, a studio job.

Deserving players on winning local football teams traditionally have little trouble getting part-time jobs in pictures, and Director Ford one day found himself with a green, hulking fourth-assistant property boy. A prop boy sees to it that every item an actor is required to handle in a scene is available when the director wants it, and Duke was good at anticipating Ford for his $35 a week.

"If he didn't have a needed item in his prop truck he would nail, whittle or weld a reasonable facsimile before anyone found out," a former colleague recalls.

But it was his physical courage Ford liked most in his big, game employee.

This came out when Ford was filming "Men Without Women" in the open ocean between San Clemente Island and San Diego. Expendable actors and stunt men were required to dive from the deck of a camera boat and come up in a boil of bubbles made by submerged air hoses to simulate escape from a disabled submarine. A motor launch stood by to pick them up.

As the cameras prepared to turn, a storm blew up. Boats a hundred yards apart were hidden by mountainous waves. This effect pleased the director. But when he called for action, the actors stood back, afraid to jump.

"Duke," Ford yelled, "show these bums up."

In a flash Duke was in the water. One after another the shamed actors followed.

"It didn't look healthy, though," Wayne admitted the other day. "You couldn't be sure you wouldn't come up under the launch's propellers."

Forever after that, Ford steered Wayne into acting jobs. Quitting USC after his sophomore year, for lack of funds, he worked as a prop boy and played bits in low-budget Westerns which took calculated risks on their casts by requiring them to do their own stunts. For a week's pay he'd fall off a horse or leap into a wagon and turn over with it.

"If you know what you're doing it's no more dangerous than a play through center on the five-yard line," he often said.

His next break came when Ford made a football film. The director delegated Wayne to bring in USC players for auditions. Duke loyally planned to give the patronage exclusively to his Sigma Chi fraternity brothers but a non-fraternity man, Ward Bond, sneaked into the studio with them. Bond's bulldog face caught Ford's eye and he insisted on hiring him over Wayne's stammered objections.

Although Bond and Wayne today are close friends, one would suspect that Duke was a long time forgiving him. Until a few years ago they showed their affection by bashing one another's heads on picture locations, although if an outsider tackled either he'd have to lick both.

The Wayne-Bond feud, encouraged by their benefactor, took amusing turns. One day Bond, six-foot-three, showed up on the set looking as tall as the six-foot-four Wayne. Wayne studied him a moment and went to his dressing room. When he came out he had regained his height advantage. Without a word, Bond excused himself.

In the next scene he was strangely able to look Wayne level in the eye. After the scene Wayne went back to his dressing room and returned, again looking down on his elongated colleague.

Knowing what was going on, Ford welcomed the chance to embarrass the contestants. "All right," he stormed, "take off the wedgies before you get out of camera range."

The red-faced actors thereupon removed the lifts from their heels.

Wayne's devotion to the director is dog-like. "If Ford gets mad at someone, Duke does too," a friend vows.

"I owe him everything," Duke explains simply.

The debt *is* big. Following the submarine picture incident when the prop boy's unscheduled stunting saved an expensive scene, Ford kept Wayne working and promised, "Some day I'll make you a star."

He tried in "The Big Trail," talking Raoul Walsh into using Duke. But the picture, on an experimental big screen, was a flop because the depression prevented exhibitors from installing costly new projectors.

Wayne went back to rounding up little dogies in a half dozen little Western quickies at a time, finally getting a contract at Republic's sagebrush plant.

If he never contributed another thing to pictures, Western fans can thank Wayne for putting blood in their heroes' veins. Until Duke entered the scene, villains could break the leading man's head with chairs and tables but the latter, by some strange code of the times, had to fight "fair and square."

"It doesn't make sense," Duke argued. "If a guy slugs you with a beer bottle you don't make like the Marquis of Queensberry." He insisted on equal rights to roughhousing and the fans enjoyed the spectacle of their hero trading kicks in the stomach with the bad men.

About this time Ford was preparing to shoot "Stagecoach," and he insisted on the comparatively unknown Duke for the role of the "Ringo Kid." Producer Walter Wanger wanted a bigger star. "No Wayne, no picture," Ford said and won.

The picture was a wide cut above the average Western, depending on human relationships for its values as well as on the customary chase. Wayne explains it this way, "Ten wagons turning over on people you don't know is exciting but it isn't as good a scene as, say Butch Jenkins, whom you like, stubbing his toe."

Long a favorite in the small towns which like a lot of moving in their moving pictures, Wayne became a major attraction in big cities as well. His popularity built slowly in such pictures as "The Long Voyage Home," "Tall In The Saddle," "They Were Expendable" and "Without Reservations."

Unsure of his talents, he cautiously relaxed and deliberately underplayed his scenes, enhancing an impression of inner strength. This, combined with his rugged good looks and warm eyes, made him liked, as movie heroes often are, as a personality more than as an actor. While he "re-acted" with restraint, the fans knew that beneath his handsome leathery exterior beat a gentle, golden heart.

Suddenly, after 20 years of acting, he became one of the most popular stars in the business with "Fort Apache," followed by "Red River," "The Fighting Kentuckian," "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Sands of Iwo Jima," for which he won nomination for an Academy award, and "Rio Grande." In a forthcoming movie, he plays Genghis Khan in "The Conqueror" for RKO.

After "Operation Pacific," Wayne and Fellows went into business for themselves, releasing through Warner Brothers: "Big Jim McLain," "Trouble Along The Way," "Plunder Of The Sun" starring Glenn Ford, "Island In The Sky," "Hondo," "The High and the Mighty," "Track of the Cat," and "The Sea Chase," Wayne's most recent picture.

While charming the ladies on the screen he was being divorced by his first wife, Josephine Saenz, mother of his four children. In 1946 he married another Latin, Mexican actress Esperanza Baur. The marriage ended in divorce in 1953.

Currently he is seen most often with Peruvian actress Pilar Pallette, another dark beauty. Friends twit him for being in a romantic rut.

To friends who can't understand why he works so hard, Wayne explains: "In Hollywood, we make fun of the producers, say they have no talent and don't do anything. But they live in those big houses on the hill. I live in a little two-bedroom house. I want to live in one of those big houses on the hill."

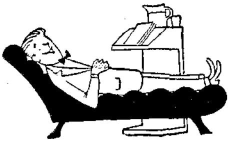
This all work and no play, friends fear, is making Duke a dull boy. He has no hobbies and has all but forsaken his love of outdoor sports. His only relaxation comes from swimming occasionally—"I get all the exercise I need working"—and from dancing. The dancing, something new for him, has brought serious charges from his sweat-stained colleagues that he's "going social."

In time, Wayne says, he may make pictures for television because he believes that some kind of pay-as-you-see TV will reward producers with five times the revenue they now get from movie houses. Recently he rejected an offer of a quarter million dollars to film a five-minute narration for each of 16 old Wayne pictures, not under his control, now screening on TV.

"I'd rather save any endorsement for my own TV pictures," he explains, denying he fears competition from the 16 for his theater films. "Why, those TV films are building a new audience of kids for me."

Thus big Duke Wayne promises to get bigger. Or as an exhibitor said recently, "There's nothing wrong with the movies that a half dozen John Waynes wouldn't cure."

That's Logic



ALAN YOUNG, invited to address a psychiatrists' convention, remarked: "I suppose they want me to lie down and say a few words."

—ERSKINE JOHNSON (*Photoplay*)

What happens when a jungle cat runs wild through city streets?

The Great Leopard Hunt

by **PHIL DESSAUER**

THE BIG ATTRACTION at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Oklahoma City, is not the fine collection of live animals but the stuffed figure of a dead one—a male leopard in a glass-encased shrine, looking as peaceful as a pussycat. This 100 pounds of man-hating fury, fired by a rebellious spirit that lifted him in a tremendous leap to freedom, gained fame as the quarry in one of the strangest hunts ever held.

The leopard gave six teen-age boys the shock of their lives in the early afternoon of Saturday, February 25, 1950, as they were sauntering through the zoo. Suddenly, ten feet from them, a fierce spotted face appeared over the top of the leopard den. Then their popping eyes saw the big cat pull himself onto the wall and jump nimbly to a wooden fence to consider his next move.

The boys didn't stop to consider theirs. They turned and ran as if the beast were clawing at their heels.

"The leopard's escaping!" they shouted to the first man they saw. But he didn't believe them (who ever heard of a leopard escaping from a zoo?).

The panting youngsters dashed to the home of a park maintenance man and found a believer. He grabbed a .22 rifle, yelled for a co-worker to call Zoo Director Julian Frazier, and the Great Leopard Hunt was on.

In less than half an hour the zoo was an armed camp. Police manned the gates to keep out visitors; inside, a posse of officers and park employees, armed with shotguns and rifles, combed the 20-acre grounds.

"Shoot to kill!" Frazier, the 43-year-old zookeeper, told them grimly. "This cat is fresh from the jungles of India, and leopards will kill for pleasure."

As if by some special signal, other animals in the zoo set up a noisy clamor. Humans seemed to catch it, too, for a hundred or more persons quickly gathered along the wire fence enclosing the area. As tension mounted, one curious woman was lucky to escape with her life—she had picked a bad day to wear her leopard-skin coat.

Several farmers arrived with coon dogs. Keepers led the way to the leopard den, but the dogs wanted no part of it. An army-trained German police dog showed more enthusiasm, nosing boldly into the den and then trailing off to the north of the zoo. But he found no trace of the cat.

The posse searched and researched the grounds, probing into every conceivable hiding-place and faring no better than the dogs. Frazier called off the hunt at dusk. But after the others had gone, the zoo director roamed the area in a pickup truck, still looking for the snarling beast that had caused nothing but trouble ever since his arrival with his mate a week before.

The male was first placed in a grotto usually reserved for tigers, but within a few hours, keepers saw him spring 12 feet straight up and hook his claws on a ledge just short of freedom.

They moved him to the deepest den in the zoo, where leopards had been kept for 14 years. Here visitors, protected by a rail fence, looked at him over a sheer wall with an 18-foot drop to the den. There was a moat ten feet wide at the bottom and then a rise at the rear of the grotto, where the animals usually stayed.

The new leopard was undaunted by the shift. At first he assaulted the walls directly, but received nothing but bruises for his efforts. After several attempts with this method he got smart.

His new idea was two jumps in one. Hurling himself against a side wall, the freedom-hungry cat landed on his feet and pushed himself up toward the top of the front barrier. It was a jungle version of the carom in billiards. Leaping desperately night and day, finally he made the top; and now he was loose somewhere in or near a city of 250,000 persons.

The next morning, Sunday, it looked as though Oklahoma City had decided to hunt leopard instead of going to church. Frazier had planned on a methodical search by a small group of gun-experienced men. Instead, he found the hunt turned into a Roman holiday by amateur riflemen, family picnickers, small boys with cowboy boots and cap guns, and dogs aplenty.

A 20-man group of Marine reservists equipped with M1 rifles, three walkie-talkies and a jeep, beat the bushes along the creek bottoms northeast of the zoo. When a man and his wife reported catching a glimpse of the cat in a brush area several miles away, a grass fire was set to burn him out. Grimly the Marines surrounded the flaming trap, rifles ready. There was sudden movement, and out ran a frightened yellow house cat and a couple of rabbits.

Fortunately, no one was killed during the day's confusion. One shotgun went off, but it pointed skyward.

Shortly after midnight, two hunters posted near an entrance to the zoo reported seeing the leopard crawl under the fence as if returning home. Frazier identified hairs clinging to the fence as those of the leopard; and the zoo's wild hogs, which had reacted frantically when the leopard escaped, began snorting and squealing again. Daylight showed that a piece of drugged meat, placed near the leopard's den in the night, was missing.

By Monday morning the entire nation was leopard-conscious. Zookeepers and professional hunters offered their services, mail poured in suggesting everything from catnip to soft music to lure the beast back to captivity. Reports of leopard-sightings arrived from as far as 950 miles away, and at least one father accompanied his son on his newspaper route with loaded rifle.

The Red Cross declared Oklahoma City a disaster area, sending a mobile canteen to the zoo with doughnuts and coffee as more than 100 men—Marine and naval reservists, park attendants and experienced hunters—resumed the search.

An Army helicopter flew in from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, joining a B-25 bomber and trainer planes in aerial reconnaissance. Trained dogs from Colorado worked as far as 17 miles northeast of the zoo. Other dog-parties flew in from Pecos, Texas, and Savannah, Georgia.

Every few minutes there was a new report of cattle frightened by an animal, the sighting of a "giant paw-print" or a marauder in someone's chicken-yard.

The hottest tip of the day came when the police radio reported the leopard was seen sleeping on a streetcar track. Excited hunters rushed to the scene only to find the "cat" was a big yellow dog.

Zoo employees placed two pieces of horsemeat saturated with chloral hydrate, a sleep-producing drug, in the doorway of a tunnel leading behind the leopard den. The doors of the tunnel were left open in a welcome-home gesture. At 2 A.M. Tuesday, the medicated meatballs were gone.

Euel Moore, Oklahoma state game ranger, entered the tunnel doorway and flashed a light. In a head-high recess over the tunnel wall he glimpsed a patch of tawny fur, with spots. The doors were quickly locked.

Magically, a crowd gathered—policemen, park employees, reporters, photographers. Dr. W. O. Bowerman, zoo veterinarian, whistled and called to the leopard, which blinked groggily. "He's a drunk cat," he said, "but he's not going to be out much longer."

Frazier, Bowerman and James Ward, a zoo employee, went through another service tunnel to the rear gate of the one in which the leopard was trapped. The cat now was six or eight feet from the iron grill double-door gate. Ward pulled one door open, Bowerman the other.

Frazier judged the distance, and tossed a rope that had been made into a noose. It slipped off the leopard's head. The cat swayed dazedly; Frazier threw again, again, again. The fourth toss connected.

The zoo director jumped back behind the barred doors, and Ward and Bowerman slammed them shut. Now all three pulled and the still-drowsy animal was dragged across the floor until his head was tight against the grill of the door.

Behind him, the outer doors of the tunnel were opened and helpers brought in a shipping case with a sliding door. The case was slipped

over the cat and the door banged down, trapping him.

Frazier's freely-perspiring face relaxed into a smile for the first time in 61 hours. The Great Leopard Hunt was over.

The news of his capture was hardly on the press wires when messages of congratulation began to arrive. There had, it seemed, been almost as much sympathy for the cat as for his potential victims.

Taken to the zoo hospital still dopey from the effects of his horse-meat, he was given a stimulant and expected to be up and dreaming of freedom again in a few hours. But hours passed and the animal lay still. At 5:45 P.M. a zoo attendant checked his condition and found he wasn't breathing. The attendant pumped his legs but could arouse no heartbeat. The leopard had found escape at last.

The city council decided to place the stuffed figure on display and thousands of people still drive many miles out of their way to see the leopard and the place where he escaped.

"But where did he go?" they ask.

The men who led the search believe he spent his days of freedom prowling in the brush along the creek bottoms, the amateur hunters being no match for his jungle-sharpened cunning.

"And why did he finally return to his den?"

Some think rain drove him to shelter; others that he was lonely for his mate. Cynics insist he took a good look at civilization and hurried back to captivity. But the best guess seems to be that the wily leopard, after foiling all efforts of men and their devices, simply fell prey to nature's own trap—hunger.

Explanations Are in Order

NIJINSKY, the greatest dancer of his time, constantly confounded his colleagues and his public with his amazing leaps, which were marvels of beauty.

"How do you ever do them?" asked a friend one night, after watching the dancer from the wings.

"Oh, it's quite simple," replied Nijinsky. "All you have to do is jump into the air—and pause a little." —*Tatler*

TELEPHONE OPERATORS have long been known for their calmness in emergencies. In a little Kentucky town when a violent explosion rocked buildings, the chief operator got up from the board, closed a window and explained to the girls on duty, "It might rain after all that thunder." —*Telephone Review*

A JUMP MASTER walking through a training plane asked each parachute trooper whether he liked to jump. Every soldier answered with an enthusiastic "Yes, sir" except the last one, who emphatically replied: "No, sir, I hate it."

Asked why he stuck to the paratroops instead of transferring to another branch of the service, the lad replied: " 'Cause I like to be around the fellows that like to jump."

—RUTH MONTGOMERY (*New York Daily News*)

LOSER AT LOVE

by BETTY WHITE

THE TALL YOUNG man in the buff and blue uniform of a colonel in His Majesty's Provincial Militia dismounted, bone-weary, before the Hudson River mansion of his friend Beverley Robinson and shook snow from his cloak.

Ushered into the living room, the officer was greeted warmly by Robinson and his wife, Susannah, and then presented to Susannah's sister, Mary Phillipse. The Colonel straightened to his full six-feet-two and bowed, brightening noticeably. There was something about the sparkling charm of this dark-haired, brown-eyed girl that had an immediate effect.

Soon he was telling Mary Phillipse of the war with the French and Indians in which he recently had been engaged, of his troubles at Fort Necessity where the British Regulars had refused to accept orders from a Militia colonel.

When he rose to toss a log on the fire, he discovered that Susannah and Beverley had slipped quietly away.

Gradually, under the subtle guidance of the radiant young girl, the mood of conversation changed. The Colonel began to talk of his home in Virginia. With an embarrassed smile, he confessed he did not enjoy life as a soldier but preferred to be a tobacco farmer. He shyly admitted to his bad temper which he fought to control, to the attacks of nervous depression which he suffered, to the great pride which lay behind his often retiring manner.

When the chill of false dawn crept into the room, the Colonel became silent, thoughtful. Something for him was coming to an end—something he did not wish to end, ever. Falteringly he spoke:

"Miss Phillipse—" He hesitated. "Miss Phillipse—Mary, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, I must ask a sincere question. I arrived here a tired and forlorn man. Your graciousness, your intelligence, your charm have—oh, Mary, it is as though we have known each other for years. Please, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

Mary Phillipse lowered her eyes. "Colonel, I am sorry. You honor me greatly. But I—my heart has already been given to another."

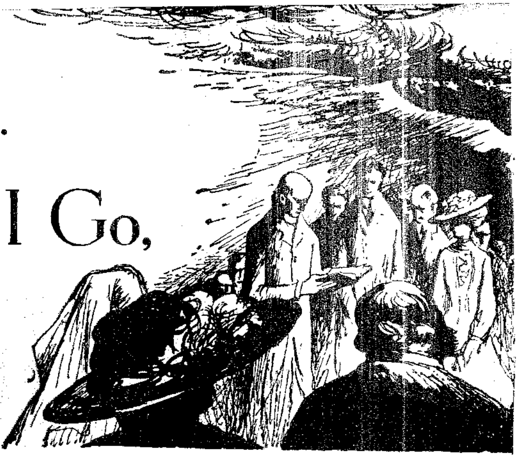
The Colonel rose slowly, and bowed. "God bless you," he murmured. "Please deliver my gratitude to your sister and brother-in-law for—for the opportunity of meeting you. I shall never forget you, Mary."

The tall man flung his military cloak about his broad shoulders and turned to the door. George Washington had suffered his first major defeat.

Betty White appears on more than 100 TV stations as star of the Guild Films production of "Life With Elizabeth."

Over patient after patient Nurse Toppan murmured . . .

"Everywhere I Go, DEATH"



by **JACK ROSS**

IT WAS HOT in Cataumet the morning they buried Mattie Davis, and the solemn file of men and women who followed her plain pine casket up Cemetery Hill sweltered in their stiff black Sunday clothes. The words of the psalm—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death"—seemed to hang beneath the motionless pines. Beyond, the waters of Buzzard's Bay were glassy still, the backdrop for a moment suspended in time. It was July 7, 1901.

Then it was over. The mourners turned their backs on the newly-made grave—the widower, old Captain Davis, now a little older, a trifle more bent; his married daughters, Mary Gibbs and Annie Gordon; relatives from Cambridge; and most of the inhabitants of the little Cape Cod fishing village.

One last mourner gazed fixedly at the open grave—a plump, matronly woman whose bland face betrayed nothing of what she felt or thought as she tossed a handful of earth on the coffin. Then she too turned and, muttering an inaudible sentence, started down the hill.

She was a nurse named Jane Toppan. It was she, an old friend, whom Mattie Davis had journeyed to Cambridge to visit; she who had cared for the captain's wife in her sudden delirium; and, finally, she who had sent the tragic word—"Mattie is dead"—and accompanied the pine box back to Cataumet.

Now, in the house of bereavement, Nurse Toppan prepared for the trip home.

"You're not leaving us now, are you, Jane?" asked Alden Davis, distressed.

"Yes, I'd best be on my way."

"But Annie is ailing. And I'm not well either. We'd all feel much easier if you stayed a few days."

Nurse Toppan stood silently for a moment, gazing out the window. Then she said, "Everywhere I go, death seems to follow me. It would be best for all of you if I left."

"No, no," Davis replied sharply. "We need you."

And so the nurse agreed to remain, but her words clung in the old man's mind. "Everywhere I go, death . . ."

It was true. A blight seemed to hover over Nurse Toppan's patients, and despite her skillful care and tender ministrations they faltered, seemingly just at the point of

recovery, and slipped away from her. There had been her foster sister, Mrs. O. M. Brigham, in Lowell; Myra Connors and Mr. and Mrs. Israel Dunham in Cambridge; and others, many others. But without exception, their families had expressed gratitude for Nurse Toppan's efforts, and even extended to her their sympathy.

The summer days, hot and oppressive, faded one into another in the cottage of Alden Davis. Annie Gordon, his ailing daughter, seemed to rally but had to rest frequently; and Nurse Toppan cared for her two small children, too. Occasionally she sent a postcard to Annie's husband in Chicago, assuring him that all was well.

Then, on a night when the heat broke in violent storm, Captain Davis was awakened by a sharp call. He hurried to where a single light glimmered beside Annie's bed: she lay there writhing in coma while Nurse Toppan bathed her feverish brow.

"You had best call Dr. Walters quickly, Captain," said the nurse. "I am afraid she is sinking."

Davis went to telephone as Nurse Toppan turned back to the moaning girl. "I'm afraid, Nurse. I'm afraid." She tossed fretfully.

"There, there," crooned Nurse Toppan, deftly inserting a hypodermic needle into Annie's arm.

Captain David returned to the room, a helpless, hopeless look on his aged face. Wind and rain beat against the house and in each lull, he listened for Annie's breathing. She seemed quieter.

Soon the doctor was bustling up the steps, looking at the girl, feeling her pulse, then turning to face father and nurse: "This girl is dead."

Two days later, a stunned, grief-stricken husband and a trembling, heartsick old man led a new procession on the now-familiar journey up the long hill to the burial ground. Again Nurse Toppan prepared to leave. Again Captain Davis asked her to stay.

"I feel I should have done something," she said heavily. "Now I can't bear to look at those motherless tots."

"You mustn't blame yourself, Jane," said the old man listlessly. "You did all that was humanly possible. Please stay."

And Nurse Toppan stayed.

A few days after his daughter's funeral, Captain Davis went to Boston and returned late in the evening, exhausted from the trip. Nurse Toppan gave him a sedative and helped him to his room.

"You'll be fine in the morning," she said soothingly.

But in the morning Captain Davis did not come down for breakfast; and when his daughter, Mary Gibbs, went to call him, he was beyond answering. Mouth agape and face gray, the old man lay dead.

"It must have been a stroke,"

said the nurse. "The grief and all."

Mary Gibbs was the last of the Davises now. Her husband, Captain Irving Gibbs, was at sea and, in the grip of a strange uneasiness, Mary sent for a cousin, Beulah Jacobs, to come and stay with her.

In the town, whenever a group of people met, there was hushed talk of the mysterious tragedy that had carried off three of the Davises so quickly. For hours, Mary Gibbs sat staring through the window toward the cemetery. The color faded from her cheeks and fear clouded her eyes.

"NEW TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES"

A report on a recently developed ointment—available at drugstores—which alleviates facial blemishes. Next month in Coronet

One afternoon, Nurse Toppan came into the sitting room with a glass. "Dr. Walters prescribed this. It will do you good."

The girl took the glass and drank its colorless contents. An hour later she told her cousin: "I feel perfectly awful."

Mrs. Jacobs and Nurse Toppan helped Mary to her room. For a while, her dilated eyes fluttered from one to the other without accurately focusing on either. Then she slipped into a restless sleep. Before dawn, Jane Toppan still at her side, Mary Gibbs began thrashing in her bed, moaning. Shortly after daybreak she was dead.

By the time Captain Gibbs returned from his voyage, unaware that his wife had died, Nurse Toppan was gone from Cataumet to tend a patient in Lowell. Someone came forward to reveal that the suggestion of an autopsy on the body of Mary Gibbs had been rebuffed by Nurse Toppan: "The poor child told me to look after her and I'm going to do it—even now."

The doctors spoke up. It would have seemed that Mary died of morphine poisoning—except for one thing: the dilation of her eye-pupils. Remembering, Dr. Walters revealed that the symptoms of each of the Davises had been identical.

It was enough for Captain Gibbs. He went to the police. Detective J. H. Whitney listened somberly as the story was unfolded, then he called the medical examiner. A chemist was consulted. That night, whispered word spread through Cataumet that they were going to dig up Mary Gibbs' coffin.

Low-hanging clouds obscured the moon, lanterns cast flickering shadows over Cemetery Hill and only the sound of scraping shovels broke the stillness as Captain Gibbs and Detective Whitney in tight-lipped silence watched the earth yield its burden. In a nearby barn, the medical examiner removed the vital organs and dispatched them to Prof. E. S. Wood at Harvard.

Meanwhile it was learned that Jane Toppan, who proudly told one and all that she had been head nurse at Cambridge Hospital, had been discharged from that institution when it was revealed that she wasn't even a graduate nurse. Her certificate had been forged.

Three days later, the medical examiner handed a telegram to Detective Whitney: "Have found large traces of morphine in the viscera. (signed) Wood."

"We had best locate Miss Toppan at once," said Whitney. "There are some things she must account for."

She was born not Jane Toppan, but Honora Kelly. Her father was a tailor who, in the midst of a seemingly normal existence, suddenly went berserk. People took to calling him Kelly the Crack, and before long he was committed to a Massachusetts insane asylum.

For a while, little Nora lived with her grandmother, and then was placed in a Boston orphanage. It was there, when she was seven, that Mr. and Mrs. Abner Toppan of Lowell, whose daughter was already grown, came looking for a child to share their home.

They changed Honora Kelly's name to their own; they did everything they could to make her feel wanted and loved and, in the girl's early years, they seemingly succeeded. Then something happened to Jane Toppan: she fell in love. The young man seemed to return her affections at first and gave her a handsome ring. Then he left Lowell to seek a better job and the next thing Jane knew, he was married.

She fell to brooding and rarely left the house. She bought dream books. Once she tried to commit suicide.

Jane was almost 29 when, unexpectedly, she announced to her foster parents that she was going to become a nurse. She enrolled in a Cambridge hospital and quickly became a favorite of the staff for her industriousness.

One thing alone was wrong: other students began to wonder aloud why she spent so much time watching autopsies. Then, when an obviously recuperating patient died suddenly, the doctors called Jane Toppan in for questioning, but nothing was reported to the police. When she was later discharged for forging her nursing certificate, Jane Toppan went out among the old and the sick "to comfort them in their neediest hours."

LATE ON THE EVENING of October 29, 1901, Detective Whitney reached the home of George Nichols in Amherst, New Hampshire. Jane, still heeding the call of the old and the sick, opened the door.

"Miss Toppan," said the police officer crisply, "please collect your things. You are under arrest for the murder of Mrs. Irving Gibbs."

The color drained from Nurse Toppan's ruddy cheeks, but she did as she was bid. Once back in Massachusetts, however, she regained her aplomb. At her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty.

Meanwhile, police had begun a grisly chore. All over eastern Massachusetts, bodies long at rest were removed from their graves and examined by Professor Wood. Without exception, he reported, each one of Jane Toppan's suspected victims was killed by morphine. A systematic search of Cape Cod drug records led to the pharmacy of Benjamin Waters in Wareham. Yes, said Waters, Nurse Toppan had bought morphine in his store, 120 quarter-grains. He produced a doctor's prescription for each one. All were forgeries.

And now a strange thing happened. Men and women who remembered the sympathy and kindnesses of the round-faced nurse sprang to her defense. Relatives of many of her deceased patients collected money for a defense fund.

An alienist, Dr. Henry R. Stedman, visited Jane Toppan in her cell from time to time, chatting about nothing in particular. Noticing her increasing tenseness, he began to talk of sickness and death and, finally, of murder. "Did you kill them, Jane?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, "I killed them. I killed all of them. They were sick and I eased their suffering. I had to do it. It relieved me."

She told how she had injected morphine first, then atropine to hide the poison's symptoms. She told how she would wait until her patients were almost well, the better to feel her own strength and power when she killed them. She would stand by the bedside, watching, watching, as the morphine reduced the patient's pupils to mere dots; then she would administer atropine and, when the eyes were wide and vacant, start over again.

Altogether, she named 31 victims; but the police later had good reason to believe that there were perhaps 70 others. Nothing determined her choice of victims but the need to kill, an urge which became more compelling with each death.

The confession broke like a storm over Massachusetts. Nothing more was heard of the defense funds.

The trial opened on June 23, 1902, with Nurse Toppan clutching a hand rail for support as Dr. Stedman took the stand. After reporting her confession, he concluded: "Jane Toppan is suffering from a form of insanity that can never be cured."

She was committed for life to the Taunton State Hospital. Once there, she alternated between a frenzied fear that someone was about to poison her, and the sweet simplicity of a child.

On the morning of August 17, 1938, Jane didn't get out of bed. By noon, aged 81, she was dead.

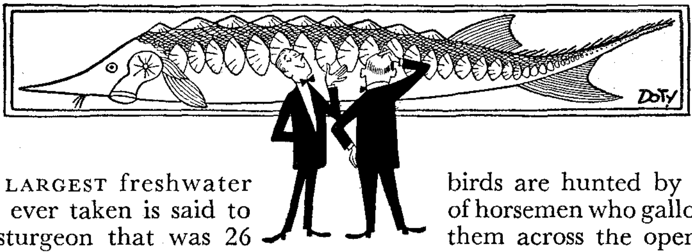
Newcomers to the asylum remembered her as a quiet old lady who caused no trouble. But there were others who recalled how, now and then, she would sidle up to them. "Get some morphine, dearie," she would whisper, "and we'll go out in the ward . . ."

The Other Word

(Answers to quiz on page 29)

1. Timbre; 2. Specie; 3. Indiscreet; 4. Mendacity; 5. Impassible; 6. Bathos; 7. Ordinance; 8. Insidious; 9. Mantel; 10. Albumen; 11. Extant; 12. Scrip; 13. Urbane; 14. Caret; 15. Divers; 16. Conjugation; 17. Aviary; 18. Affluent; 19. Comportment; 20. Climactic; 21. Venial; 22. Ingenuous; 23. Peremptory; 24. Immanent; 25. Proscription; 26. Conducive; 27. Plutonic; 28. Descant; 29. Personalty; 30. Bloc; 31. Ethnical; 32. Deprecate; 33. Palette; 34. Complement; 35. Descry; 36. Canon; 37. Antinomy; 38. Allusion; 39. Expansive; 40. Calender; 41. Compote; 42. Gamboling; 43. Nave; 44. Knead; 45. Rapt; 46. Rein; 47. Rite; 48. Roil; 49. Canapé; 50. Canvass; 51. Dragoon; 52. Serial; 53. Sine; 54. Corespondent; 55. Statute; 56. Tort; 57. Topographer; 58. Lien; 59. Proem; 60. Precept; 61. Prescience; 62. Lineament; 63. Idyl; 64. Tic; 65. Tryst; 66. Motif; 67. Whet; 68. Staid; 69. Ocher; 70. Portent.

OLD MOTHER NATURE



THE LARGEST freshwater fish ever taken is said to be a sturgeon that was 26 feet long and weighed a total of 3,221 pounds—which should be large enough to make it bigger than some of those that "got away."

FIREFLIES ARE NOT FLIES and glowworms are not worms: they are both beetles. Their signal lights help them find their mates; and they warn off night-feeding birds, most of which do not like the taste of luminous insects.

ONE OF THE MANY fascinating tales Australian natives tell about the animals of their continent is that of certain frogs which store enough water in their bodies to last them from 12 to 18 months. When squeezed, the frogs give out one or two teaspoonsful of clear, pure water, which the natives drink when no other supply is available.

THE BIRD CALLED the dodo is now extinct, but there are still the aye-aye, a species of monkey; the dik-dik, a kind of antelope; the kaka, New Zealand parrot; and the tsetse fly of Africa.

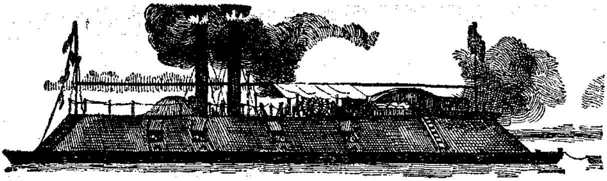
THE NOMADIC TRIBESMEN of southern Iran have developed an ingenious method of hunting partridges. Because shotgun shells are worth more than partridges, the birds are hunted by groups of horsemen who gallop after them across the open plain until the partridges are so tired that their wings can no longer lift them into the air. Then the horsemen dismount and pick up the exhausted birds, the average take being four partridges per man.

ONE OF THE MOST exaggerated perils of our time is snake bite. National vital statistics show that in 1950, there were only 51 deaths from "Bites and Stings of Venomous Animals and Insects," which category includes snake bite. Death is not a pleasant prospect to discuss, needless to say; all the same, if you figure 51 deaths out of a population of 160,000,000 people, you come up with a percentage that is pretty small.

A BULLET IN FLIGHT starts to fall the instant it leaves the gun, no matter what you have heard to the contrary. The bullet's actual motion is affected by rotation, wind velocity, air resistance and the like, but if you could shoot a bullet straight ahead in a total vacuum, it would reach the ground at exactly the same time as one of equal weight dropped vertically from the same height.

—RAY NELSON, *The Rod and Gun Club of the Air* (Greenberg)

James B. Eads, a dreamer of bold dreams, was . . .



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by **Richard Match**

In august, 1861, the Union cause was in a bad way. In the East, the Federal armies were still reeling from the disaster of Bull Run; on the Mississippi, the Confederates had set up bristling forts to blockade down-river traffic and were slowly throttling the commerce of the vigorous young Western states.

In that extremity, President Lincoln called to Washington a great American and a great river man, Capt. James Buchanan Eads of St. Louis—industrialist, inventor, engineering genius and consummator of mighty projects.

Eads knew the Mississippi the way more conventional engineers knew their textbooks. He had already, at 40, made a fortune salvaging sunken river cargoes, and before his career was over he was to tame the "Father of Waters" and confound the textbook men with two of the greatest construction projects of the century. The President had chosen well.

On August 7, 1861, Eads signed a contract at Washington to build seven ironclad river gunboats for the Federal navy. The timber was not yet cut nor the iron rolled, but 100 days later the gunboats were on the river.

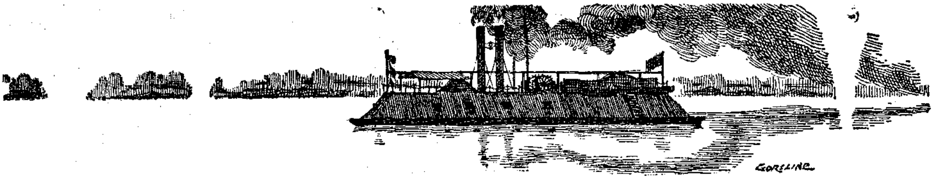
When the fleet moved on Fort Henry and captured it single-handed, the gloom of Bull Run vanished. Whistles blew, bonfires blazed, men embraced in the streets.

Captain Eads had reason to be proud of his "iron turtles." His gunboat, the *St. Louis*, was the first ironclad built in America and the first ironclad that ever engaged a naval force in the world. (The *St. Louis* went into action exactly 30 days before Ericsson's *Monitor* met the *Merrimac*.)

James B. Eads, born in 1820 in the Indiana backwoods, early revealed mechanical talents. One day, he mystified his mother and sisters with a small model steamboat that scuttled speedily across the floor. The secret of its motive power was simple: the Eads steamboat was powered by a concealed rat. Man and boy, James Eads was always ready to use any device that worked.

At 13, young James concluded his formal schooling and moved to St. Louis with his parents. For five years he was a dry-goods clerk. His employer noticed his mechanical ingenuity and gave him his first book on engineering.

At 19, desiring to see his parents,



who had then moved to Iowa, more often, he obtained a position as purser on a river steamer.

Eads spent three years as a purser, beginning the study of the Mississippi which became his absorbing interest. He came to know the tricky giant as only river pilots did, memorized mile by mile its shifty shoals and currents. And beyond the apparent caprice he sensed a design: the river, he came to believe, was "controlled by laws as fixed and certain as those which direct the heavenly bodies."

When the Civil War ended, Eads plunged into the angry controversy over the proposed Mississippi River bridge at St. Louis. The river there is 2,200 feet wide and 50 deep at high water. But beneath its bottom is nearly 90 feet of quivering mud. Twenty-seven leading civil engineers signed a statement saying no bridge could stand in that shifting ooze. Eads said it could—and he knew the river bottom through his years of salvage operations.

Mississippi mud, Eads agreed, would never support a bridge—but the rock deep beneath it would. "We must," he said, "fasten our piers to bedrock."

Engineers scoffed. Bedrock lay 136 feet below the surface. Construction at that depth had never been attempted. And the three 500-foot steel arches that Eads proposed to span the river were of unprecedented length.

Eads brushed aside their objections. While traveling for his health in Holland he had seen a successful steel-arch bridge about half as long as the arch he proposed—close enough to show it could be done. And at Vichy he had observed French engineers experimenting on small bridge jobs with a device entirely new to Americans: an underwater caisson and compressed-air chamber.

Precedents, he insisted, had nothing to do with bridge-building. It was altogether a question of money. Brains plus dollars could lick any technical obstacle.

As chief engineer of the St. Louis bridge company, Eads proceeded in 1869 to attack some of the most difficult problems ever faced by an engineer. Huge wrought-iron caissons were built and floated into place, and men went below to begin the deepest submarine work ever attempted. The caissons were a sensation of the day. So many sightseers besieged the project that work had to be suspended.

And then an unknown terror struck—the "bends," deadly enemy of underwater workers. Of 600 air-chamber workmen, 119 were affected and 14 died. Little was known of the dread "caisson disease," but Eads instituted all likely safety measures and cared for the victims with his private means—unusual magnanimity for a 19th-century employer.

Down and down the caissons sank until they struck smooth, water-worn bedrock: proof that any bridge less deeply founded would have collapsed in the first flood. Slowly, stubbornly, the piers rose above the river and the arches reached across.

There was another unexpected delay. Andrew Carnegie, who held the steel contract, ordered his workmen to tear up the nearly finished roadway because his bill had not been met on time. Only a swift compromise prevented a minor war between the Eads and Carnegie work crews.

The winter of 1873-74 was very severe, but by Christmas a metal footway had been flung across the tide, and people could actually walk across the Mississippi. But what about heavy traffic? Were the long graceful arches strong enough to bear great weights? Eads ran 14 huge fully-loaded tenders onto the center span at one time. There was not the slightest sign of strain.

On July 4, 1874, with President Grant on hand for the imposing ceremonies, the Eads Bridge was officially opened, and for 80 years it has withstood and triumphed over the most frequently flooded river in the U. S.

It is still one of the most graceful and useful structures ever built. Even today, 80 years later, it carries a large volume of railroad freight.

The St. Louis span made Eads world famous. Some years later, at the request of the Sultan's grand vizier, he drew plans for a great iron bridge across the Bosporus. But while St. Louis' bridge was nearing completion, the man who had already straddled America's mightiest stream proposed to put a "harness in the river's mouth."

As it nears the Gulf 100 miles below New Orleans, the Mississippi divides itself into a number of mouths or "passes." The muddy yellow current spreads out sluggishly, and just before slipping into the sea, drops its burden of sediment—soil torn from the farms of half a continent.

The huge sand-bars thus formed at the entrance to each pass had baffled engineers and endangered commerce for 200 years. Bucket-dredging was tried, and dynamite and harrowing—all to no avail. The greatest depth of water a sea captain could count on remained, as it had always been, 14 feet. Large modern ships required twice that.

At one time in 1859, $7,500,000 worth of cargo lay rotting at the mud-choked river mouth—17 vessels waiting to enter the river, 35 waiting to leave, and three caught on the bar. Wiser shipmasters shunned New Orleans, and the city seemed headed for permanent economic decline.

A large problem demanded a large remedy. Eads supplied it when he proposed to build two huge jetties, extensions of the river's natural banks, two and a half miles into the Gulf. Constrict the river's flow, he said, allowing the full force of the current to pour upon the sand bars, and the river itself will wash all obstructions from its path.

With his engineering solution,

Eads combined one of the boldest financial propositions ever submitted to the U. S. Government: his famous "no-cure-no-pay" plan. He would build the jetties at his own expense at the main river mouth. If he increased the channel depth from 14 to 30 feet, the Government would pay him $5,000,000. If there was no increase at all, the Government would pay nothing.

Army engineers in charge of navigable waters were scornful. River sages shook their heads. Congressmen conferred, investigated, and finally authorized the Mississippi jetty "experiment" to be built at a secondary river outlet, the South Pass.

"So certain as God will spare my life and faculties for two years more," Eads told the skeptics, "I will give the Mississippi River a deep, open, safe and permanent outlet to the sea."

In June, 1875, floating piledrivers made their appearance far out on the Mississippi's lonely delta. There was the feeling of a crusade at the South Pass as the building of twin timber ways far out into the Gulf began.

Eads' plan was simple: huge "mattresses," 100 feet long and 50 wide, were woven from the willows that grew on the river banks, floated into place and sunk with rock. The jetties crept seaward.

Again there were heart-breaking obstacles. Piling collapsed. Gulf gales lashed at the ways. Yellow fever struck.

Eads himself was often busy in the North in a desperate attempt to raise funds. He was a millionaire, but failure at the South Pass would have beggared him. At one time, the jetty payrolls were held up for two months. The men were called together and agreed to stay on the job. The work went on.

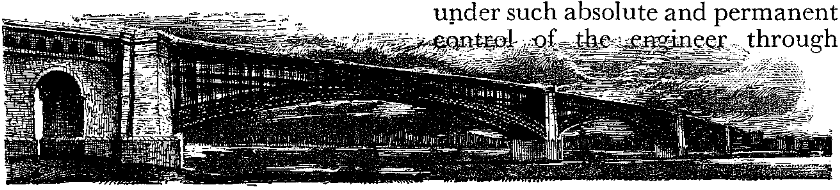
At high water next year, for the first time in its history, the Mississippi flood was asked to pour its 2,000,000 gallon-a-second flow into a man-made halter. The river groaned, churned, boiled up angry yellow mud. Soundings indicated gradually increasing depth—14 feet, 15, 16.

Eads called on his friend, Capt. E. V. Gager, master of the steamer *Hudson*, for the crucial test. The eyes of the nation were on the *Hudson* as she got up steam in the Gulf and approached the river mouth. Would she clear the bar?

The men on board waited tensely for the ominous scraping that would mean failure. It never came. In a few minutes the *Hudson* had slipped between the twin jetties and was steaming triumphantly up-river to New Orleans.

In 1879 the South Pass channel was 30 feet deep; the contract was fulfilled. Eads collected his fee.

There was, an engineer said, "no instance in the world where such a vast volume of water was placed under such absolute and permanent control of the engineer through



methods so economic and simple."

The man who was ignorant of higher mathematics, who had never seen the inside of an engineering college, had become the leading engineer of his time.

A small, bald man, faultlessly dressed, with twinkling Irish eyes, a "hundred-horsepower mouth" and a wiry white beard, Eads now brought forth the most amazing scheme of an amazing lifetime.

In 1879, Ferdinand de Lesseps, famous builder of the Suez Canal, presided over an Interoceanic Canal Congress, at which engineers and statesmen discussed the often-proposed Panama Canal. This gave Eads an opportunity to propose his own scheme for linking the oceans. Once again he was the dissenter.

The ocean distance from New York to California by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the narrow neck of Mexico, was, he pointed out, 2,000 miles shorter than the voyage via the much-publicized Panama route. And at Tehuantepec, Eads proposed to build not a canal but a railroad to carry great ships *overland* from ocean to ocean.

His plan provided for a single track of a dozen parallel rails and a car with 1,200 wheels. On this car was to be mounted a sort of drydock on wheels, into which a loaded ship of 10,000 tons might be floated and securely propped. Monster locomotives would then haul the cradle out of the water, up a slight incline, and across the isthmus to the other ocean 120 miles away. An imposing array of engineers, shipbuilders, and seafaring men declared the plan perfectly sound and feasible.

With characteristic energy, Eads went to Mexico and secured a charter to build the ship-railway. But shortly afterward he suffered another attack of his old illness caused by a lung weakness that had bothered him for thirty years, was ordered to Nassau by his doctors, and there died of pneumonia on March 8, 1887. With the death of its champion, the Tehuantepec project lapsed.

To modern ears, Eads' ship-railway has the sound of a colossal fantasy by Rube Goldberg. But of one thing we may be sure: it was *practical*. In all his life, James B. Eads never proposed anything that wouldn't work.

Had he lived a few years longer, we might today see dreadnaughts and ocean liners rolling through the jungles of Mexico—lifted, as by a giant hand, over the ancient land of the Maya. Eads was a giant, and giants have done stranger things.

"Science," he always insisted, "could do anything, however tremendous, if it had enough money."

Reasonable Question

ON THE FIRST DAY of school the teacher explained that if anyone had to go to the washroom, he should hold up two fingers.

One puzzled little boy plaintively asked: "How's that going to help?"

—DOUGLAS LEECHMAN (in *Quote*)

A little boy gave all he had—his heart

My Favorite Christmas Story

by Dave Garroway

MYSTERIOUS INDEED are the inner workings of a child's mind. In matters of love and loyalty, a child responds with a primitive directness that is touching to behold. Here is my favorite Christmas story—one that never loses the wonderful quality of innocence and yearning which lies in every youngster.

Andy Carter fell in love at the age of six. The object of his intense affection had silky red-brown hair, softly pleading brown eyes and a tiny wrinkled nose. She was a two-month-old cocker spaniel from a very good family, but because she lived with her mother behind the glass window of the most elegant pet shop in town, Andy did not even know her name.

However, he called her "Honey Bun," and performed such feats as skating on one foot in front of the pet-shop window to impress her.

The Christmas season announced itself with the appearance of wreaths and mistletoe in every possible nook, ledge and window, and that included the pet shop. It suddenly occurred to Andy that someone might buy "Honey Bun" and steal her away from him "forever 'n ever."

That night, Andy took his bath without being reminded, put his toys away, brushed his hair, said goodnight and went to bed, also without being reminded. His mother frowned, "He's sick . . ." His father smiled: "It's Christmas—and I'm going to find out what he wants so badly that he has to be so good."

Sure enough, on Christmas morning, Andy capered into the living room, brushed past the bicycle, jumped over the train set, glanced fleetingly at the sled and hockey stick, and sprawled with a scream of delight beside a beribboned basket festooned with bells, in the precise middle of which lay the sleepiest, most bewildered, softest, most lovable puppy ever born.

Andy was so solicitous of "Honey Bun's" health and well-being that he didn't even want to let her walk. "She'll hurt her paws!" he insisted, carrying her about.

"Honey Bun" was a perfect honey by day, but at night, the entire family walked the floor with her. She refused to lie curled up in the blue sleeping basket that Andy had helped his father buy for her. Even a little rubber bone put enticingly next to her was of no avail. She wept and whined and wailed and turned up her sad eyes at the bewildered little boy and his parents.

"What's wrong with her, Daddy?" Andy beseeched his father.

"I think she misses having her mother near when she's asleep."

All next day Andy looked thoughtful and preoccupied. That evening he could be seen making several trips back and forth from various parts of the house to his room, carrying something each time.

At bedtime his parents came in to kiss him goodnight, expecting to be greeted by the whimperings of "Honey Bun." But no, their son was under the covers, and in her basket, next to his bed, was "Honey Bun," sound asleep with only her face poking out of a strange bundle wrapped around her.

"How did you get her to sleep, Andy?" his mother asked.

"Well, Daddy said she missed her mother, so I wrapped her in my fuzzy blanket so it would feel like fur, and I put in a hot-water bag so it would be warm, and then I put her next to me, real close, so she would think my heart was her mother's heart. And pretty soon she fell asleep."

"A Toy-Ful Christmas For Every Child"

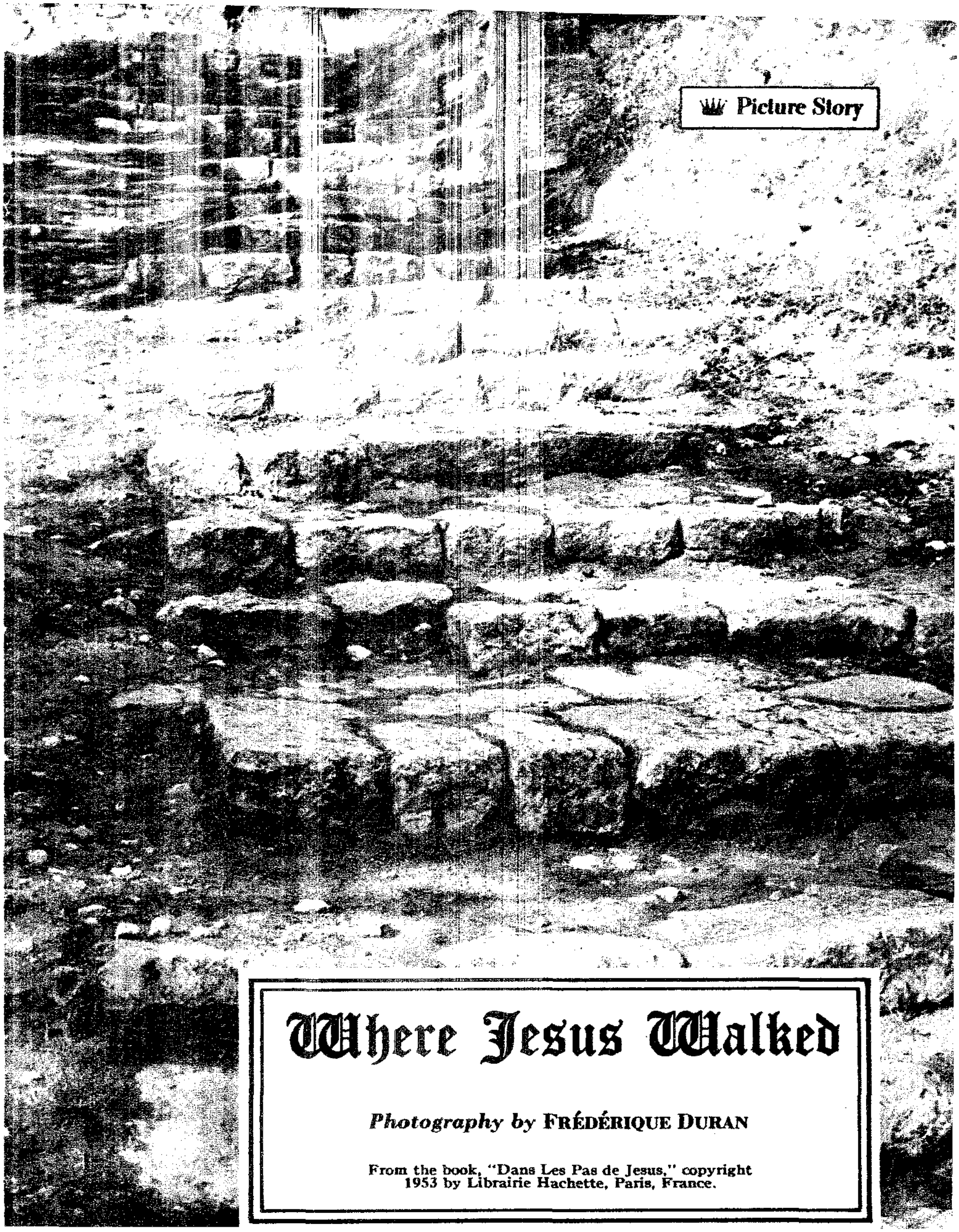
by Carl Weis, Civic Affairs Director of the Moose

THE LOYAL ORDER OF THE MOOSE is happy to join Coronet and Dave Garroway in sponsoring the nationwide drive to provide "A Toy-Ful Christmas for Every Child."

More than a million members of the Moose, a non-sectarian, non-political organization, are establishing depots in cities and towns from coast to coast where you may bring new and undamaged used toys between now and Christmas. These toys will be distributed to needy children in your community on or before December 25th, in cooperation with existing local toy-distribution campaigns.

The toy-collection centers are being set up at stores, gasoline stations, schools, community centers and other locations. Large posters, bearing the names of the Moose, Garroway and Coronet, as sponsors of the drive, will mark the location of each center. Please look for these posters and help us to provide "A Toy-Ful Christmas for Every Child."

For further announcements and "box scores" regarding the drive, tune in Garroway's television show "Today" (NBC-TV, 7-9 A.M. *EST, Monday-Friday) and his radio show "Friday with Garroway" (NBC Network, 8:30-10* P.M. *EST, every Friday).*

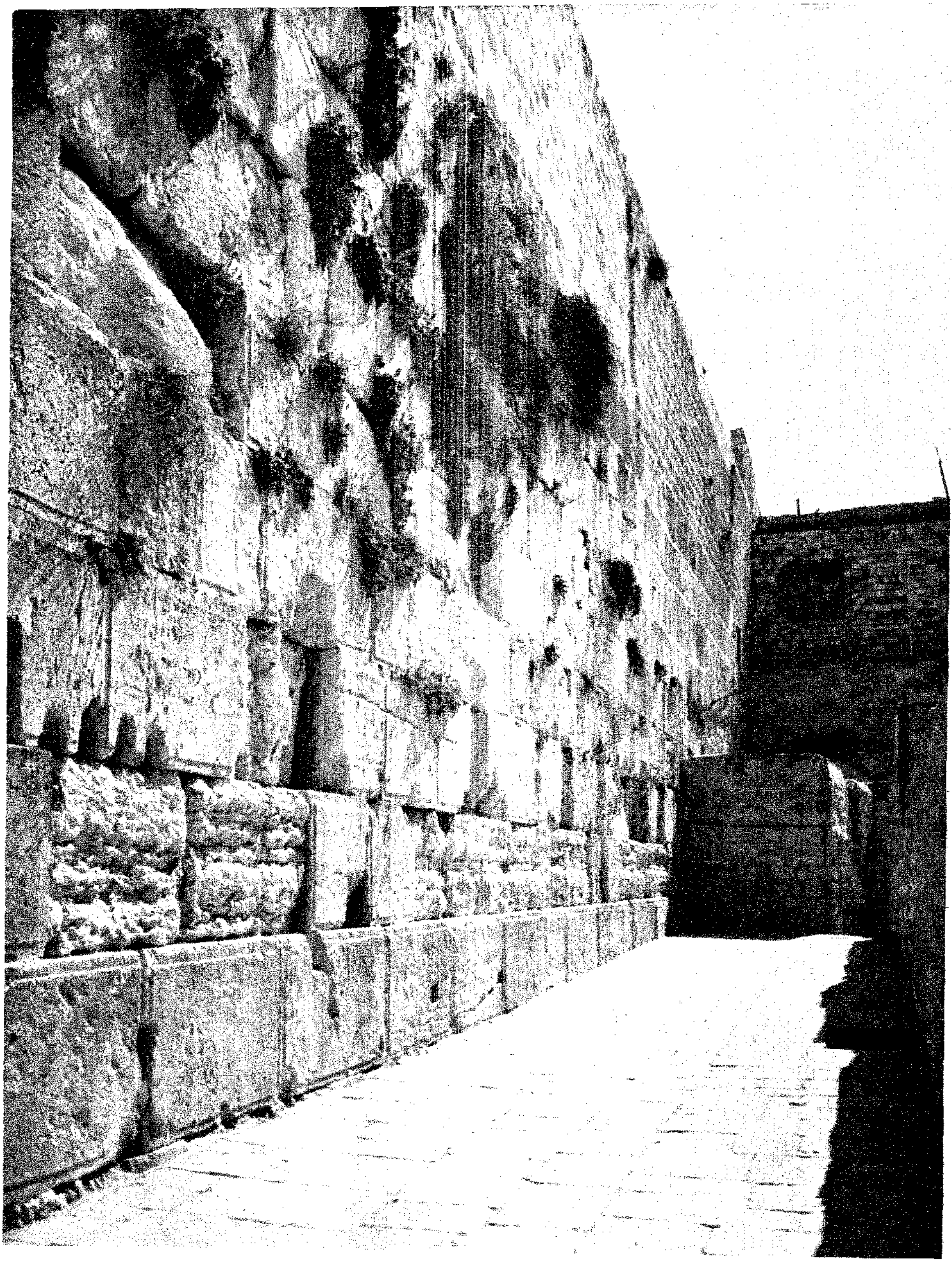


Picture Story

Where Jesus Walked

Photography by **FRÉDÉRIQUE DURAN**

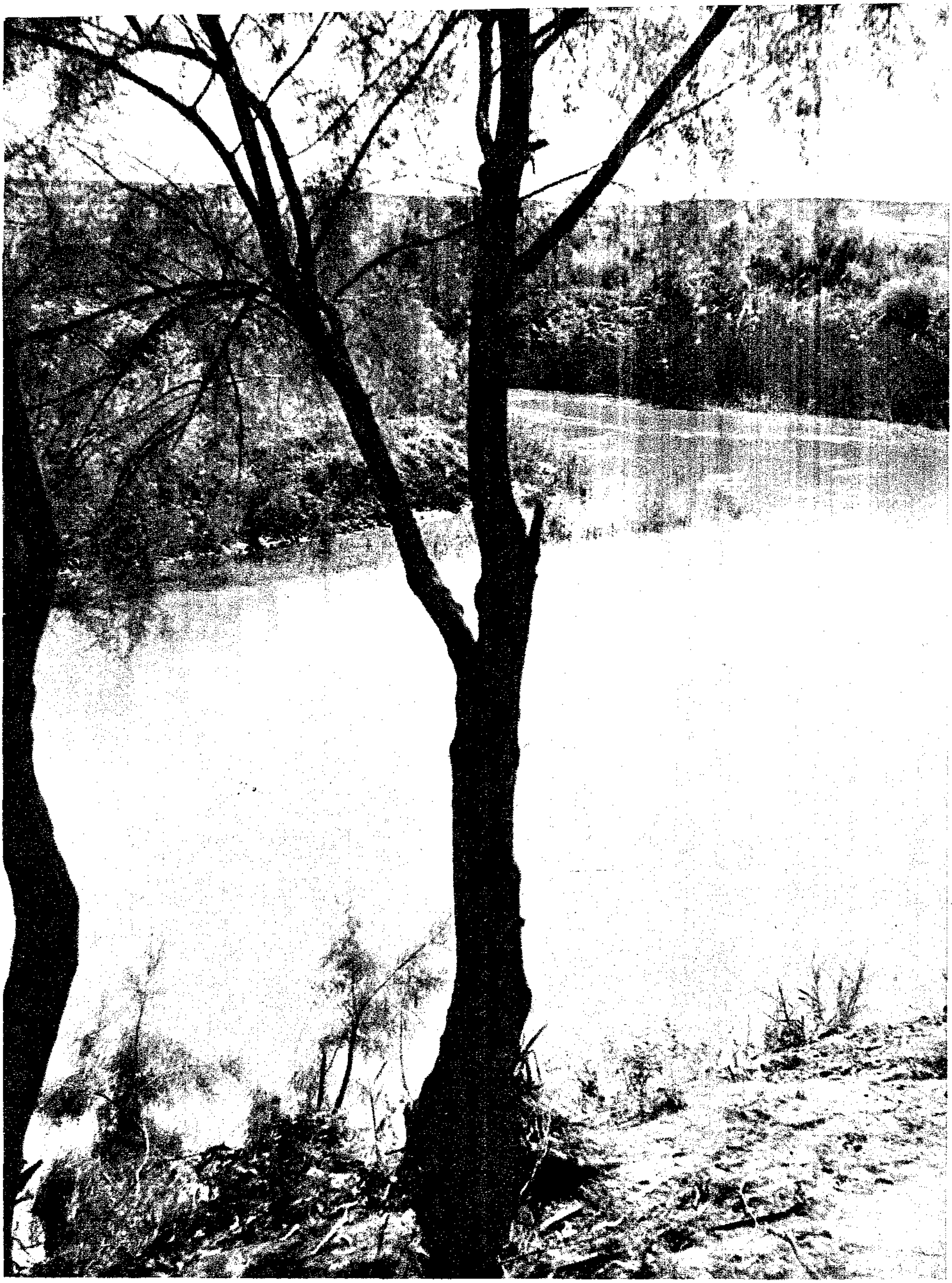
From the book, "Dans Les Pas de Jesus," copyright 1953 by Librairie Hachette, Paris, France.



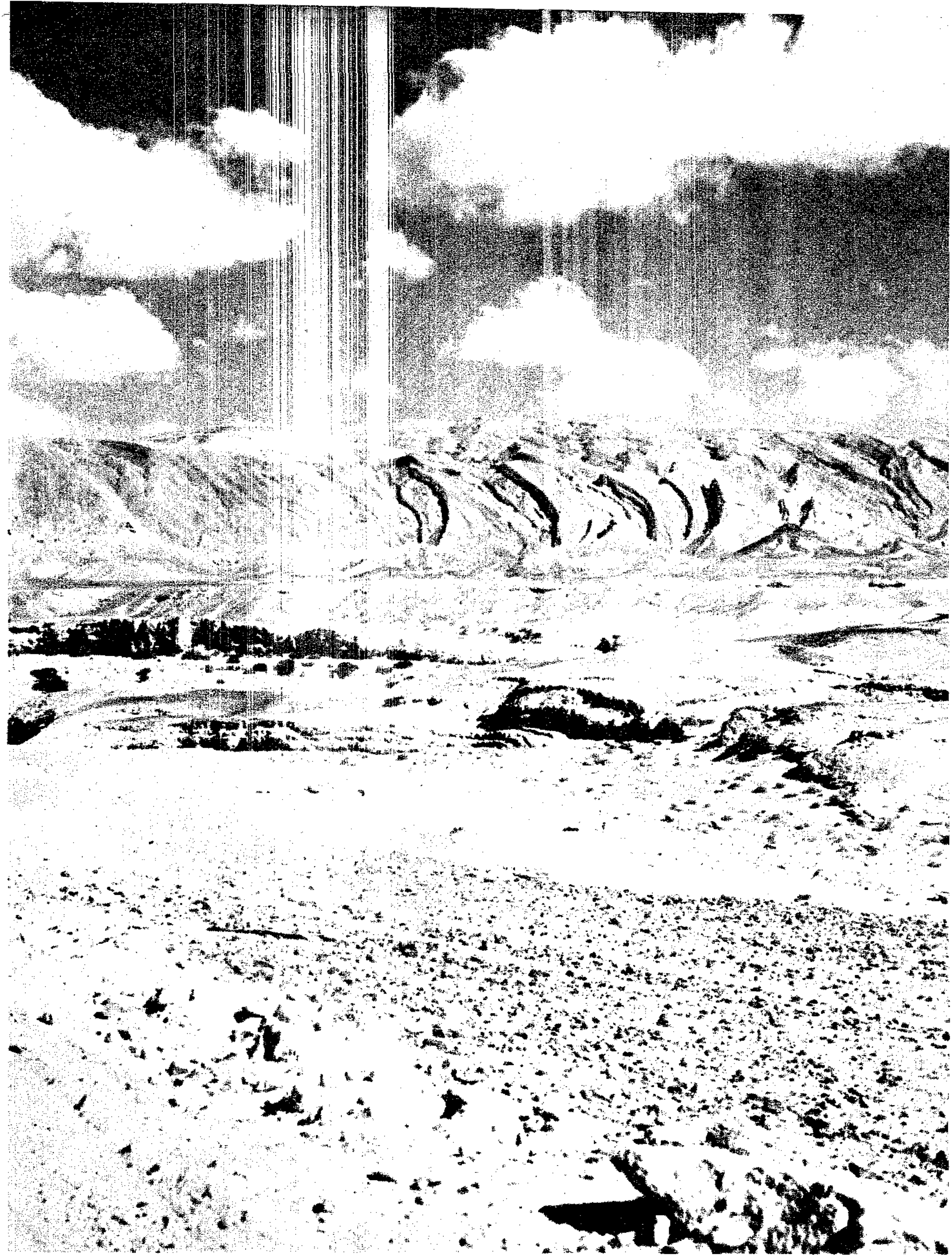
Eternal is the Holy Land. Upon these stones Jesus looked: this, the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, alone remains of the mighty Temple that was Solomon's.

In this grotto He meditated; here He said to Simon: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

Jerusalem, Jerusalem the Golden, whose name is known in all the tongues of men; this city He entered in the days of Herod; here, too, He knew His agony.



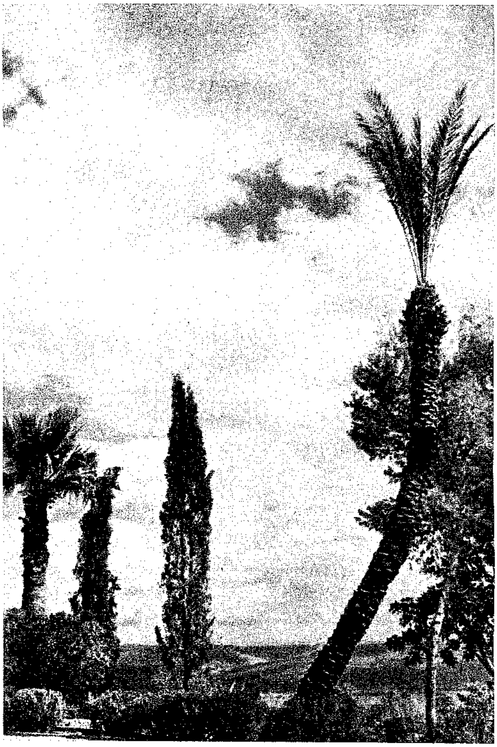
Along banks where willow and tamarack bend and the pink oleander trembles, the Jordan flows. To these waters came Jesus "unto John, to be baptized of him."

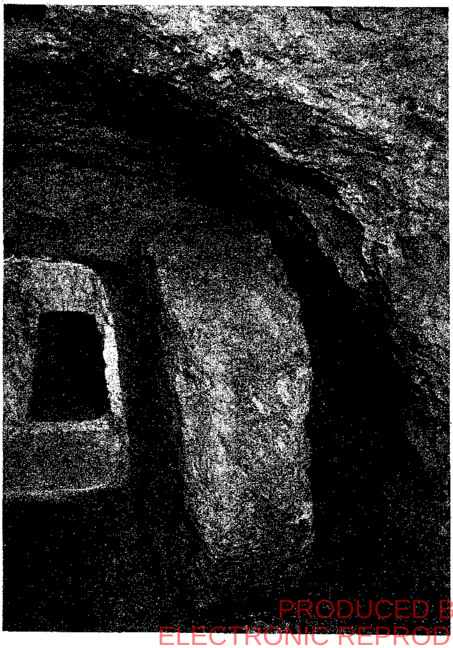


"And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan . . ." Nowhere is earth more tortured than in these wild plains rising to the lonely Judean hills.

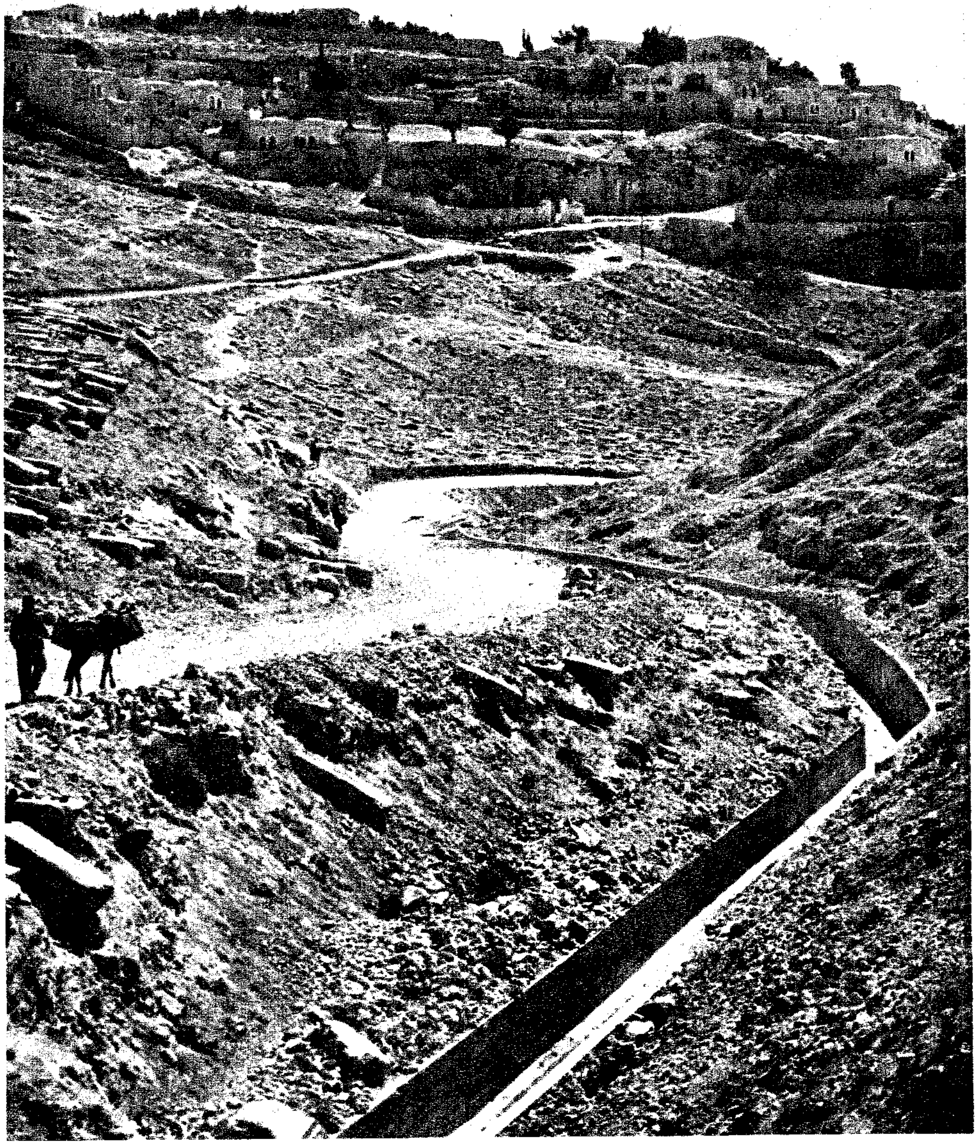
Time sleeps amid the sunlit ruins of the synagogue at Capernaum, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Here Jesus taught, and preached, and wrought His miracles.

Today, as then, the road to Jerusalem led across these rolling hills, under these sublime skies. All this He saw.





And tombs carved in the living rock, and sealed by stone too heavy to be moved by the hands of women . . .



And in the Vale of Kidron, hard by Gethsemane, this road He took from Jericho . . . Ancient the faith and ancient the Passion that speaks from this storied earth.

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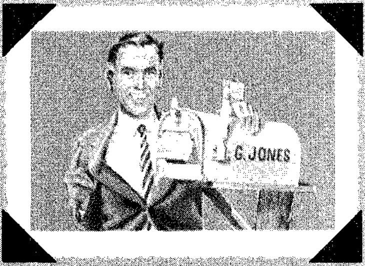

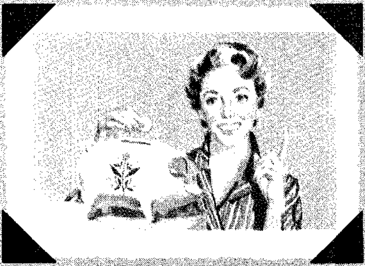

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You sidestep shopping problems. With easy-to-give Coronet gift subscriptions, you need walk only as far as your mail-box and your shopping is complete! No crowds to battle. No extra trips to the store.

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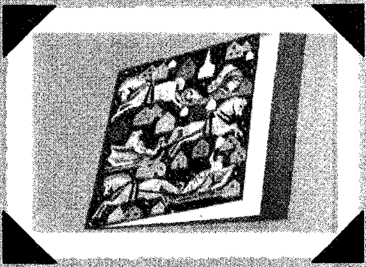

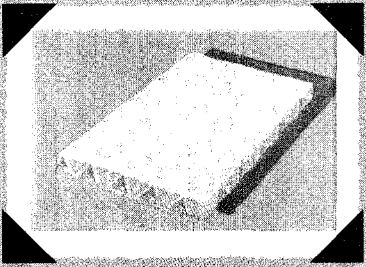

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Your friends will remark at the festive wrapper that covers their first issue. It's printed in a beautiful water-mark design that says "Here is something special for you". Your friends will be proud to place it beneath their Christmas trees.

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Space for more gifts on next page

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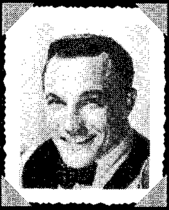

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The Riddle of S-6912

by **Lt. Col. Irving Heymont**

THE ALMIGHTY SYMBOL of European bureaucracy has always been the "stempel"—the rubber stamp. Nothing is official or valid without it, as an American infantry battalion stationed across from Russian-occupied Pilsen at the end of World War II soon found out.

Relations between the Americans and the Reds were very correct, but no more; and travel between the two zones was strictly regulated. Pilsen beer, of course, was famous and every man in the battalion was thirsting to taste it. So, armed with a very official-sounding letter, a detail took off for Pilsen after beer.

At the Russian check point, the detail was stopped while sentinels examined the letter minutely. Then, shaking their heads, they turned the beer-seekers back. The letter could not possibly be an official one—it had no stempel.

The colonel pondered the problem until suddenly inspiration struck. Digging into his barracks bag he came up with his laundry stamp: S-6912. The time-honored Army laundry mark—first letter of the last name followed by the last four digits of the serial number.

The detail again departed for Pilsen. At the Russian check point again the same grave scrutiny of the letter. But this time the detail was passed through respectfully. Never before had the Reds seen such an unusual stempel. Obviously, it must be the mark of a very high headquarters.

Sometime later, a party of VIPs from Army Headquarters in Frankfurt were refused entrance at the check point, although they were armed with official travel papers from the Four Power Commission in Berlin, papers embroidered with an assortment of very impressive stempels.

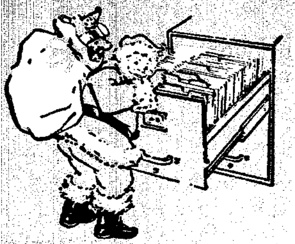
Back at headquarters, the colonel listened without comment to the VIPs' complaints, then gravely produced his laundry stamp and affixed the magic S-6912 to their official papers. This time they were waved through the check point with great respect.

Soon all Americans traveling to Pilsen through that area were ordered to stop at battalion headquarters to have their travel documents counterstamped. And when the colonel received his long awaited orders to return to the U.S., those orders were unique. For they were not to take effect until "subject officer had turned over his personal laundry stamp to his successor and had obtained a receipt for same."

(See the Gift Finder section, starting on page 12)

to help you choose the *right* gift . . .

coronet christmas gift finder stores



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Lewiston...C. C. Anderson
Twin Falls...C. C. Anderson

Illinois
Chicago...Mandel Brothers, State Street
  Mandel Brothers...Lincoln Village
East St. Louis...Seidel's
Evanston...Lord's
Herrin...Herrin Supply Co.
Rock Island...McCabe's

Indiana
Gary...H. Gordon & Sons
Hammond...Edward C. Minas
South Bend...George Wyman
Valparaiso...Lowenstine's

Iowa
Mason City...Damon's
Waterloo...Black's

Kansas
Arkansas City...Newman Dry Goods Co.
Dodge City...Eckles
Wichita...Buck's
Winfield...C. R. Calvert

Kentucky
Danville...Hub Frankel

Louisiana
Alexandria...Wellan's
Bastrop...Chas. Snyder
New Orleans...D. H. Holmes

Maine
Portland...Kennedy's-Hogan Bros.

Massachusetts
Boston...Kennedy's
Brockton...Fraser's
Framingham...Kennedy's
Gardner...Goodnow Pearson
Haverhill...Sceva Speare
Hyde Park...Kennedy's
Lynn...Kennedy's
New Bedford...C. F. Wing
Salem...Kennedy's
Springfield...Kennedy's

Michigan
Detroit...Crowley's
Escanaba...The Fair Store
Jackson...L. H. Field
Muskegon...Hardy-Herpolsheimer's
Pontiac...Waite's
Sturgis...Seger's
Traverse City...J. W. Milliken

Minnesota

Rochester...Donaldson's
St. Paul...The Golden Rule
Virginia...Ketola's

Mississippi

Greenville...The Fair
Gulfport...Northrop's
Hattiesburg...Fine Bros.-Matison
West Point...Pryor's

Missouri

Maplewood...Golde's
Springfield...Heer's

Montana

Anaconda...Schwartz's
Billings...Hart-Albin
Great Falls...The Paris Co.

Nebraska

Fremont...Schweser's
Lincoln...Miller & Paine
McCook...DeGroffs
Omaha...J. L. Brandeis

Nevada

Reno...Gray, Reid, Wright

New Hampshire

Franklin...Holmes & Nelson
Keene...Goodnow's
Lebanon...Currier & Co.
Littleton...Macleod's Shops
Manchester...Kennedy's
Portsmouth...George B. French

New Jersey

Asbury Park...Steinbach's
Bloomfield...Lipton's
Millville...Fath's
Montclair...Louis Harris
Newark...L. Bamberger
Plainfield...Rosenbaum's
Red Bank...Steinbach's

New York

Bath...M. Cohn & Sons
Buffalo...Sattler's
Oneida...Miller Dry Goods
Patchogue...Swezey Newins
Perry...Rockwell-Perry
Plattsburgh...Merkel's
Salamanca...Fitzgerald Bros.
Syracuse...Dey Bros.
Tonawanda...Twin-Ton

North Carolina

Salisbury...Dave Oestreicher
Wilson...Oettinger's

North Dakota

Bismarck...A. W. Lucas
Devils Lake...Manns, Inc.
Minot...Ellisons

Ohio

Alliance...Stark's
Canton...Stark's
Chagrin Falls...Brewster & Church
Columbus...Morehouse-Fashion
Cleveland...Sterling Lindner Davis
Lima...The Leader
Lorain...Smith & Gerhart
Marietta...Otto's
Massillon...Stark's
Middletown...John Ross
Mount Vernon...J. S. Ringwalt
Newark...John J. Carroll
Springfield...Wren's
Steubenville...The Hub

Oklahoma

Altus...Russell's
Ardmore...Daubes'
Tulsa...Froug's

Oregon

Coos Bay...The Hub
Medford...Mann's
Portland...Lipman's
Salem...Lipman's

Pennsylvania

Allentown...H. Leh
Ardmore...Harrison's
Butler...A. E. Troutman
Chambersburg...Nathan's
Charleroi...Rach's
Connellsville...Troutman's
Greensburg...Troutman's
Johnstown...Glosser Bros.
Lebanon...The Bon Ton
Oil City...Armstrong-Collier
Reading...Pomeroy's
Uniontown...Kaufman's
Warren...Metzger-Wright's
Williamsport...L. L. Stearns

Rhode Island

Providence...The Outlet Co.

South Carolina

Batesburg...Garber's
Charleston...Condon's
Spartanburg...Belk-Hudson

South Dakota

Aberdeen...Olwin-Angell
Madison...Galloway's

Tennessee

Bristol...H. P. King
Brownsville...Felsenthal's
Chattanooga...Loveman's
Jackson...Holland Dry Goods
Johnson City...King's
Memphis...Bry's

Texas

Abilene...Minter's
Corsicana...J. M. Dyer
El Paso...The White House
Fort Worth...Monnig's
Galveston...Robt. I. Cohen
Houston...Foley's
Lubbock...Hemphill Wells
Port Arthur...Bluestein's
Taylor...T. W. Marse
Wichita Falls...Perkins-Timberlake

Utah

Ogden...C. C. Anderson
Provo...Taylor's

Vermont

Burlington...Abernethy Clarkson Wright

Virginia

Charlottesville...C. H. Williams
Danville...L. Herman
Harrisonburg...B. Ney
Lynchburg...Guggenheimer's
Newport News...Nachman's

Washington

Longview...The Bon Marche
Olympia...Miller's
Richland...C. C. Anderson
Spokane...The Bon Marche-Palace
Tacoma...Rhodes Bros.
Walla Walla...The Bon Marche

West Virginia

Bluefield...Hawley's
Logan...Logan Mercantile Co.

Wisconsin

Appleton...H. C. Prange
Reedsburg...The Big Store

Wyoming

Casper...Kassis Store
Cheyenne...The Fashion

Hugh Troy, an artist and one of America's most accomplished practical jokers, was responsible for the famous rhinoceros joke while a student at Cornell. Visiting one day in the home of the Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the famous painter of birds, Troy noticed a wastepaper basket fashioned from the foot of a rhinoceros. He borrowed the thing from Fuertes and then waited for the proper weather conditions.

On a night when a couple of inches of snow had fallen, Hugh and one of his friends went out on the campus with the rhinoceros foot. They had filled it with scrap metal to give it weight, and attached a length of clothesline to either side of it.

Now they moved across the campus, each holding an end of the clothesline at a distance of perhaps 30 feet from the rhinoceros foot. Carefully they raised it and lowered it to make rhinoceros tracks at the proper intervals in the snow.

When the campus awoke the next morning the strange tracks were found. Professors who knew about animals were summoned. They inspected the tracks and exclaimed over them.

"Gad," one cried in amazement. "It's a *rhinoceros!*"

The trail of the rhinoceros was followed. It led across the campus to the shore of the lake from which the University got its water supply. The lake was frozen over, and the rhinoceros tracks led out across the ice to a point about 50 feet from shore and ended at a large gaping hole. Clearly the vagrant rhinoceros had wandered onto the ice too far, crashed through it and drowned.

There wasn't much to be done about it. The local newspapers trumpeted the story, and almost at once half the population of Cornell quit drinking tap water. Those who continued to drink it swore that they could taste rhinoceros in it. After a few days, Hugh Troy anonymously let the word get out that the whole thing was a joke.

While still at Cornell, Troy was in the School of Architecture. There was one professor who was continually complaining about the weakness of the ceiling in his classroom and kept demanding that the school authorities reinforce it before it fell in on himself and his students.

One night Troy and a few of his cronies crept into the place, carrying ladders and other equipment. Hugh mounted a ladder and painted a large, jagged black hole in the ceiling. Then the boys piled plaster, splinters and other debris around the floor, and departed.

The following morning the professor arrived, took one horrified look at the ceiling and general wreckage, and scampered off to the Building-and-Grounds Office full of indignant I-told-you-sos.

CAN PLAY

The instant he left, in came Troy and his friends. The black paint on the ceiling was quickly removed and the debris cleaned up.

Back came the professor with the head of the Building-and-Grounds Office. It is said that the professor used language somewhat alien to his course.

COLLEGIATE PRACTICAL JOKERS often concern themselves with bells. The best of the bell jokes occurred at Harvard. The clock in one of the university towers began performing in a most unusual manner. It would strike 13 times at noon, though at midnight it was content to strike the customary 12 times.

Clockmakers were called in to examine the mechanism. They couldn't make out what caused the 13 strokes.

The thing went along for quite a while, a great mystery to be sure. It was solved by the villain's being caught in the act. He was a student, living on one of the upper floors of a house nearby. Each noontime he sat at the window of his room with a rifle. The clock struck 12 and then, with perfect timing, the student pulled the trigger to create the thirteenth stroke.

FRANCOIS RABELAIS, French master of ribaldry, frequently stressed the practical in his practical jokes. Once, while hurrying to Paris, he found himself stranded without funds in a small village. He did, however, have two bottles of wine, and to these he attached tags marked "Poison for the King," and "Poison for the Queen." Rabelais arranged to have these discovered, with the result that he was arrested and rushed to Paris—where he was released with much applause when he explained.

IF, IN THIS compendium, there has been no adequate defense of the practical joke, let us here at the end pause to consider the case of Marvin Pipkin.

Whenever a green engineer was hired at the General Electric Lamp Development Laboratory at Cleveland, the oldtimers had a routine joke they played on him. They would assign him the impossible task of frosting light bulbs from the inside. It was explained to the newcomer that a frosted bulb would diffuse more light, and he would go to work with great eagerness, and continue at it until the joke was revealed.

Came the time when Marvin Pipkin went to work at the plant, and was given the frosting assignment. He not only discovered a method for frosting the insides of light bulbs; at the same time he devised a treatment which strengthened the bulbs. So consumers today get better bulbs at less than half the cost of the pre-Pipkin product.

—H. ALLEN SMITH, *The Compleat Practical Joker*
(Doubleday & Co. Inc.)

Science is now making use of a mental phenomenon that has long been shrouded in mystery

WHAT IS HYPNOTISM?

by **NORMAN CARLISLE**

IN AN ENGLISH hospital, a group of shocked and skeptical medical men watched with suspicion as young Dr. Albert Mason stepped up to the patient, a boy of 16. Here was the victim of a frightful, lifelong disease that had baffled medical authorities. Yet Dr. Mason, without the aid of scalpel or medicine of any kind, was going to attempt a cure by simply repeating five words.

To understand the skepticism of the witnesses and their bewilderment at the astounding sequel to this strange treatment, you must look at the patient's medical history.

It began when a worried mother made a disturbing discovery about her baby. His skin was strangely thick and dark, and the doctors had bad news for her. Her boy, they told her, was afflicted with a rare ailment called "fish-scale disease." They could hold out no hope, for science knew no cure, and the condition, they predicted, could only grow worse.

As time went on, it became all too clear to the unhappy boy and his parents that the doctors were right. His whole body, except his chest, neck and face, turned into a thick, rough hide covered with black bumps, between which the skin was hard as a finger nail. Its appearance won him the cruel nickname "elephant boy," and the luckless victim, shunned by his playmates, grew up in a desperate world of loneliness.

It seemed like only a faint hope when Dr. Mason proposed to try something different. What he did when he set to work on the "elephant boy" was starkly simple. He hypnotized the patient and repeated the words, "Your left arm will clear . . . Your left arm will clear . . . Your left arm . . ."

Five days later, the medical witnesses were invited to examine the boy's left arm. Astonishingly, the coarse, dark skin had vanished, to be replaced by reddened but soft skin that, in five days more, became a natural pink.

Again Dr. Mason hypnotized the boy, this time saying, "Your right arm will clear." In a few days it did. And step by step the process was repeated until, magically, all but a small portion of the disfigured skin had been replaced.

What is this strange mental phenomenon we call hypnotism? Though it has been known ever since the time of the ancient Egyptians and Greeks, hypnotism has been surrounded with such an air of mystery and magic that it wasn't until the last century that science has come to take it seriously. Now, evidence is pouring in that here is a powerful force that can be put to work for both physical and mental ailments.

Adopted by such important medical centers as Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, hypnotism is battling a whole range of physical ailments that originate in the mind. It has helped the "blind" to see, the "lame" to walk, and the emotionally ill to achieve new mental stability. For the future, it promises new aid in breaking undesirable habits and there are even indications that hypnosis may step up the brain's power to remember.

One of the most surprising facts about this remarkable force is that it is so simply applied. The hypnotist gets the subject to look at a moving light, an illuminated metronome or a bright coin. Then, in a soothing voice, he says something like, "You are relaxing. You are going to sleep."

Without being aware that anything has happened to him, the subject enters a sort of trance sometimes called "hypnotic sleep." Actually he is not asleep in the usual sense. Certain of his reflexes and the rate of pulse and respiration are those of a fully awake person, and studies of brain waves indicate that they are those of the waking rather than the sleeping state.

In this trance, he responds to orders or suggestions from the hypnotist. If he is told, for example, to hold his arms in a position he would not normally maintain, he will do so.

To explain this strange behavior, one theory the scientists are able to present is that being hypnotized has the effect of putting your subconscious mind in control without interference from your conscious mind, which usually monitors your thoughts and actions. Then, instead of receiving orders from your conscious mind, you take them from the hypnotist. For some reason, however, your mind does not know that instructions are now coming from outside.

In this state, the brain can transmit the hypnotist's orders to the body, making it do things it ordinarily could not do. Most spectacular, perhaps, is the ability of a person under hypnosis to blank out pain.

Tooth extractions which would normally be excruciatingly painful can be performed on the hypnotized patient without anesthetic. After the extraction, the patient will express disbelief that the tooth has really been removed.

Though doctors are generally wary of publicly disclosing their use of hypnotism because of popular misconceptions about it, some obstetricians have used it to provide truly painless childbirth. A Michigan psychiatrist hypnotized his wife at the birth of each of their children. However, she asked that he un-hypnotize her for a few seconds each time so that she might consciously experience the actual birth.

Hypnotized subjects also show an amazing ability to control the flow of blood. A New York hypnotist demonstrated this by making two tiny cuts on a hypnotized person's hand. He then told him, "You will stop the flow of blood on the right-hand cut." It stopped. Then he told the subject, "Allow this one to bleed and stop the flow from the other cut." Instantly the blood responded as ordered.

WHO CAN BE HYPNOTIZED? To this commonly asked question, the scientists answer, "Nearly everybody, to some degree, if he wants to be." Though some people are more easily hypnotized than others, for some reason feebleminded persons cannot be hypnotized at all. But beyond that, success depends mainly on cooperation. Children make better subjects than adults, while people with a record as sleepwalkers make the best subjects of all.

Can you be hypnotized against your will? Most hypnotists say you cannot. However, if you are willing to let some one try to hypnotize you, it is not necessary for you to believe you can be.

Just what actions you can be made to carry out under hypnosis is a matter of argument. Could you, for instance, be made to commit a crime? No, say authorities like Dr. Erickson, who has conducted a number of convincing experiments in which subjects in hypnotic states have refused to steal, tell untruths or physically attack another person.

Other authorities, like Prof. Paul Young of Louisiana State University, have conducted experiments for similar information. In a series of convincing tests, he succeeded in getting hypnotized students to handle snakes they believed to be dangerous, and he persuaded some to throw what they thought was acid into the faces of people whom they thought were enemies.

The real key to hypnotism's power as a force for good or evil lies in what is known as "post-hypnotic suggestion." The fact that instructions given during a brief hypnotic trance will be carried out hours, weeks or even months afterward, has been dramatically demonstrated in many carefully controlled experiments.

For example, one college student was told under hypnosis that he would think certain pages of a book, which a professor had just loaned him, were blank. He did not read the book until two months later, but at that time he complained to the professor, with considerable astonishment, that the copy was defective.

Hypnotized subjects, told that at a certain time months hence they will perform a certain act, will feel a strange compulsion to do so.

MODERN MEDICINE is using this marvelous post-hypnotic power against a host of ailments that defy other methods. One such was the case of a girl who had been operated on for a brain tumor when she was 12, and had been left with one side partially paralyzed. When her case came to the attention of her college psychology instructor, he found her so disturbed by her halting walk that she was ashamed to climb stairs if anybody could see her. In desperation, she asked if suggestions given under hypnosis might help.

She began sessions that lasted as long as 25 minutes, in which the hypnotist suggested that she would overcome her fear of situations, like stepping in and out of automobiles, and develop confidence in her walking ability. Soon the sessions were reduced to only a few seconds.

The results were remarkable, for, reported a doctor, “so great was the improvement that dormitory residents were no longer able to recognize her step as she walked down the halls.”

“WHAT HAVE *SEX EXPERTS* DONE TO OUR CHILDREN?”

A teen-age girl tells of her experience with “experts” who often give disastrous advice about sex.

In January Coronet.

Medicine is able to make use of another amazing power of hypnotism—its ability to probe the memory for long-buried experiences that have triggered physical or emotional reactions. Once the patient knows what event started his troubles, he is on his way to getting rid of them.

The disturbing memory can be a comparatively new one, as in the case of combat troops affected by some recent combat experience. Medical records of the Armed Services show many cases like that of the gunner blinded by a shell exploding nearby. His mind had closed itself against the incident, and his blindness was a result of this shortcircuiting. As soon as he re-lived the incident under hypnosis, he was able to see again.

Beyond its purely medical uses, hypnosis promises a whole new range of possibilities that may help people live more comfortable daily lives. A Chicago hypnotist, Edwin Baron, was giving a demonstration of his prowess when a plump lady asked him if he couldn’t do something to help her lose weight. His post-hypnotic suggestion that “you will no longer like those fattening foods” worked so well that now he conducts classes in what he calls “mental relaxation,” hypnotizing 100 women at a time.

However, even the ardent advocates of hypnotism do not contend that they have a surefire way of breaking any habit of which a person may wish to rid himself. They point out that it depends on how deeply rooted the habit is, why it was formed in the first place, and on how many trips the person is willing to make to the hypnotist for further post-hypnotic suggestions. Remarkable successes so far indicate a promising field for investigation

ONE OF HYPNOTISM’S most exciting possibilities is the hint that it may someday help us step up brain power.

Dr. Linn Cooper, while working for Georgetown University’s Medical School, pioneered a new field in hypnotically controlling a person’s sense of time. In a typical experiment, after hypnotizing one of his subjects, he told her that the metronome ticking beside her was being slowed down.

“It will now,” he told her, “make only one stroke per minute.” Actually, there was no change in its rate of one beat per second. "I want you to do some thinking about some problems," the hypnotist went on. "Suppose you take ten minutes to assemble your thoughts about compulsory military training. Really think it through."

In ten seconds, real time, she was able to give a lucid account of her thoughts on a complicated problem about which she normally would have had difficulty in thinking at all.

Scientists are speculating about a practical use for this time speed-up under hypnosis. We may, they say, use it to hasten learning. How this would work is shown by experiments like one conducted by Dr. Cooper, in which a student was tested to see how fast he could learn the order of groups of letters on cards. After this, the student was hypnotized and told that he would find that time had slowed down so that one minute would seem like five.

Though he seemed even more unhurried than he had when fully conscious, now, miraculously, he learned in five seconds what had taken him more than five times as long before. Moreover, when tested next day, he remembered a far greater percentage of the hypnotically-learned letter groups.

Science has long known that there are vast untapped resources in the human mind. Will hypnotism be the key that unlocks this greatest of all treasure chests?

Merchandising Magic

A PEDDLER, his cart loaded with boxes of cheap stationery, advertised his wares in a loud voice on a New York street corner but attracted nary a cutomer. Nobody seemed to want a box of "genuine linen stationery and 50 envelopes for 25 cents."

Suddenly another peddler wheeled a bigger cart along side him and began bellowing, "Here you are, folks. Buy a box of fine stationery and 50 envelopes for ten cents, one dime. Don't pay more."

The two men glared at each other. A crowd gathered, first to watch, then to buy out the entire stock of the ten-cent merchant, then to jeer at the disconsolate peddler who thought he could get a quarter for his wares.

On a hunch, an observer followed the quarter man when he wheeled his cart away. Within three blocks he caught up with the ten-cent peddler. The two men shook hands gleefully and started to divide up the quarter man's inventory.

"It worked like a charm," chuckled the latter. "Now let's try a little further uptown." —BENNETT CERF, *Anything For A Laugh* (Grosset & Dunlap)

A WISCONSIN businessman recently capitalized on the average person's urge to look through a soaped store window by leaving bare a small section of window in his soon-to-be-opened store. When passersby peeked through, they invariably chuckled as they saw themselves in a mirror labeled: "Another Future Customer." —*Hudson Newsletter*

More Than a Medal

by **Ray Bolger**

IN JUNE, 1924, the sports world was awaiting the 8th Olympic Games in Paris. Members of the famed Washington Canoe Club in the nation's capital were stirred by news that the International Olympic Committee had voted to include canoe racing for the first time.

A team of four was selected from the Washington club to represent the U. S. against other nations. Tall, strapping Bill Havens of Arlington, Virginia, was one of the huskies who earned his place on the team.

At first, Havens was overjoyed. Then, as the date for departure grew nearer, he became troubled. His stay in Paris would coincide with the impending birth of his baby. His wife, Ruby, pleaded with him to make the trip. She explained that she would be under the best of care and that he probably would be back home by time the baby was born. Bill didn't argue with her reasoning.

A few days before the team was to sail, Bill met with the squad coach. "Coach," he said solemnly, "I've made up my mind. I won't leave Ruby. I want to be with her when the baby comes next month."

The coach was dumfounded. Then he said: "Think it over carefully, Bill."

"I have, sir," he replied quietly. "I'm staying here." That night Bill told Ruby. She cried, knowing that an Olympic championship was now forever beyond his reach.

Weeks later, newspapers reported the smashing victories turned in by the U. S. team. Havens read joyfully about his teammates, yet he never let Ruby know how he longed to be with them. A week later, his son Frank was born.

Years went by and Bill Havens went on to win many canoeing championships, yet he never forgot his disappointment over the Olympic title.

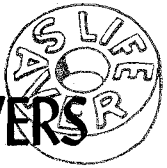
On July 27, 1952, the eyes of the sports world again were turned to the Olympic Games. That day, Bill received a cablegram from Helsinki, scene of the recent worldwide sports competitions.

"Congratulations, Pop. I won. I'm bringing home the gold medal you lost while waiting around for me to get born."

Frank Havens, the "baby" who 28 years before had kept his father from competing for an Olympic title, had won the 1952 single blade canoe championship.

Ray Bolger stars in his own show on the ABC-TV network, Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 P.M., EST.

The candy with the hole in the middle represents a big business in "Holesome Enjoyment"



THOSE LITTLE LIFE SAVERS

by HERBERT DALMAS

A COUPLE OF YEARS ago, a car was returning to Haifa from Nazareth in the Holy Land with two ladies in the back seat and the husband of one in front with the English-speaking native driver. The ride had been hot and dusty, and one of the ladies said she was thirsty.

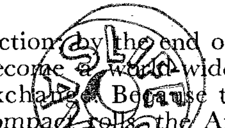
Robert P. Noble, the man in front, advised against the drinking water they might find along the route, but he passed back a roll of Life Savers with the suggestion that they were excellent thirst-quenchers. Then he offered the roll to the driver, who accepted a mint with enthusiasm.

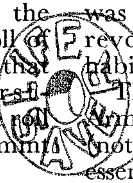
Mrs. Noble noticed his reaction. "You know," she told him, "the man sitting next to you *makes* those Life Savers."

"Is that so!" the driver said. Then he looked at Noble with mixed awe and reverence and added: "I drove General Montgomery once, too!"

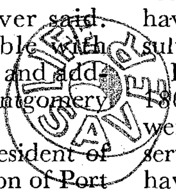
While R. P. Noble, president of the Life Savers Corporation of Port Chester, New York, was somewhat startled to hear himself put on a level with Britain's famed Field Marshal, he was not surprised to find his product at least as well known.

Before World War II, Life Savers were just a popular American confection; by the end of it, they had become a world-wide medium of exchange. Because they come in compact rolls, the Army included them in field-ration kits: GIs traded them for souvenirs all over the Pacific; they bought goodwill with them in Italy and Germany. In England, where the two-penny bag of mints, sold at apothecary shops, was a deep-rooted tradition, they revolutionized the candy-eating habits of a nation.



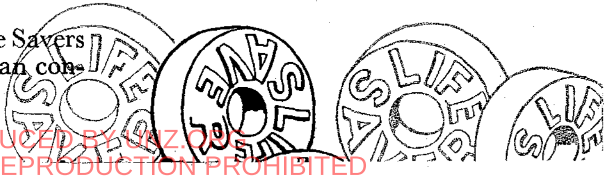


The Corporation, which won five Army and Navy Es during the war (not bad for a producer of non-essentials) calls this mass giveaway the greatest sampling campaign in selling history. They certainly did not expect it to happen, but the most careful planning couldn't have brought more satisfactory results.



In 1941, the demand totaled 180,000,000 rolls; in 1945, sales went up to 340,000,000 (including service business). Since then, they have soared to nearly 600,000,000.

Today, Life Savers is more than a trade name: it could aptly be called a household name. But the success story starts way back in 1913, when Edward J. Noble, pres-



ent chairman of the board (President Robert is his brother), happened to see the name on some tubular packages of mints in a New York candy store.

His casual investment of a nickel for one of them set in motion a financial chain reaction that is still going on. So successful has it been, in fact, that in 1943, Ed Noble was able to write out his personal check for $8,000,000 to purchase a coast-to-coast radio network.

Ed Noble, who in 1913 was an energetic young salesman of streetcar advertising space, was so impressed with the taste of the mints that he went to Cleveland to see the man who made them, a candy manufacturer named Clarence A. Crane.

"If you'd spend some money advertising these mints," he told Crane, "you could pyramid your sales into a fortune."

Crane was not interested. "My business is chocolates," he said. "The mint idea was just something to fill in during the summer, when chocolate sales fall off."

Noble continued to argue, until finally Crane said: "If you think Life Savers have such a big future, why don't you buy the rights and make them yourself?"

Noble asked the price and Crane named $5,000 at random. To a young man of Noble's resources, the sum might as well have been five million, but he went back to New York and talked over the deal with a boyhood friend. Together they raised $3,800; and Crane finally agreed to lower his price to $2,900, leaving the young entrepreneurs a $900 balance for working capital.

It might be said here that Noble's confidence in the future of his product was based on one of those implausible accidents which have been the starting point of more than one fortune: the original roll of Life Savers that Noble had tasted was only a week old.

This turned out to be a one-in-a-thousand chance, because after buying the business, he found there were hundreds of thousands of rolls on retailers' shelves—all stale and flavorless, thanks to an old-fashioned cardboard package which quickly absorbed the volatile peppermint flavor.

Noble promptly devised a tinfoil wrapping to keep the mint flavor where it belonged, and went forth hopefully to restock the retailers. They emphatically wanted no part of "glue-flavored" candy. The best they would offer was to exchange their worthless stock for the new.

To the young enterprise, that spelled ruin. Ed looked around for new outlets. He talked to managers of saloons, cigar stores, barber shops, restaurants, drugstores, and persuaded them to take a few boxes.

"I think they felt sorry for me," he said recently in recalling this phase of the business. "I looked pretty much like a kid in those days, and I guess they thought I was out of my depth."

There is some truth in this. Ed Noble, 40 years later, still retains a lively interest in everything and has the same boyish twinkle in his eye;

LIFE
SAVERS

but in answer to the dealers' initial objections to the mints, he said: "Well, put them near the cash register with a price card. Then be sure every customer gets a nickel with his change and see what happens."

What happened was that within a couple of years, Mint Products Company made a quarter of a million dollars.

Up to that time, Noble had kept his advertising job, using part of his weekly salary to pay the girls who wrapped the mints. He had just resigned to devote full time to his candy when World War I nearly stopped everything. Noble went into the Army, and sugar restrictions slowed production to a walk. But the year after the war, with quotas removed, Noble's mints enjoyed a sales spurt of more than 200 per cent. And they've done a lot of spurting since.

Today, the Life Savers Corporation is housed in Port Chester in a white building that, on the inside, smells delectably like a giant handful of Five Flavors and PepOMint. In the course of moving from Manhattan, the organization made a three year stopover in Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, where it had the only touch of labor trouble in its 40-year history.

"There were quite a few candy manufacturers at Bush Terminal," Bob Noble explains, "and after a while, the girls who packed ours would get to hankering for a taste of coconut or something and wander off to another outfit. Of course we got our share of the ones who were fed up on coconut, but it wasn't a satisfactory arrangement."

Since 1920, when the move to Port Chester took place, there has been no labor turnover to speak of, possibly because the 500 employees are the best-paid workers in the candy business. The company has other factories in Australia, Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, Italy and South Africa.

FROM THE BEGINNING, Ed Noble believed that the American public, like himself, would need only one taste of his candy to want more. In the first year, the two young partners sat up nights putting samples into glassine bags, which were then passed out on streets and in building lobbies by girls appropriately costumed. More recently, air travelers have become accustomed to being offered small rolls of PepO-Mints at take-off or landing time.

Noble still describes himself as primarily an advertising man, and the company's advertising has become famous in the trade. One celebrated dud, however, occurred some years ago when groups of men appeared on the streets encased in metal tubes painted like rolls of Life Savers.

A party of these men trudged up a hill near Columbia University one day and encountered a group of undergraduates. The students, gratified at the unexpected opportunity to liven a dull day, turned the men on their sides and rolled them down the hill again.

On another occasion, the company bought commercial time on a program conducted by radio's irrepressible Henry Morgan. Expectant officials listening in were horrified to hear Morgan scrap the prepared commercial and launch dreamily into an ad lib of his own.

"You folks," he told his audience

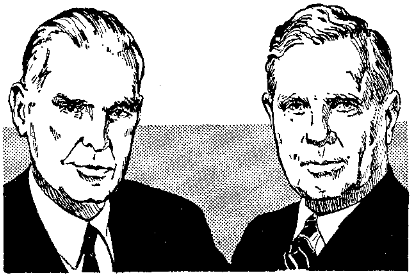
in effect (the exact words are not in the records), "are being gypped. That hole in the center is just so much candy you're not getting. Look at the money they save on those millions and millions of holes."

The officials needn't have worried. The public laughed its head off and went on buying.

If you go to the store with the express purpose of buying a roll of Life Savers, you belong to a part of the market representing 45 per cent of the total. A recent survey showed that the other 55 per cent of sales are made to people who hadn't thought of buying until they saw the display on the counter.

There are about one million places in the U. S. where you can buy Life Savers, and every one of them is visited regularly by a company representative. The chief problem is to keep the retailer fully stocked, it being an axiom of retail merchandising that people will buy more readily from a large display than from a skimpy one.

Since most shoppers buy one roll at a time, the company has devoted considerable attention to encouraging multiple sales. The best known is the silver box shaped like a book with the title, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," which holds 12 rolls of assorted flavors and appears conspicuously during the Christmas season. And more recently, a colorful package featuring the witch-and-pumpkin motif and holding a box of 20 rolls was offered on the theory that a roll makes an ideal propitiatory offering to small costumed goblins who appear at your door on Hallowe'en, armed with voluminous sacks and voicing the ancient threat of "Trick or Treat."



ROBERT AND EDWARD NOBLE

About 90 per cent of all mints and fruit drops sold today are Life Savers. Not long ago, 50 people who said they were occasional buyers were asked why. Each gave the answer, "Because I like the way they taste."

In trying out a new flavor or testing a variation on an old one, samples are submitted to a taste panel of ten company officers.

To qualify for a test, one must be a "taster," which isn't as easy as it sounds. One way to find out if a person meets requirements is the "triangular test." He is given three samples, two of which are identical. If he can pick the one that is different a dozen times or so, he is a "taster."

If a formula passes 60 per cent of the panel, it goes to a jury composed of some 150 persons who represent the general public. All they have to do is taste the samples and state in writing which they like best and why. No flavor is offered on the market without a 75 per cent approval by the jury.

There are 13 flavors at present in the Life Savers line. Numerous others have been tried and found not wanted—like grape, violet, cinnamon, licorice and malted milk.

Each week brings suggestions from consumers for new ones. The wackiest of these flavorsome ideas don't get tested—cucumber and nutmeg, for instance, are the hardiest perennials in this category—but others do.

Some potentially desirable flavors never appear because of problems involving what the experts call "flavor release." If you chew candy, it is easier to get the flavor out of it; but candy designed to liquefy in the mouth has to have strong flavor to begin with to make up for the handicap of not being chewed. Some flavors like maple, honey, grapefruit, coconut and apple are not sufficiently robust in themselves to be released quickly from a relatively small, "tight" piece like the "candy with the hole."

Chocolate remains the biggest unsolved problem. In the candy market as a whole, it is the undisputed leader, and Life Savers would like to include the flavor. To date, more than 600 formulas have been tried and tested in the Life Savers Corporation kitchens, and many have gotten as far as the tasting jury; but none has ever met the necessary standard. The search, however, goes on.

The most popular flavor is still PepOMint, the one that started the whole thing. When CrystOMint and StikOPep were offered a few years ago, the sales department feared they might cut into PepOMint sales. However, as far as anybody can determine, they increased them.

Some flavor failures have been unexpected and beyond explaining. Twenty years ago, cinnamon was extremely popular in Kansas City, while in St. Louis, less than 260 miles away, it was practically a drug on the market. Licorice had a booming sale in St. Louis, but in Kansas City, it couldn't be given away. Later, the craving for both cinnamon and licorice died all over the country, and no one can explain that, either.

In New England, the most popular flavor is WintOGreen, probably because the flavor comes from the checkerberry, a native of that part of the country. In old England, though, you can hardly give WintOGreen away—over there, they say it reminds them of toothpaste flavoring.

Letters constantly come to Port Chester telling of new and unusual uses the writers have found for the candies. Enthusiastic friends have said that they will cure seasickness, that they serve as excellent Christmas-tree ornaments, as candleholders on birthday cakes, even as necklaces and bracelets. One thing has been found, however, that they will not do.

Last deer season, a hunter in northern New York suddenly found himself within range of the finest buck he had ever seen. In a matter of seconds, he had reached into his pocket, blindly taken out a roll of CrystOMints, rammed it into the gun, aimed and squeezed the trigger. The only explosion, of course, came from the man behind the gun as the fleet-footed buck departed the scene.

The hunter resolved never again to carry his Life Savers in the same pocket with his cartridges. But it occurred to him that the well-known slogan might now be changed to read: "Holesome Enjoymint—for Man and Beast."

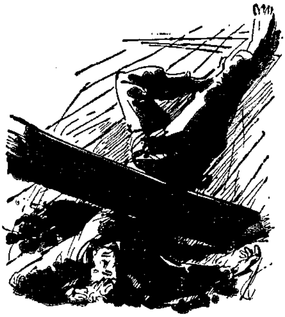
MIRACLE IN MID-ATLANTIC

by JERRY KLEIN

ON A STORMY NIGHT in 1943, a wartime convoy zigzagged across the North Atlantic. All day the ships had dodged prowling U-boats. Seasick from the pitching vessel, Army Sergeant Cecil Davis had struggled to the sick bay of the troopship *Uruguay* and climbed into a bunk.

Suddenly there was a thunderous roar. The lights blacked out. For an instant Davis was aware of being lifted into the air. Then he lost consciousness.

When he opened his eyes he was cold, his pajamas were wet. A heavy board lay across his chest. Blood trickled down his neck. He knew he was on deck, but had no idea how he got there.



Dazed, he lifted the board and staggered to his feet. Perhaps the ship had been bombed and he had been blown onto deck, but he could not hear the sound of planes. A sailor passed him.

"Where's the sick bay?" Davis called.

"Follow me," the sailor said.

Davis went below decks and into a brightly lit infirmary. A doctor began to treat the cuts on his face. Surprise burst upon the doctor's face as he noticed Davis' dog-tags.

"What are you doing on this ship, soldier?" he said.

"What do you mean?" Davis asked. "I came aboard in the States with 5,000 other GIs."

"There are *no* GIs on this ship," the doctor said. "This is the *Sallimonia*, a Navy tanker."

"It's miraculous!" the doctor said. Then he explained. . . .

At 1 A.M. orders had come to the convoy: "Full speed ahead!"

The ships ceased their zigzag course and nosed straight ahead into the black night. Suddenly the air was filled with the roar of crushing steel and the shouts of men. The *Sallimonia*'s steering gear had jammed and she had plowed into the nearby *Uruguay*.

Only the troopship's concrete ballast kept the tanker from slashing her in half. Quickly the *Sallimonia* withdrew, leaving a gaping hole in the *Uruguay's* side and the bodies of 13 dead men on her deck.

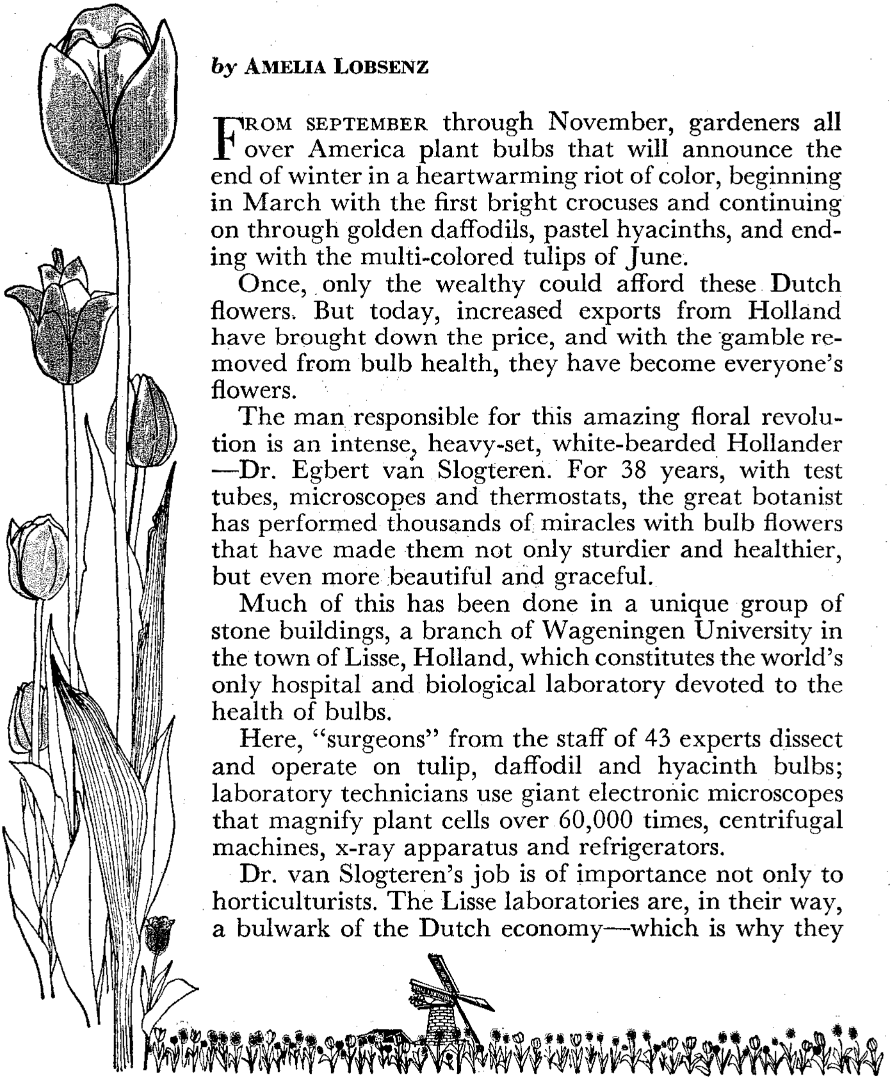
Sergeant Davis might have been one of those 13, but his life was saved by a fantastic event. Hurled from his bunk, Davis had dropped through the demolished sick-bay floor onto the tanker's deck.

Thus, when the *Sallimonia* backed off, she bore a unique passenger who, by the strange hand of fate, had not only foiled the plans of Death but had actually changed ships, while unconscious, in the middle of the Atlantic!

His work has spread beauty throughout the world

HOLLAND'S BULB DOCTOR

by **Amelia Lobsenz**



From September through November, gardeners all over America plant bulbs that will announce the end of winter in a heartwarming riot of color, beginning in March with the first bright crocuses and continuing on through golden daffodils, pastel hyacinths, and ending with the multi-colored tulips of June.

Once, only the wealthy could afford these Dutch flowers. But today, increased exports from Holland have brought down the price, and with the gamble removed from bulb health, they have become everyone's flowers.

The man responsible for this amazing floral revolution is an intense, heavy-set, white-bearded Hollander —Dr. Egbert van Slogteren. For 38 years, with test tubes, microscopes and thermostats, the great botanist has performed thousands of miracles with bulb flowers that have made them not only sturdier and healthier, but even more beautiful and graceful.

Much of this has been done in a unique group of stone buildings, a branch of Wageningen University in the town of Lisse, Holland, which constitutes the world's only hospital and biological laboratory devoted to the health of bulbs.

Here, "surgeons" from the staff of 43 experts dissect and operate on tulip, daffodil and hyacinth bulbs; laboratory technicians use giant electronic microscopes that magnify plant cells over 60,000 times, centrifugal machines, x-ray apparatus and refrigerators.

Dr. van Slogteren's job is of importance not only to horticulturists. The Lisse laboratories are, in their way, a bulwark of the Dutch economy—which is why they are supported not only by the University and the Netherlands Government, but also by the Associated Bulb Growers of Holland, which pays $200,000 a year for research conducted there.

In 1917, when he began his work, bulb growers could sell their products only to the few countries whose climate and soil matched those of Holland. Elsewhere, the very rhythm of nature would have to be altered: bulbs would have to be induced to sprout not according to their own habits and natural schedules, but according to entirely different seasonal demands.

This was one of the major problems Dr. van Slogteren had to tackle. Another was that some bulbs, when crates were opened in foreign lands, were found to be diseased and would spread their disease to healthy bulbs.

Van Slogteren solved his problems so well that in 38 years, Holland's export of bulbs has increased by more than 600 per cent. Now tulips, hyacinths and daffodils bloom in most of the world. In the U. S. alone, some $30,000,000 worth of Dutch bulbs cross retail counters every fall.

Casual visitors to the Lisse laboratories are not permitted to pass beyond the reception room—for the same reason that a maternity hospital will not allow visitors to enter the room where newborn babies are kept. The bulb-doctors can't risk contamination in their experimental rooms.

The wonders of the Lisse laboratories begin in the 32 "climatized" rooms. Each, thermostatically controlled, reproduces the climate of some other part of the world. The bulbs lay on racks maturing and awaiting their time of correct planting. If they are destined for the U. S., they have to be ready for the soil in October; if they are going to Argentina, they have to be ready in April.

By the application of heat, a bulb can be induced to "grow up" faster, or, stored in a temperature of 31 degrees, its growth can be retarded—halted for fully 18 months—until some six or eight weeks before planting. Then, by transferring it to a temperature of 78 degrees during those final weeks, it can be "awakened," ready for the soil at precisely the proper moment.

The growers know that their bulbs, before being exported, have to be certified as free from disease; and that those destined for the U. S. will also have to pass the rigid inspections of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. So, if there is any doubt about the health of the bulbs, they are immediately rushed to Dr. van Slogteren's hospital for tests.

For centuries, growers and scientists alike believed that the period between the lifting of the bulb from the soil and its eventual replanting was one of rest. But the Lisse laboratories have proved that this is really the time when the greatest activity and change occur in the bulb cells; and this is the time when the entire personnel join efforts to perform their feats of flower magic.

Set aside from the rest of the hospital is the domain of the serologists, headed by Dr. Dirk van Slogteren, Dr. Egbert's son. Here serums are used to diagnose flower viruses.

Each ill plant has its own tiny air-conditioned hospital "room";

those considered "Typhoid Marys" are kept in strict isolation. Even the soil at the hospital is sterilized to prevent infection.

The vegetable kingdom has for centuries supplied medicines and healing balms to ease animal suffering—meaning both man and beast. The Lisse laboratories have reversed this process. Here the animal kingdom—largely rabbits—provides serums for plants!

Van Slogteren discovered that flower viruses, injected into gray and white rabbits, cause the rabbit blood to create specific antibodies. These antibodies, when added to a sample of plant juice, have provided means for the first microscopic detection of plant illnesses. By this quick detection the laboratories have saved thousands of bulbs.

Furthermore, the doctor found that when he cured diseases in a bulb, he not only saved the bulb but improved the quality, growth and hardihood of the flowers.

Another of Dr. van Slogteren's startling innovations has been the sterilizing of the soil in entire fields by pumping steam through flexible hoses laid in the ground. This has proved almost as important a health factor as the 21 serums the laboratories have developed to fight various types of plant viruses.

Before 1917, Holland's bulb growers had no organized way of fighting the occasional blights that plagued their industry. In that year the entire narcissus and daffodil crop was threatened with extinction, the growers with bankruptcy and Holland with the possibility of a depression.

At the time, van Slogteren, a young botanist already known for his research into plant health, was a reserve officer in the Royal Netherlands Army. Granted leave to lead the fight against plant disease, he set up headquarters in a wooden schoolhouse in Lisse.

Having no laboratory, he did his work in the fields. He requested and got one assistant, then a second. It took him several thousand experiments to find a simple remedy for the threatening disease. And how simple it was! Hot water, properly applied, restored the daffodils' health and saved the crop. Following this prescription, the growers completely wiped out the plague.

Among the diseased bulbs he was called upon to treat that first year, the doctor was able to salvage just 17 of a new daffodil variety—a large, beautiful type known as the "Invincible." Those 17 bulbs flourished. Today their bright yellow breed is one of the world's favorites.

"What we have so far accomplished," says Dr. van Slogteren, "is still just a beginning. If you wish to see the *real* wonders of man's work with flowers, come and see us in 20 years."

Where Did They Live?

(Answers to quiz on page 83)

1. Ark; 2. Bottle; 3. Covered Wagon; 4. Tree; 5. Island; 6. Raft; 7. Tent; 8. Tub; 9. Whale; 10. Flagpole; 11. Shoe; 12. Box; 13. Castle; 14. Mount Olympus; 15. Cage; 16. Suitcase; 17. Airplane Motors; 18. Lions' Den; 19. Gingerbread House; 20. Prison; 21. Under bushes; 22. Tepee; 23. Water; 24. Rock; 25. Igloo.

A killer that never dies, atomic "garbage" may become a major hazard to Man's survival

TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

by **PETER WYDEN**

IT LOOKS LIKE water, but it could kill you. It is so dangerous that the Government stores it underground, under heavy guard, at a cost of up to $2 a gallon. You cannot see, smell, taste or hear the danger, but it lingers on, sometimes for centuries.

No way is known to render harmless the millions of gallons tucked away in temporary hiding places. More is rapidly accumulating. Some day there might be enough scattered around on both sides of the Iron Curtain to contaminate the earth, the oceans and the atmosphere.

Man can make the dreaded H-bomb harmless simply by agreeing not to set it off. But radioactivity—the invisible but deadly ingredient of this water-like material—cannot be turned on or off by human will. Wherever there is a large enough concentration of it, no sinister intentions are required to turn it into a killer. An accident or a foolish decision could do it, at least on a local scale.

This material is atomic garbage, the most hazardous, most expensive, hardest-to-handle of all waste and the biggest housekeeping problem created by the Atomic Age. Today, hundreds of scientists are hatching amazing new tricks to confine this evil genie in a bigger, better bottle or to dump it where it can hurt nobody. What if they fail?

As of now, experts agree, the danger would not be great. There is disagreement on what might happen if the production of this waste mushrooms, as now seems likely. Some scientists feel we could eventually "run the risk of making this planet uninhabitable for future generations." Others, including Dr. James B. Conant, ex-president of Harvard, have predicted that it could force curtailment of the large-scale harnessing of atomic energy for such big peace-time jobs as producing electricity. Atomic Energy Commission experts, however, are confident that this unprecedented cosmic headache can be licked.

"I'm very worried about it," says

the AEC's Dr. Walter D. Claus. "Not about the amount of waste we now have, but how to proceed rapidly from here in a safe way. As long as we have only waste from bomb production we're in a relatively small field. But when we begin looking toward atomic reactors to make power, we're on an entirely new scale. Within the next five years, however, we should have made considerable progress toward the solution of these disposal problems."

Learning to live on the same planet with atomic garbage is not unlike learning to cope with the problems born of the Automobile Age. In both cases, it's not the phenomenon itself but the volume of traffic that makes the headaches. Small amounts of radioactivity are all around us and they are harmless. The huge amounts that may soon be turned out by atomic reactors, however, may mean that we must learn a new and revolutionary set of rules to insure public safety.

Unlike most trash, refined extracts from atomic wastes can be extremely valuable. Their rays can diagnose and treat certain cancers. Others can tell a highway builder whether his road is truly level. They may help to manufacture cheaper plastics, perform super-sensitive tests in industry and might even replace the x-ray tube. They may sterilize foods so effectively that you could keep meat almost indefinitely on unrefrigerated shelves. Some day, they may even heat your home.

Why don't these welcome uses for atomic garbage solve the disposal problem? Here we run into two other tricky characteristics of this hot-to-handle material: not only is the stockpile likely to remain larger than the demand, but no matter how resourcefully science ferrets out new uses, it still isn't grappling with the real problem: how to dispose of the radioactivity which the stuff, the "garbage," gives off.

"We don't eliminate any of it by using it," Dr. Claus explains. "We just increase its economic value so we can afford to spend more to get rid of it when it has outlived its usefulness."

The longevity and irrevocability of radiation are responsible for this eerie situation. Each radioactive material has a lifespan as predictable as the rising of the sun. It decays at speeds ranging from seconds to centuries. Efforts to short-circuit the life of radioactivity have been fruitless. Some day, a scientist may stumble on a way to cut its lifespan, but today, no amount of use or tinkering will speed its death. Once produced, it must be babied for the rest of its scheduled natural life.

Luckily, much atomic garbage is not of the variety that must be stored at $2 a gallon for decades or more. Some consists of short-lived materials. Radioisotopes with low levels of activity, such as those used in hospitals and factories as tracers, usually may be drained into ordinary sewers. But at the AEC's national laboratories, so much of this low level waste accumulates from such sources as the laundry that washes contaminated laboratory clothing that processing is necessary to "cool" it off.

Experiments have netted some imaginative methods for calming down this garbage. At Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, natural beds of sand became filters. Radioactive liquid drips through the soil. The earth absorbs some of its activity. Underground is a tile bed. The liquid is drained from it and stored in tanks until it is safe to release into a river.

One shortcoming of this system is that some day, the filter bed itself may become so radioactive that it must be discarded, like the filter in a cigarette holder, and then be buried and watched for a long time.

Solids such as laboratory glassware and furniture that have become too radioactive for further use are interred in atomic burial grounds. Not long ago, Building D at the AEC's Los Alamos center was demolished and the pieces buried. The nuclear charge of the first A-bomb was produced in Building D in 1943 and subsequent use had made the war-time structure too radioactive for safety.

Newer AEC buildings become radioactive less readily and can be decontaminated, but the problem of Building D is not unique. If radioactive materials spill on a floor, portions of the covering must be ripped up. And pieces of construction are often painted before burial. The paint ties down radioactive substances and makes them safer to handle.

The most worrisome atomic garbage is "process waste": fission products from chemical plants processing the fuel elements of nuclear reactors as those produci plutonium for bombs at Hanford, Washington. This is extremely dangerous. Much of it requires generations to lose potency. How much do we have?

The AEC says only that the stockpile runs into millions of gallons; that more is accumulating at the rate of hundreds of thousands of gallons yearly. At Hanford alone, storage facilities cost $27,000,000 and have a capacity of 67,000,000 gallons. There are other deposits at Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, the testing station in Idaho where work toward the atomic submarine was done, and at the Lake Ontario Ordnance Works, not far from Buffalo. No process waste is kept except in fenced, patrolled and monitored enclosures on Government reservations.

How safe is it for us to live around this stuff? "We have the situation well under control at the present time," says Dr. Claus. This means not only that AEC installations to date have had almost perfect safety records but also that all sources of future hazards have been considered, including sabotage and direct hits by bombs.

Does the universe offer no place where process waste could shift for itself? Caves, exhausted mines and abandoned oil wells have been considered, but the danger of seepage into other underground resources is ever present. Some serious scientists, therefore, are looking to outer space to help.

Prof. Ira M. Freeman, a Rutgers physicist, proposes loading the stuff on tanker rockets and shooting them to Mars or Venus, or depositing

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me Government scientists are staking their hopes on another dimension. "My feeling," says Dr. Claus, "is that the greatest potential possibility is in the sea."

For some time, the Coast Guard has dumped into the ocean wastes packaged in concrete and then sealed in drums. The drums are resting a considerable distance from coastal lines and between one-half to one mile below the surface, but doubts have been expressed about this method because once material is thus released, control over it has slipped away.

Dr. Claus is not worried. "If everything we have released into the sea to date were unleashed," he explains, "there wouldn't even be enough activity to be detected on the surface."

Man's knowledge of the behavior of the sea is surprisingly limited and plans are only now getting under way for oceanographic institutes to study this scheme for the AEC. Currents or other oceanographic conditions must be discovered to which the delicate job of dispersing radiation can be safely entrusted. Even international law may be involved. Other nations might claim that the U.S. is contaminating the oceans, even though our scientists have decided that they are proceeding with perfect safety.

All of which makes clear that solving the atomic garbage problem, at best, will take years—and may require as much ingenuity as the building of the first A-bomb.

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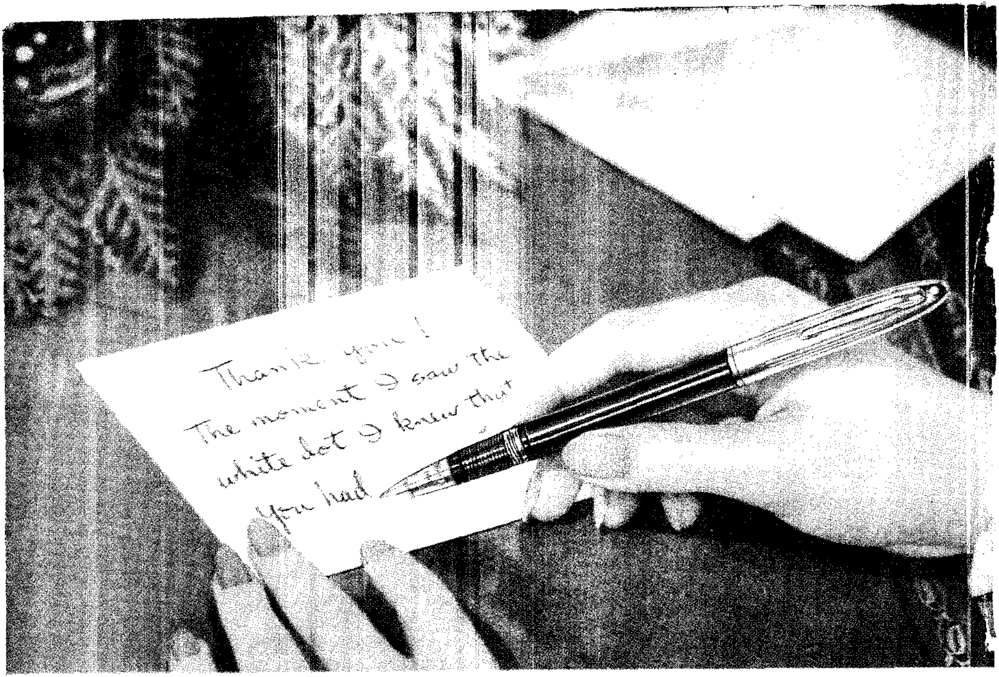
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The moment I saw the
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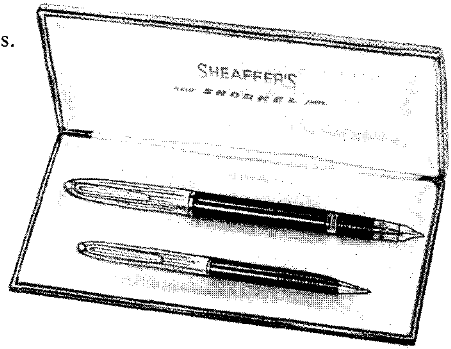
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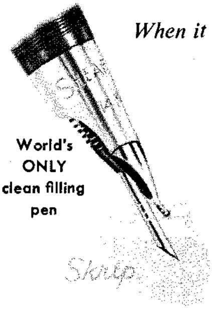
And *choosing* Sheaffer's Snorkel Pen is a satisfying experience, too. You'll find yourself smiling secretly, knowing the pleasure it's bound to bring.

Try to be there when this gift is opened. There's no experience quite like it.



World's
ONLY
clean filling
pen

When it comes to writing,
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Sheaffer's Crest Snorkel Pen, $25.00. Pencil, $9.00. White Dot Snorkel Pens from $13.50. Other Sheaffer Pens from just $3.75.

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